Mar. 1, 1958

THE NEW YORKER

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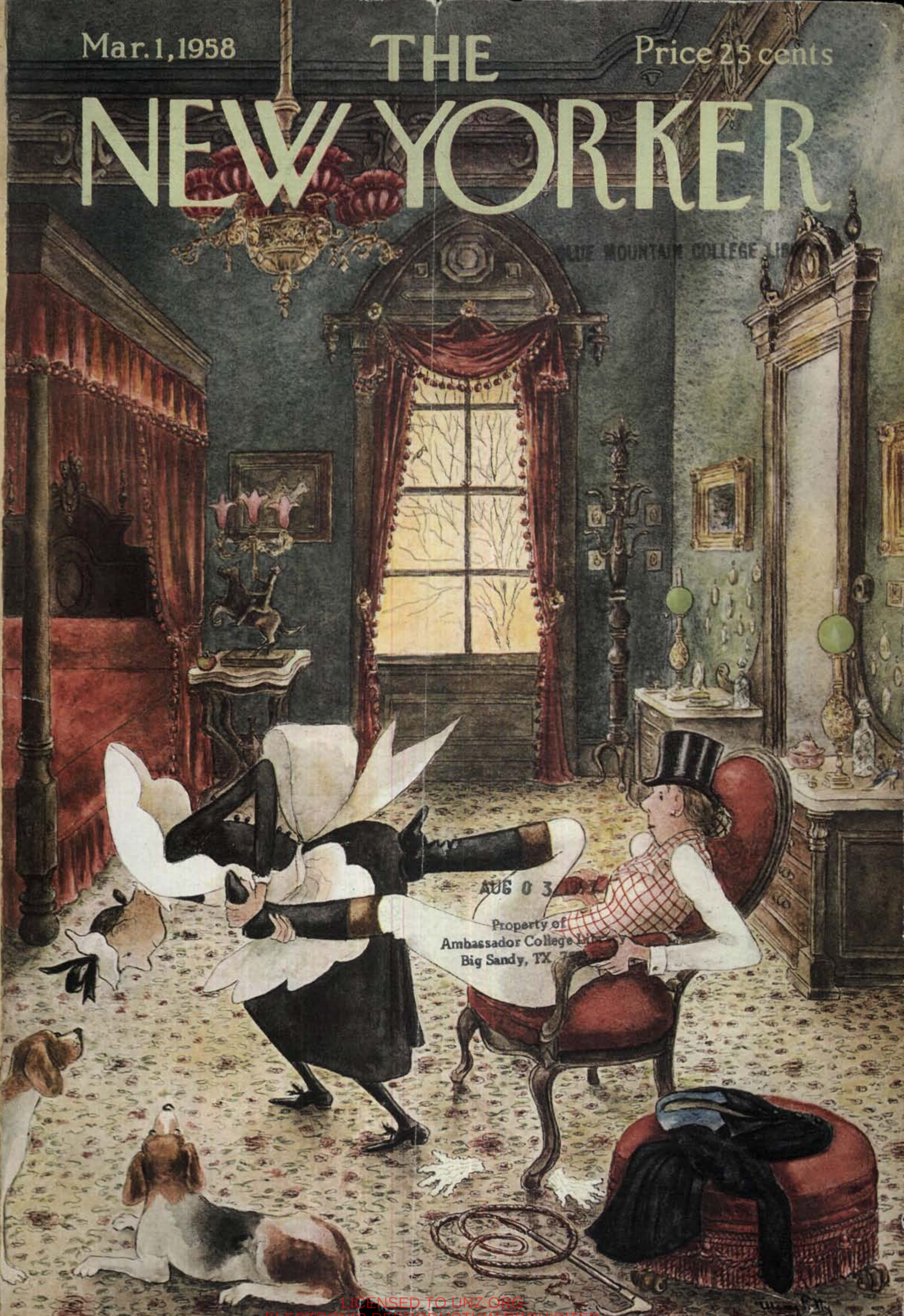

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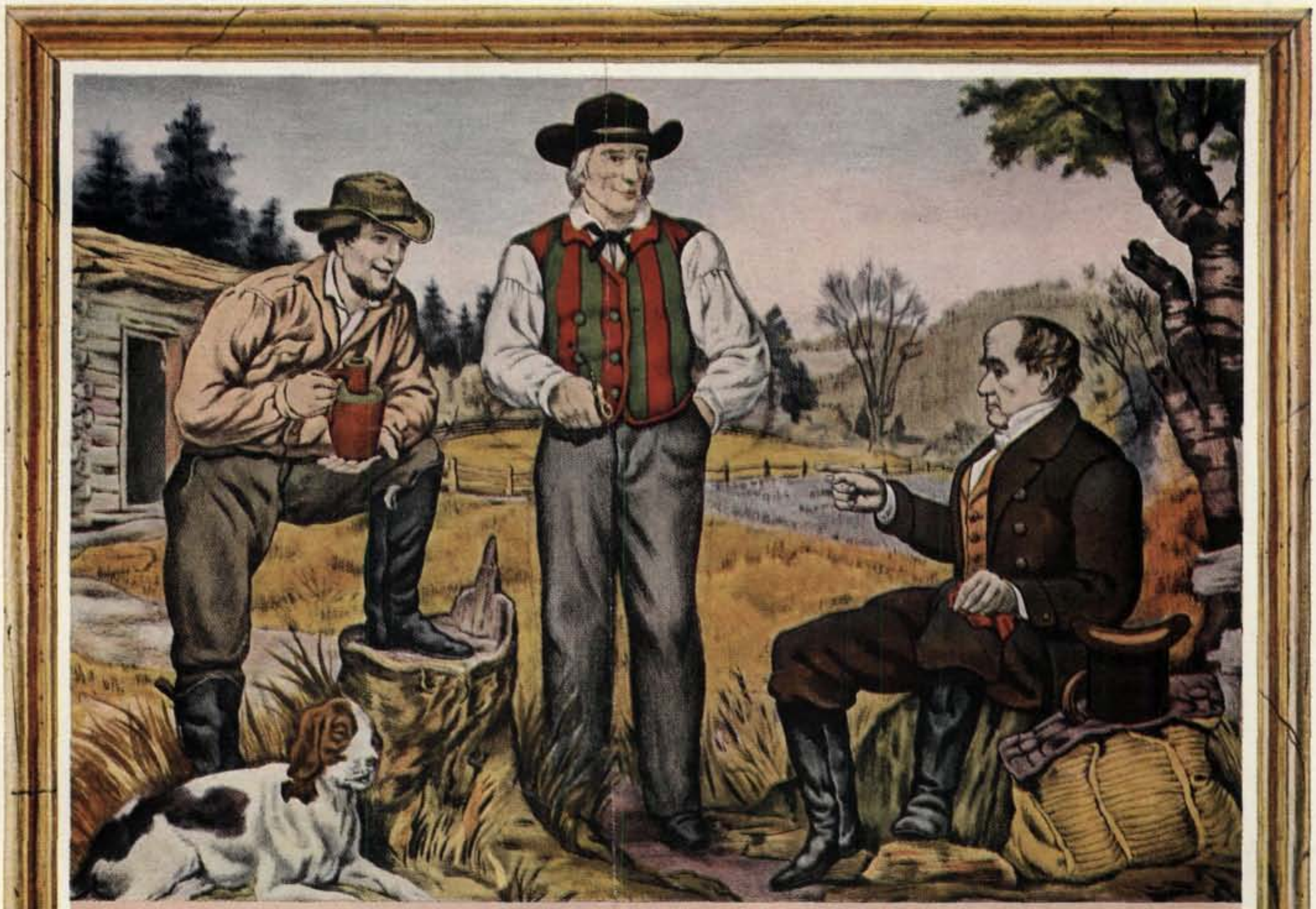

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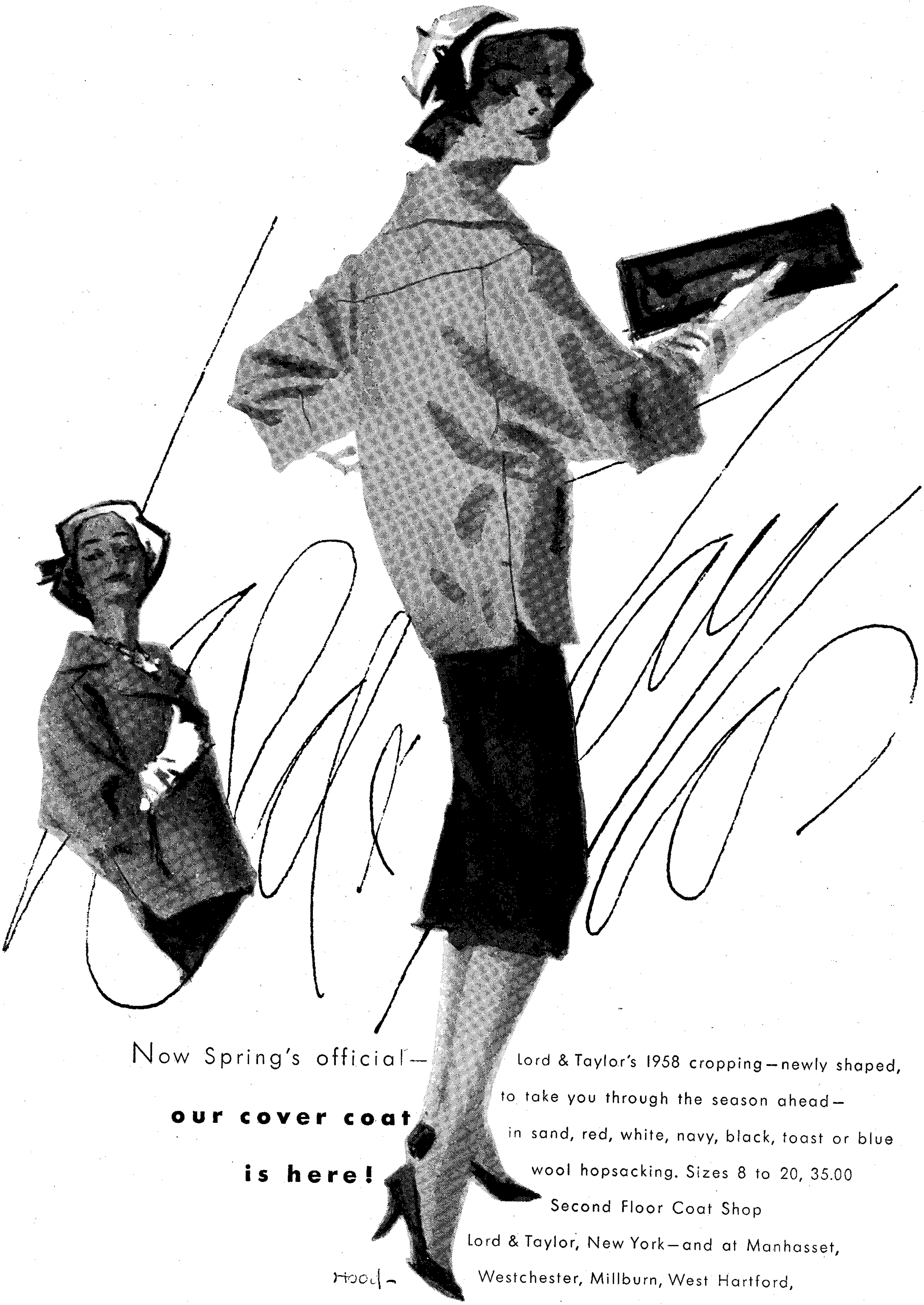

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	1
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THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

The Dark at the Top of the Stairs—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into this play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is, for the most part, quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Entertainer—The range and brilliance of Laurence Olivier's performance as a seedy music-hall artist and an even more dismaying family man are an enormous help to John Osborne's otherwise rather disappointing tragedy. The excellent supporting cast includes Brenda de Banzie, George Relph, Joan Plowright, and Richard Pasco. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fair Game—Sam Locke's farce about a virtuous divorcée and all the men who pursue her is cheerful, though familiar, and Sam Levene is wonderfully funny as a middle-aged rake. With Ellen McRae, Robert Webber, Joseph Leon, and Sally Gracie. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Look Back in Anger—The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody, but he is an entertaining character despite his misanthropy. In the cast are Kenneth Haigh, Mary Ure, Alan Bates, Vivienne Drummond, and Jack Livesey. They are all splendid. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look Homeward, Angel—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Anthony Perkins, Jo Van Fleet, and Hugh Griffith are superb as young Eugene Gant and his parents, and there are laudable supporting performances by Arthur Hill, Frances Hyland, Victor Kilian, Florence Sundstrom, Bibi Osterwald, and Arthur Storch. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Romanoff and Juliet—Peter Ustinov wrote this fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms, and his presence as its star is enough to get it over most of the dull spots. The cast includes Henry Lascoe, Natalie Schafer, and Fred Clark. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Rope Dancers—Siobhan McKenna is very impressive in Morton Wishengrad's sombre and not always quite coherent play about a haunted woman, her wastrel husband, and their crippled child. Art Carney and Joan Blondell do well with other leading roles, and Boris Aronson's tenement set is grimly effective. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Sunrise at Campobello—Dore Schary's interpretation of the years in the middle twenties when Franklin Delano Roosevelt was stricken with poliomyelitis and conquered his ailment with enormous fortitude. Ralph Bellamy plays Roosevelt with sustained skill, and his supporting cast, which includes Mary Fickett, Anne Seymour, Henry Jones, and Mary Welch, is admirable. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Time Remembered—Helen Hayes at her miraculous best in an Anouilh comedy crowded with beguiling characters, most of them mad. Miss Hayes gets a lot of help from Susan Strasberg, Richard Burton, Sig Arno, and Glenn Anders. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Two for the Seesaw—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Henry Fonda and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx, and the crux of the enterprise is the romance that springs up between them when they are both feeling lonely in Manhattan. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**auntie mame:** Greer Garson now is the eccentric relative. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **long day's journey into night:** Fredric March and Florence Eldridge in Eugene O'Neill's posthumous work exploring the tragedies of his youth. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30.)

MUSICALS

The Body Beautiful—This item, having to do with love and other shenanigans in the prize-fight world, is hardly one of the season's most stimulating productions. Joseph Stein and Will Glickman wrote the book, Jerry Bock composed the music, Sheldon Harnick turned out the lyrics, and the cast includes Mindy Carson, Jack Warden, Steve Forrest, Lonnie Sattin, and Barbara McNair. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Jamaica—Lena Horne sings stunningly (and acts with regal indifference) in this uneven musical for which Harold Arlen wrote the generally distinguished music and E. Y. Harburg supplied the lyrics. There's nothing to be said for the tedious book. The cast includes Ricardo Montalban, Josephine Premice, Ossie Davis, and Adelaide Hall. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Music Man—Meredith Willson's pleasant excursion into the rural area of Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. Barbara Cook, David Burns, and Pert Kelton are expert in their support of him. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Oh Captain!—This adaptation of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" might have aimed at a slightly higher level of humor, but it is still more than usually cheerful and engaging. Al Morgan and José Ferrer supplied the book; Jay Livingston and Ray Evans turned out the songs; and Mr. Ferrer directed the gifted cast, which includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, Jacquelyn McKeever, Susan Johnson, and Alexandra Danilova. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, exept Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

West Side Story—The story of Romeo and Juliet has been restated in terms of a teen-age gang war in this generally impressive, if not completely moving, offering, for which Arthur Laurents provided the book; Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim the music and lyrics, respectively; and Jerome Robbins the particularly fine dances. The cast includes Larry Kert, Chita Rivera, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**bells are ringing:** A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. One of the phones she answers is that of Sydney Chaplin, cast as a convivial playwright. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; on Friday, Feb. 28, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **li'l abner:** A depiction of the dim-witted clodhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Joyce Gladmond portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **my fair lady:** A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **new girl in town:** O'Neill's "Anna Christie," turned into a musical by George Abbott. The songs are by Bob Merrill, and the cast is headed by Thelma Ritter and Gwen Verdon. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Blue Denim—Chester Morris in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble. Joshua Lo-

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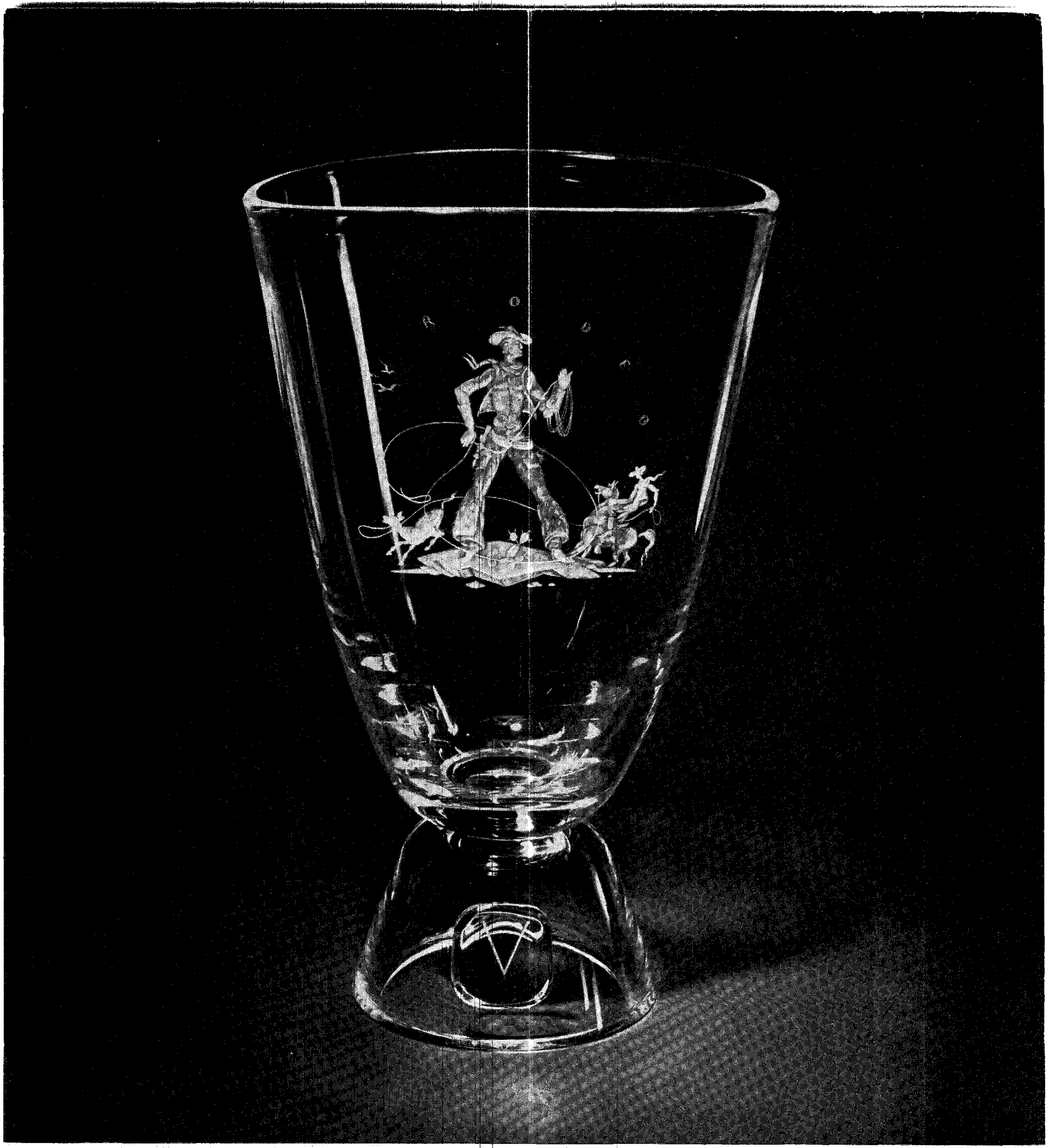

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gan is the director, and Barbara Wolferman and James Hammerstein are the producers. Opens Thursday, Feb. 27. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Who Was That Lady I Saw You With?—A comedy by Norman Krasna, with Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Ray Walston. Directed by Alex Segal and produced by Leland Hayward. Opens Monday, March 3. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Waltz of the Toreadors—A revival of the Jean Anouilh comedy, with Melvyn Douglas, Betty Field, and Lili Darvas in a cast directed by Harold Clurman. Presented by the Producers Theatre. Opens Tuesday, March 4. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

New York City Center Light Opera Company—"Annie Get Your Gun," with Betty Jane Watson and David Atkinson, will play through Sunday, March 2.... ¶ "Wonderful Town," with Nancy Walker, Jo Sullivan, and Peter Cookson, will be the second in a series of three plays by the company. Preview Tuesday, March 4, at 8:30. Opens officially on Wednesday, March 5, and will run through Sunday, March 16. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Amato Opera Theatre—Starting Friday, Feb. 28: "La Traviata." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, March 6, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Samuel Beckett's "Endgame," with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Circle in the Square—Colleen Dewhurst, Jack Cannon, and Arthur Malet in a revival of Edwin Justus Mayer's "Children of Darkness," directed by José Quintero. Preview Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. Opens officially on Friday, Feb. 28. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Opening-night curtain at 8; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:40 and 9:40; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Downtown Theatre—Ellen McCown in a revival of Sandy Wilson's musical "The Boy Friend." (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:45.)

Gate Theatre—Dostoevski's "The Brothers Karamazov," in a new dramatization by Boris Tumarin (who also directed it) and Jack Sydow. With James Patterson and Eulalie Noble. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Greenwich Mews Theatre—Gorky's play "The Courageous One," adapted and directed by Miriam Goldina, and with Howland Chamberlin and Maurine Holbert in the cast. (Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 W. 13th St. CH 3-7183. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:40; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—June Havoc, John Kerr, and Jacob Ben-Ami in Jean Cocteau's "The Infernal Machine." Translated by Albert Bermel and directed by Herbert Berghof. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 16.)

Rooftop Theatre—Claude Dauphin and Edith Atwater in "Clerambard," an adaptation of Marcel Aymé's Parisian comedy. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Theatre de Lys—Kurt Weill's "The Threepenny Opera," with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Katherine Sergava and Scott Merrill. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

York Playhouse—Two new plays by Tennessee Williams, "Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer," presented under the over-all title of "Garden District." The cast includes Anne Meacham, Hortense Alden, and Eleanor Phelps. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

DANCE PROGRAMS

Inbal—The Dance Theatre of Israel, a troupe of twenty-eight dancers, singers, and musicians. Presented by S. Hurok, under the auspices of the America-Israel Cultural Foundation. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Dance Recitals—Sunday, March 2, at 2:40: Daniel Nagrin.... ¶ Monday, March 3, at 8:40: The Ximenez and Vargas Spanish Ballet Company. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)

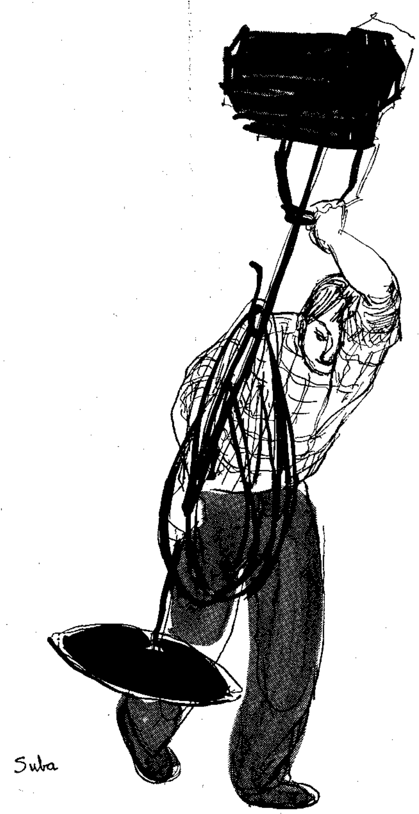
NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—The greatest show on earth, though not exactly the animal kingdom Ringling Brothers had in mind. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra pipe the customers aboard.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—It's so peaceful in the country called the Cotillion Room, where even the gay little trumpet of Joseph Ricardel's dance band wears a mute. There's also a mobile posse of Viennese violins, and twice a night Betty Benee lets go some ditties in the manner of a *grande dame* opening a flower show. Closed Mondays.... ¶ A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing every night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper.



Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The stars are out every night but Sunday in the roof of the Persian Room, and there are more stars in the dance tunes of Ted Straeter, fashion plate, tenor, pianist, and leader of men—all of them tenors and instrumentalists, too—and of Mark Monte's smaller group. At dinner and supper, Jane Morgan, who is built largely of peaches and cream, takes a running jump at a handful of ballads.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximillian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ Leo LeFleur's orchestra plays tea-with-cream music in the Palm Court from four until seven, and filet-mignon music later on in the Edwardian Room. No dancing in either arena.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Guy Lombardo's orchestra puts its head on one shoulder and inhales deeply, slowly, rhythmically. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Maisonette, a *cordon-bleu* pleasure dome, is occupied during dinner and supper by Denise Darcel, who, not content with being a calendar girl, feels impelled to lift her voice (usually way over her head) in song. Elsewhile, Milt Shaw's and Ray Bari's small ensembles play dance music with inexhaustible glee. All quiet Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

Sheraton East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—No one will ever know by what anagram scramble the new management could construct this name out of Ambassador Hotel, but there you are. In the Embassy Club, which is still (through an oversight) called the Embassy Club, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after ten, for dancing. There's dinner music earlier, and the place is closed Mondays.

Statler Hilton, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Xavier Cugat's pagan rout, which has all the trimmings of a Mexican fiesta except the firecrackers, lets go with dance music every so often in the Café Rouge. Closed Sundays.

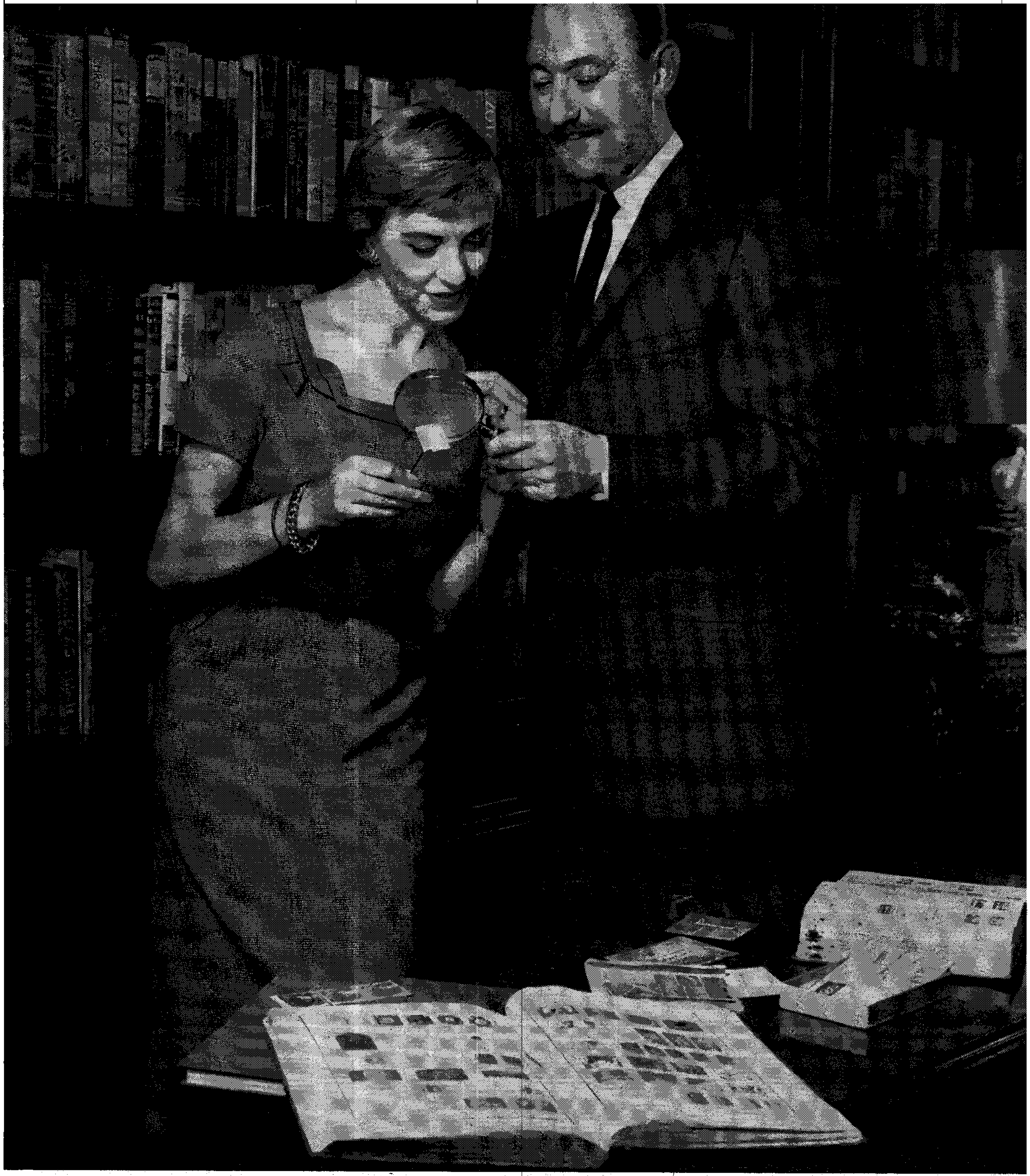
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Empire Room, the McGuire Sisters, graduates of the Arthur Godfrey school of hard knocks, are doing the sort of part-singing that supposedly disappeared with Waring's Pennsylvanians, but doing it with such youthful conviction and skill that it is hard to say them nay. They get glorious support from Emil Coleman's band, which, along with Béla Babai's crew, also bats out decisive dance music. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Weekdays, between eight and one, a trio belonging to the celebrated Cy Walter and a group run by Jozsi Ribari politely request the next dance in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, the Babai band takes care of the situation.

Note—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails and swatches of non-dance music are provided. From any window table, you can see where fabled New York stood before the archeologists brought their steam shovels to bear. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Drake Room, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A parade ground kept in the very best of condition. On a small rise to one side sits



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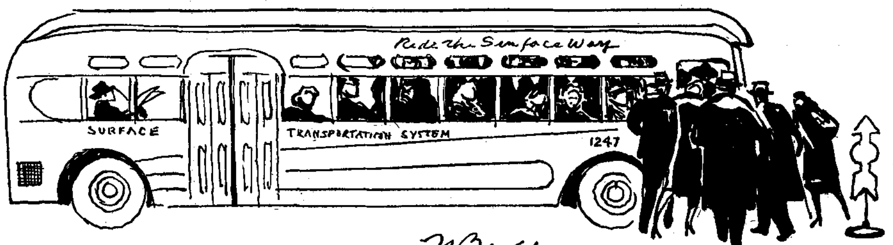
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

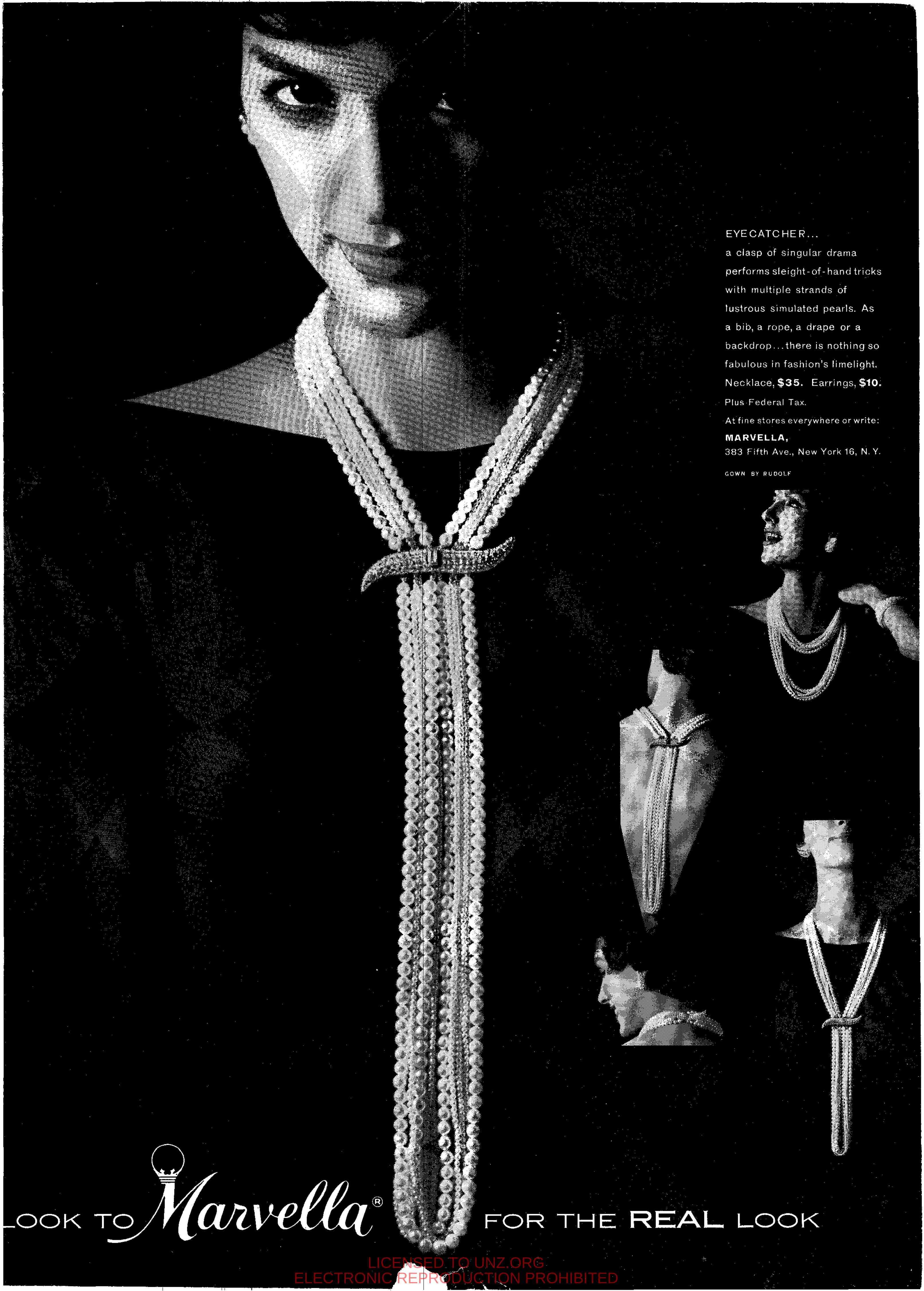
the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master for many years. Joel Forbes is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. After ten-thirty, Jack Banan and Irv Manning, two boys who remember when, show what piano and bass can do for good old stuff like "Lazy River" and "Sweet Sue." Closed Mondays. . . . **GOLDIE'S NEW YORK,** 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from six until curfew. Late at night, there are occasional non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Mondays. . . . **RSVP,** 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. In fact, there's piano from the cocktail hour on, by Mr. Hamilton and Don Evans, who converts what he likes best in the several schools of music into his special idiom. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Music with the enchantment of a Latin midsummer night's dream issues from the guitar of Renato Rossini, who graces this hall of mirrors between nine and one. Closed Sundays. . . . **WEYLIN,** 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Midtown restaurant life, adorned after ten by Johnny Mehegan, who, though he has so many innermost thoughts that he can't get them all down on keys at once, plays just about as advanced piano as any other Juilliard honor man. He's around until between one-thirty and two. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. After the theatre, one or two people break into song. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **CASANOVA,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): The sort of place its namesake might have used for his more romantic wining-and-dining tête-à-têtes. The accent, from the kitchen to the peripatetic music and the songs, is French. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA,** 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Just the place to go on a Spanish diet, whether it's native dishes or native music, both of which are served from seven-thirty until very late indeed. The scenery is excellent, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The furthest west, and the furthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else, Cecil Young's trio starts romping at ten, and not long afterward Stuart Hart sings well-behaved songs to his own piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The zimbalon, now one with the whooping crane, has almost its last nesting place here. Other Hungarian artifacts—happy piano, violin, song, and cuisine—are likewise in evidence. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Wintertime, as well as summertime, the living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urbane eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano by Mariana, another of those girls who can't remember their last name, from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. On Saturday, March 8, George Feyer, the original settler of the premises, will replace her. Closed Sundays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Londoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely Anglo-Saxon and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY,** 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues, arranged in a manner conducive to conversation instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, a handsome nook in a handsome restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, the sort of place where you'd expect millionaire clubmen to pop up (or whatever millionaire clubmen do), has Peter Walters rattling away at the piano, from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean and Will Holt, two emissaries from the world of fantasy, will go brooding off into the night as of Wednesday, March 5. Thenceforth, the establishment's wry wit will be served up by Shelley Berman, a young man new to this town but full of promise. Evelyn Knight, a small, cool voice from out of the Blue Angel's past, will come home to roost at the same time. Bobby Short, the West Coast's open-all-night song-and-piano man, and Phyllis Diller, a wisp of a girl with a sense of humor and a script of variable quality to work on, are standing by. The agile outfielders are the Jimmy Lyons trio and the piano of Bart Howard. . . . ¶ In the front room, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time every day but Sunday. Nightly, except Saturdays, there's a rantipole session by Mr. Short and the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS ROOM,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): The fine art of acerbic writing and the fine art of acerbic play acting welded together in a joint show. The play actors: Ronny Graham, Ceil Cabot, Ellen Hanley, Gerry Matthews, and Jean Arnold. The writers: Mr. Graham, Michael Brown, Sheldon Harnick, Steven Vinaver, Bart Howard, and Bud Redding. The curator of this enterprise is Julius Monk, who knows all there is to know about putting on a revue; the pit band is the twin pianos of Stan Keen and Gordon Connell; tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Mr. Monk's second habitat, and more salon than anything else. Francis Thorne, now playing piano for progress instead of for God, for country, and for Yale, is the soloist; Warren Vaughn plays romantic piano in tune with Danny Kent, bassist. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE**





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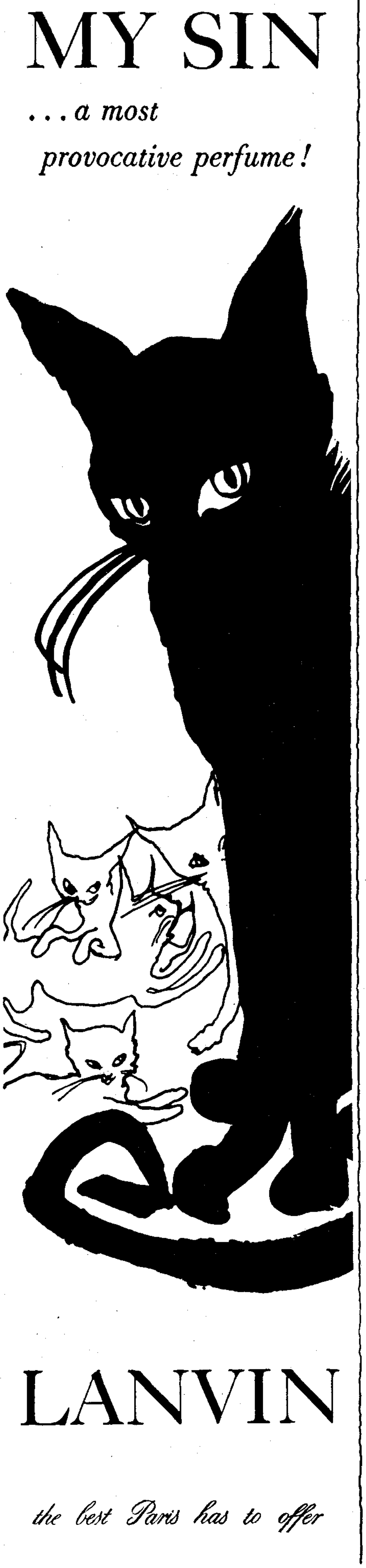


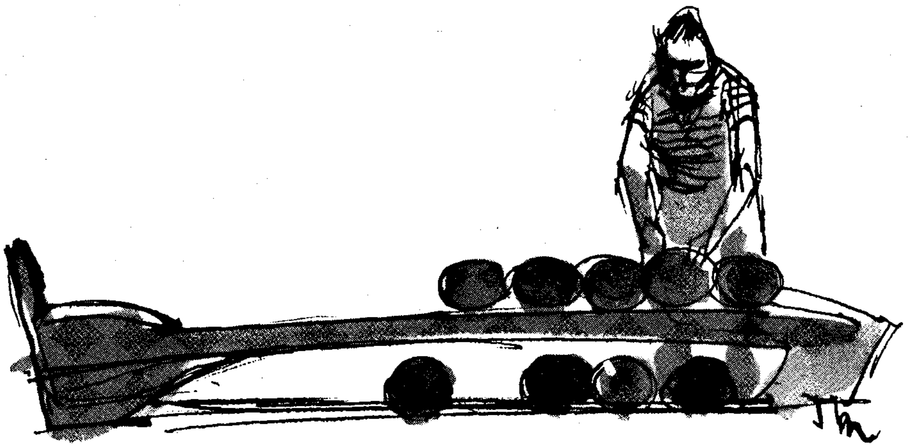
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

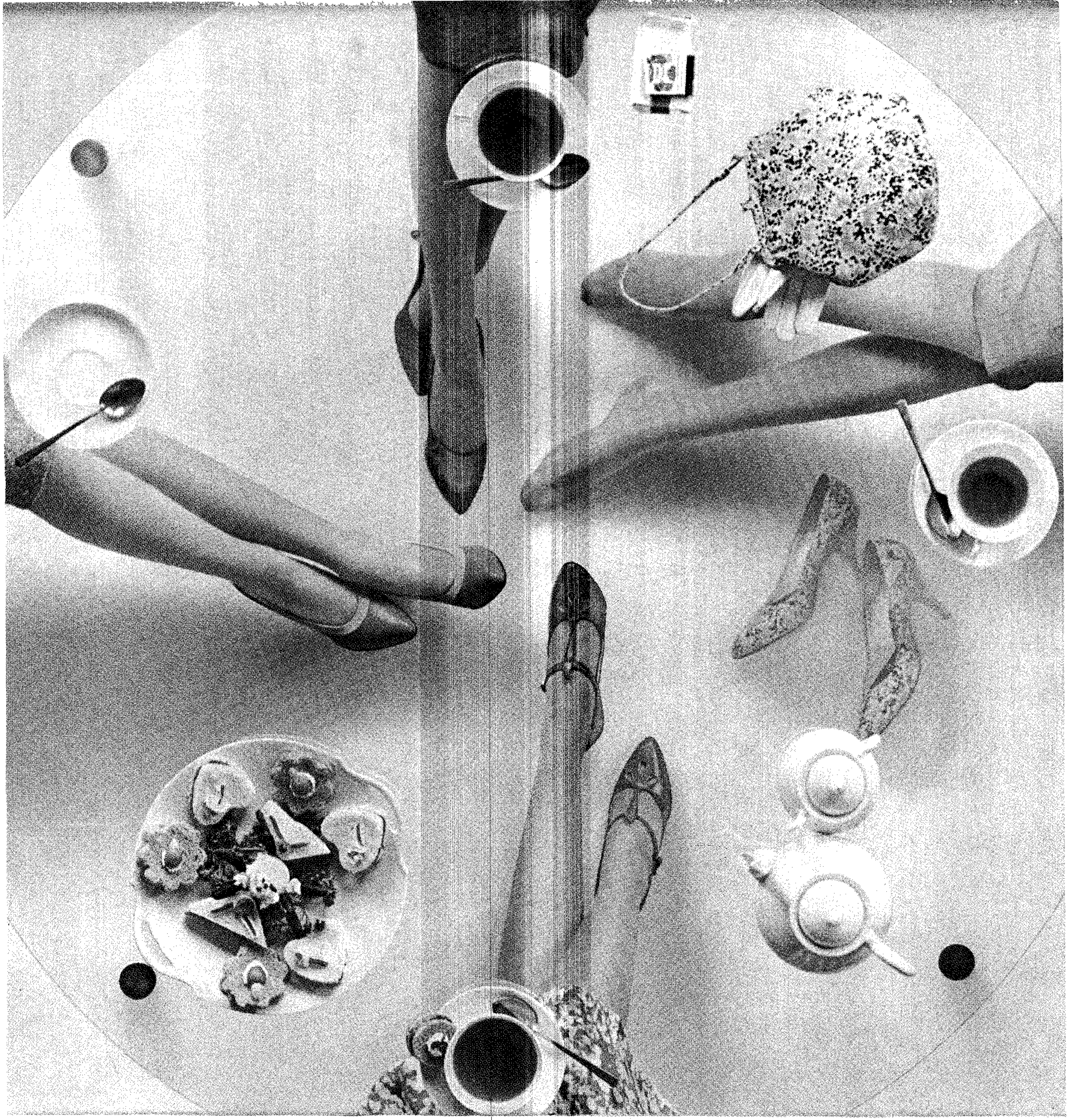
VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Irwin Corey, the great mouthpiece, talks by the hour about whatever it is he talks about, and looks just as bewildered as you are by what he is saying. Also around are Charlie Mingus and Phineas Newborn, Jr., whose music is a hopeful prophecy of the shape of sounds to come. Sunday afternoons, there's a four-thirty matinée; Sunday nights, Langston Hughes, a poet of some renown, reads from his mss. in tempo with the Messrs. Mingus and Newborn. This last starts at nine. Mr. Corey arrives later. Closed Mondays. . . . **BON SOIR,** 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Phil Leeds, a wit who treads ever so lightly, is once more thinking out loud late at night; Sylvia Syms, the diva with the bullfrog voice, is once more waxing red-hot and blue; Jorie Remus, a philosopher with a seemingly alive stole and two dozen chips on her shoulders, is again crying havoc. Other happy contributions are Jimmie Daniels' fancy lyrics and the jovial cacophonies of Tiger Haynes and the Three Flames, who make music, or an acceptable facsimile. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE,** Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Clara Cedrone and Damian Mitchell, two rather noisy children, are loose in the bar, where a girl named Evelyn Ward does the singing. The duet is away on Sundays, and Miss Ward is away on Mondays. On the other hand, those familiar faces, Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are also silent movies; Mondays, there are also amateur acts. . . . **DOWN IN THE DEPTHS,** 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (MU 6-0300): The depths in question are the mushroom cellar of the Hotel Duane. The night life that flourishes in it derives from highly original sources, such as the conversation of Milt Kamen, a sort of Paddy Chayefsky documentary but lit with a sublime sense of the ridiculous, and the character studies of Mike Nichols and Elaine May, to whom life is real, life is earnest, life is immensely funny. There are also the backwoods arias of Jo March, a débutante caroller. A pungent instrumental trio broods in one corner. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE BAQ ROOM,** 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-9107): To the rear, march, when you get inside the Midtown Café, and you'll enter a modest conversation piece in which dwell Janice Mars, a crystal-clear and unmannered singer of songs of passion, songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer of the same genre as well as pianist of the evening. They stay home Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two survivors of the classic Summa Cum Laude band are pitted in fraternal fracas every night but Sunday. One is Eddie Condon, supported by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The other is Bud Freeman, operating an exultant saxophone and a trio. The bone of contention is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. Jam sessions Tuesdays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-9800): Sturdy old troupers, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things was the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE COMPOSER,** 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, the trios of Bernard Peiffer, a pianist who in three short years has come a long way from Paris, France, and Tal Farlow, an electrician who has wired his guitar for sound of a highly individualist nature, are in residence. The Farlow group is light and airy when its Eddie Costa is on vibes, deep and strident when he's on piano. The Peiffers are on leave Sundays, the Farlows Mondays. Their night starts at nine. Jutta Hipp is the girl guide of the piano from six to nine, and Sundays and Mondays she and a bass player stay on for the later show. Saturday is her day of rest. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Billy Maxted band is at home on this range, which has a distinctly Southern exposure. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce intensity. On the podium right now: Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, a mass meeting with some fairly shrill repercussions, and Bud Powell's trio, which is sometimes earthbound and sometimes up in the very, very fleecy clouds. On Thursday, March 6, a new shipment is due: Stan Getz's quartet and Sam Donahue's orchestra. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland and her trio will be bowing out of their home behind the oval bar on Friday, Feb. 28. The day after, Don Shirley and his new trio are expected. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Shooting gallery from the word go, go, go. Mid shot and shell are visible Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Roy Eldridge, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, Claude Hopkins, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Napoleon, and Eldridge hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Coleman Hawkins, Pee Wee Erwin, Charlie Shavers, and Russell Moore. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth therapy, performed loud, hot, and offhand. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, a thundering herd, in which Wild Bill Davison, Willie the Lion Smith, Conrad Janis and his Tailgaters, Tony Parenti, J. C. Higginbotham, Gene Sedric, Pee Wee Erwin, Dick Wellstood, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis should be prominent. . . . **VOYAGER ROOM,** 353 W. 57th St. (CO 5-6100): What used to be the cocktail lounge of the Henry Hudson Hotel now bears this name. The highly ornamental Barbara Carroll, at times the most pensive and persuasive of all progressive pianists, takes herself and her trio away on Friday, Feb. 28, but Marian McPartland, also a pianist on the new kick and also head of a trio, arrives next evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than





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a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise is produced by the trios of Oscar Peterson and Jo Jones, the most talented house guests here in many a day. They'll be departing on Saturday, March 1. On Monday, March 3, the trios of Johnny Costa and Bernie Nierow, both of whom play piano, will be coming in. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. . . . **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Easy come, easy go is the rule of thumb here. The current timetable, which may or may not be worth the paper it's printed on, calls for Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers, whose message can get garbled in transmission, plus Bobby Scott's solo pianism. There are sessions every Sunday from five until midnight. The music is all younger-generation, some of it still damp behind the ears. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Lee Konitz and three cronies, one of them the guitarist Billy Bauer, are at work in the Village's latest monument to progress. Sundays, the hours are four to ten; Mondays, the room is dark. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth and, for that matter, questing jazz, which is now in the hands of Pepper Adams, a recent *Down Beat* Award saxophonist, and his quintet, which includes Donald Byrd. Warning: Mondays, visiting musicians play for sundry reciting poets.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

KAREL APPEL—Abstract Expressionist oils and gouaches by a member of the contemporary Paris school; through Saturday, March 1. (Gallery 75, 30 E. 75th St.)

KENNETH ARMITAGE—New and not so new bronzes by one of the leading British sculptors; through Saturday, March 1. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St.)

WILLIAM BAZIOTES—Fancifully romantic abstract oils; through Saturday, March 8. (Kootz, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.)

PETER BLUME—Paintings and drawings of Roman and other Italian scenes; through March 22. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—Six very large stabiles, along with a group of new wall mobiles; through Saturday, March 8. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CARROLL CLOAR—Realist paintings in tempera, all relating to his native Arkansas; through Saturday, March 1. (Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.)

SALVADOR DALI—A thirteen-by-ten-foot religious painting, "Santiago el Grande," along with preliminary drawings and water colors; through Saturday, March 8. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Recent canvases; through March 22. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St.)

PAUL FEELEY—Large abstract oils; through Saturday, March 8. (De Nagy, 24 E. 67th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

PHILIP GUSTON—Abstract oils; through March 22. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

CHILDE HASSAM—Late paintings, mainly of the Long Island countryside; through Saturday, March 8. (Milch, 21 E. 67th St.)

GEOFFREY HOLDER—People and landscapes of Trinidad, in oil; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Barone, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)

JOHN KOCH—Still-lifes, landscapes, and interiors; through Saturday, March 8. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HENRY KOERNER—Realist oils and drawings, principally of scenes in upstate New York; through March 15. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

LEE KRASNER—Very large abstract oils; through March 22. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

MANTRA—Neatly patterned small abstractions. First one-man show in New York; through

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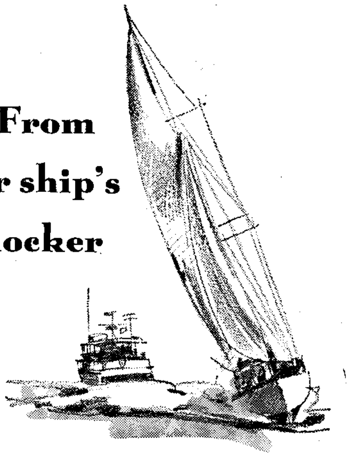

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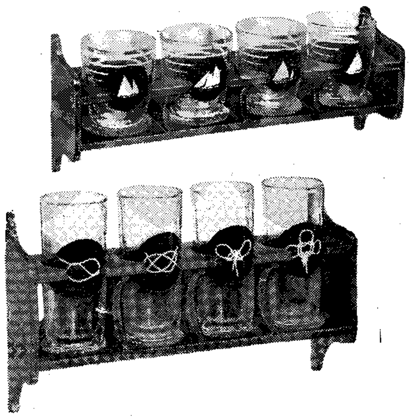

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, March 5. (Niveau, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

MATTA—Abstract Surrealist paintings by this Chilean-born Paris artist; through March 15. (Iolas, 123 E. 55th St.)

RANDALL MORGAN—Landscapes of New York and Italy; through Saturday, March 8. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

ERNST WILHELM NAY—Oils by one of Germany's foremost non-objective painters; starting Saturday, March 1. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

GEORGIA O'KEEFFE—Water colors, dated 1916-17; through March 22. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

RICHARD POUSETTE-DART—Abstract Expressionist paintings done in almost tapestry-like, arabesqued patterns; through Saturday, March 8. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

ANTON REFREGIER—Figure paintings; through March 15. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

EDWARD JOHN STEVENS—A new series of his gouaches; through Saturday, March 8. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Abstractions, done in flowing washes of thin, bright color; through Saturday, March 1. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—Recent collages; through March 15. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

FRITZ WINTER—Abstract oils by a German contemporary; through Friday, Feb. 28. (Kleemann, 11 E. 68th St.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The hundred-and-thirty-third *annual exhibition, comprising over three hundred* paintings, sculptures, and prints, submitted by both members and non-members; through March 16. (Daily, 1 to 6.)

THE EIGHT—Exhibitions commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the first showing, at the old Macbeth Gallery, by the Eight (Arthur B. Davies, William Glackens, Robert Henri, Ernest Lawson, George Luks, Maurice Prendergast, Everett Shinn, and John Sloan)—At the **WASHINGTON IRVING GALLERY**, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: A collection of previously unexhibited drawings and water colors by Luks; through Saturday, March 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 32 E. 65th St.: Twenty oils, water colors, etchings, and lithographs by Davies, plus a few works by the seven others; through Saturday, March 1.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ARGENT**, 236 E. 60th St.: A display of oils done by members of the National Association of Women Artists; through Saturday, March 8. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: Paintings and sculptures by Stephen Csoka, Winslow B. Eaves, Lily Ente, and others; through March 14. (Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Ernst Ludwig Kirchner, Emil Nolde, and Wilhelm Lehmbruck are among the artists represented in a showing of German Expressionist paintings, prints, and sculptures; through March 15. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Part II of an exhibition of paintings and drawings by fourteen *twentieth-century artists, among them* Nicolas de Staël, Kurt Schwitters, and Alfred Manessier; through Saturday, March 1. . . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Five European painters and sculptors—Afro, Peter Lanyon, Alan Davie, Mirko, and Luciano Minguzzi—and one American sculptor, Bernard Rosenthal; through Saturday, March 8.

ORIENTAL ART—At the **MI CHOU**, 36 W. 56th St.: Paintings by twelve masters of the Ming and Ch'ing dynasties; through March 22. (Weekdays, 1 to 7, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and woodblock prints by thirty-six contemporary Korean artists, in an exhibition that coincides with the Korean show at the Metropolitan Museum; through March 22.

PRE-COLUMBIAN SCULPTURES—A small but handsome showing of examples from the Latin-American cultures; through Saturday, March 1. (Emmerich, 17 E. 64th St.)

SOME OF NEXT WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Group show; starting Monday, March 3. . . . **BARONE**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Harold Baumbach; starting Monday, March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.) . . . **EMMERICH**, 17 E. 64th St.: Miriam Schapiro; starting Monday, March 3. . . . **GALLERY 75**, 30 E. 75th St.: Group show; starting Tuesday, March 4. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Leon Hartl; starting Monday, March 3. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Maillol; starting Monday, March 3. . . . **SAIDENBERG**, 10 E. 77th St.: Tancredi; starting Monday, March 3. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Angelo Ippolito; starting Monday, March 3. . . . **WASHINGTON IRVING GALLERY**, Irving Pl. at 17th St.: Jack Sonenberg; starting Monday, March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6.) . . . **ZABRISKIE**, 32 E. 65th St.: Lester Johnson; starting Monday, March 3.

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Masterpieces of Korean Art," an exhibition being presented under the auspices of the Korean government. Included are ceramics, sculptures, metalwork, stoneware, and paintings, ranging in date from the first or second century to the twentieth. Through March 30. A good complement to the exhibition is the Korean show at World House, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Three painters as printmakers—Georges Braque (prints, sculptures, and paintings), Joan Miró (lithographs and etchings), and Giorgio Morandi (black-and-white still-life and landscape etchings); through Sunday, March 2. . . . ¶ "Seventy Photographers Look at New York City," a showing made up of photographs from the eighteen-fifties to the present, taken by Mathew Brady, Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Steichen, and others. Through March 30. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—No special art exhibitions right now; just the permanent collections. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—Eduardo Chillida, Etienne Hajdu, Shindo Tsuji, and four other abstract sculptors *are participants in a sculpture-and-drawing* exhibit that is international in scope; through April 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A showing of the work of Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933), including a Favrile glass window, Favrile bowls and plates, and vases, paintings, jewelry, and enamels, all on loan from museums and private collections; through April 6. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"Art of Ancient Peru," an exhibit of sculptures, textiles, and so on, including some rare and remarkable featherwork; through May 18. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—"Nature in Abstraction," composed of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arthur Dove, Willem de Kooning, and Leo Amino; through March 16. . . . ¶ A display of the work of the late Robert Edmond Jones, consisting of a hundred and thirty original designs for plays, operas, ballets, musical comedies, and motion pictures; through April 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall JU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8: "Otello," with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Richard Tucker, Walter Cassel, and Norman Scott. (A non-subscription performance.) . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 1:30: "Tristan und Isolde," with Margaret Harshaw, Blanche Thebom, Ramon Vinay, Walter Cassel, and

Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 1, at 8:30: "Gianni Schicchi," with Laurel Hurley, Fernando Corena, and Charles Anthony; and "Salome," with Inge Borkh, Regina Resnik, Mack Harrell, Norman Kelley, and William Lewis. . . . ¶ Monday, March 3, at 8: "Vanessa," with Eleanor Steber, Rosalind Elias, Regina Resnik, Nicolai Gedda, and Giorgio Tozzi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Maria Meneghini Callas, Richard Tucker, George London, and Clifford Harvuot. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 6, at 8: "Die Walküre," with Martha Moedl, Marianne Schech, Irene Dalis, Albert Da Costa, and Otto Edelmann. . . . ¶ Friday, March 7, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Antonietta Stella, Margaret Roggero, Eugenio Fernandi, and Mario Zanasi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 2: "Otello," with Victoria de los Angeles, Rosalind Elias, Mario Del Monaco, and Leonard Warren. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Marcella Pobbe, Laurel Hurley, Carlo Bergonzi, Frank Guarrera, and Jerome Hines. (A benefit for the Vassar Club of New York scholarship fund; for tickets, call PL 5-4400, Ext. 2315.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Carnegie Hall, Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting—Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:45, and Friday, Feb. 28, at 2:30 (both with Gold and Fizdale, duo piano); Saturday, March 1, at 8:45 (with Jacques Abram, piano); Sunday, March 2, at 3 (with Gold and Fizdale, duo piano); and performances of Strauss's opera "Elektra" on Thursday, March 6, at 8:45, and Friday, March 7, at 2:30 (both with Inge Borkh and Frances Yeend, sopranos; Blanche Thebom, mezzo-soprano; David Lloyd, tenor; and Giorgio Tozzi, bass).

Cleveland Orchestra—George Szell conducting, with Eunice Podis, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:30.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins conducting the last two in a series of three concerts of eighteenth-century music. (Town Hall. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30, with Albert Fuller, harpsichord; Harry Shulman, oboe; and Robert Cole, bassoon. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30, with Renato Bonacini, violin, and Artur Balsam, piano.)

Virtuosi di Roma—Renato Fasano conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Fordham University Glee Club—James B. Welch directing. (Town Hall. Friday, March 7, at 8:40.)

RECITALS

Festival Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, Feb. 27, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Zino Francescatti—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, Feb. 28, at 8:30.)

Quartetto di Roma—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 1, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Guiomar Novaes—Piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, March 1, at 8:30.)

Jussi Bjoerling—Tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 2, at 8:30.)

John Corigliano and Heida Hermanns—Violin and piano, in a sonata recital. (Town Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Harpsichord Music Society—Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord; Claude Monteux, flute; Harry Shulman, oboe; and others. The last in a series of three programs. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 3, at 8:30.)

Jennie Tourel—Mezzo-soprano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:30.)

Kroll String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Wednesday, March 5, at 8:40.)

Hollywood String Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Thursday, March 6, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Serkin—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 83rd St. TR 9-5512. Friday, March 7, at 8:30. All seats have been sold and only standing room is left.)

Artur Balsam—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 8, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—At Madison Square Garden—Friday, Feb. 28: Carlos Ortiz vs. Tommy Tibbs, lightweights, 10 rounds. Friday, March 7: Ike Chestnut vs. Harold Gomes, featherweights, 10 rounds. (Preliminaries at 8:30; main bouts at 10.)... ¶ Wednesday, March 5, at 8: Golden Gloves Eastern Championships, semifinals and finals. Sponsored by the News Welfare Association.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, March 2, at 7.)

Indoor Polo—Two games every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. EN 9-6320. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (69th Regiment Armory, Lexington Ave. at 25th St. MU 4-6170. Saturday, March 1, at 9. Advance tickets on sale at Madison Square Garden.)... ¶ Philadelphia vs. Cincinnati and Knicks vs. Boston. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, March 4, at 7.)

Racing—At Bowie, Md.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, March 29. The Barbara Frietchie Handicap, Saturday, March 8.

Track Meets—At Madison Square Garden—Saturday, March 1, at 2 and 6:30: I.C.A.A.A.A. Indoor Championships.... ¶ Saturday, March 8, at 7:15: Knights of Columbus.

FOR CHILDREN

Concerts—By the **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC:** Leonard Bernstein conducting. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, March 8, at noon.)... **LITTLE ORCHESTRA SOCIETY:** Thomas Scherman directing the première of "The Thirteen Clocks," a children's opera based on the fairy tale by James Thurber. Mary Johnson did the music and, along with Maritza and Norman Morgan, also wrote the book. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 8, at 3. For tickets, call CI 6-2168.)

Musical Plays—By the Theatre for Young People: "Dame Wiggin's Dilemma," Saturday, March 1.... ¶ "Treasure Isle," Saturday, March 8. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Mornings at 11.)

Variety Show—"Jack and the Beanstalk," performed by the Peggy Bridge Marionettes, plus a magician, a clown, and other attractions. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, March 8, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition entitled "The Age of Discovery—by Caravan and Caravel," equipped with maps, ship models, peephole and push-button displays, and objects from the Museum's collections of medieval, Renaissance, pre-Columbian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "From Dusk to Dawn," depicts the skies of the long winter night, reviews the important celestial events of 1957, and forecasts things to come in 1958. Starting Tuesday, March 4, there will be a new show, "Time and the Stars." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)... ¶ Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

Movies—"Thunderhead—Son of Flicka," with Roddy McDowall and Preston Foster; "Pecos Bill," with Roy Rogers; and a U.P.A. cartoon. (Gramercy Theatre, Lexington Ave. at 23rd St. GR 5-1660. Saturday, March 1, at 10:30.)... ¶ Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.)... ¶ "Man of Aran," a Robert Flaherty film. (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. Saturday, March 1, at 11 and 1:30. Admission is free, but adults will be admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

Note—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the *Trusteeship Council* (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry and Drama Readings—At **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** Y.M.H.A.: Ernest Graves, Michael Higgins, and Bronia Stefan reading "Tristram, the Arthurian Cycle," by Edwin Arlington Robinson, Sunday, March 2, at 5:30. ... ¶ H. A. L. Craig's play "The Common Wind," read by Max Adrian, Austin Briggs-Hall, and others, Saturday, March 8, at 8:40. (Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366.)... **DONNELL REGIONAL BRANCH,** New York Public Library: A group of actors, headed by Basil Langton, reading Stanley Young's verse play "Johnny Appleseed." (20 W. 53rd St. Monday, March 3, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Science Books Exhibition—One hundred books, spanning the centuries from Pliny to Einstein, which dip into the fields of mathematics, astronomy, chemistry, physics, biology, psychiatry, photography, and medicine; through March 30. (Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St. Sundays through Fridays, 10 to 6:30; Saturdays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday and Saturday, Feb. 28-March 1, at 1:45: Stuart and Georgian furniture, Georgian silver, Sheffield plate, Old Master and nineteenth-century paintings, mezzotint portrait engravings of American statesmen and other prints, Oriental rugs, and decorations; from the estate of Julia C. Post and from other sources.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium—Exhibition game: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, April 12.... ¶ First league game at home: Yankees vs. Baltimore, April 18.

Boxing—Yvon Durelle vs. Tony Anthony, lightheavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. March 14.)... ¶ Isaac Logart vs. Virgil Akins, welterweights, 12 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. March 21.)... ¶ Golden Gloves Tournament: Inter-City Championships. (Madison Square Garden. March 24.)... ¶ Carmen Basilio vs. Sugar Ray Robinson, 15 rounds, for the World Middleweight Championship. (Chicago. March 25.)... ¶ Mickey Crawford vs. Gil Turner, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. March 28.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 3-6.)

Hockey—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on March 9, 16, 19, and 23.... ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start the end of March.

Hunt Racing—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. April 5.)... ¶ Middleburg Hunt Race Association. (Middleburg, Va. April 12.)... ¶ My Lady's Manor Point-to-Point. (Monkton, Md. April 12.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden: March 9.

Racing—At **JAMAICA:** March 28-May 10.... **AINTREE,** England: The Grand National Steeplechase, March 29.... LAUREL, Md.: March 31-May 3.

Trapshooting—Thomas H. Lawrence Memorial Shoot. (Travers Island, Pelham Manor. April 12-13.)

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: April 1-July 31.

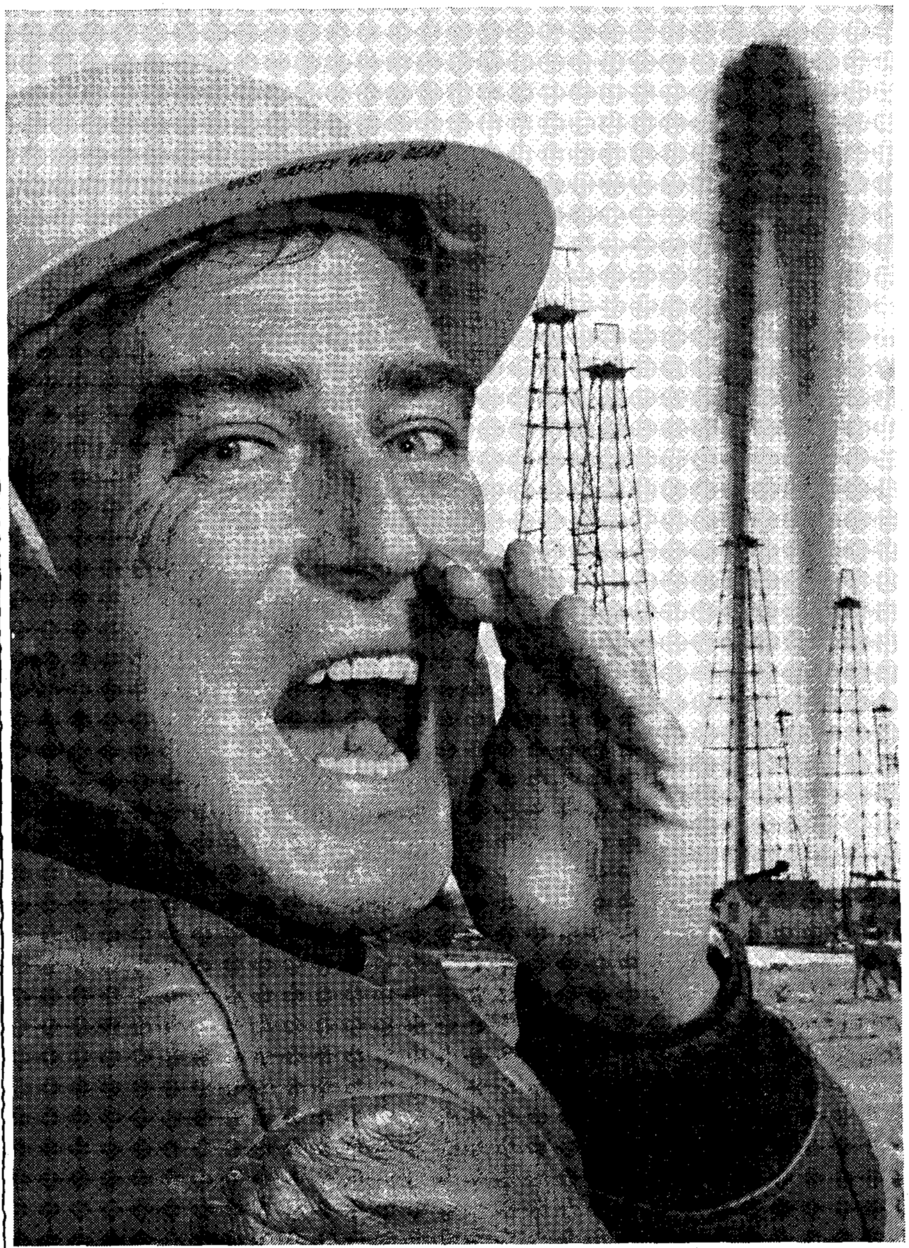
Music—METROPOLITAN OPERA (PE 6-1210): The season continues through April 12.... CITY CENTER (CI 6-8989): The New York City Opera Company, April 3-May 4.... CARNEGIE HALL (CI 7-7460): The New York Philharmonic season continues through April 27.... ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, March 11 and April 1.... ¶ Boston Symphony, March 19 and 22.... ¶ Alexander Brailowsky, piano, March 21.... ¶ Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano, and the Symphony of the Air, March 23.... ¶ Little Orchestra Society, March 26.... ¶ A performance of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion" by the Symphony of the Air and the Rutgers University Choir, March 28.... ¶ Ray Lev, piano, April 9.... ¶ Helvetia Maennerchor, April 11.... TOWN HALL (JU 2-4536): Shoshana Damari, Israeli folk singer, March 15.... ¶ Virtuosi di Roma, March 16.... ¶ Ohio State University Symphonic Choir, March 21.... ¶ Andres Segovia, guitar, March 28.... GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM, Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Koeckert Quartet, March 13.... ¶ David Bean, piano, March 14.... ¶ Joseph Schuster, cello, March 20.... ¶ Angelica Morales von Sauer, piano, March 21.... ¶ Music Forgotten and Remembered, with Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano, March 29.... ¶ Lois Marshall, soprano, March 30.... HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL (RE 7-8490): Victoria de los Angeles, soprano, March 15.... ¶ Pianists Pierre Luboshutz, Genia Nemenoff, and Boris Goldovsky, with an orchestra, March 29.... ¶ Irmgard Seefried, soprano, and Wolfgang Schneiderhan, violin, April 12.

Dance Programs—The Moiseyev Dance Company, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 14-May 3.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: A revue, "International Soirée," involving, among others, the French chanteuse Patachou and Hiram Sherman.... ¶ A revival of "Oklahoma!," the final offering of the New York City Center Light Opera Company's current season.... ¶ An English comedy by Hugh and Margaret Williams, "Plaintiff in a Pretty Hat," starring Glynis Johns and Mr. Williams.... ¶ Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" and Donald Harron's "The Broken Jug," taken from a comedy by Heinrich von Kleist—the first two in a series of three productions by the Stratford Festival Company of Canada, at the Phoenix Theatre.... ¶ Tyrone Power, Faye Emerson, and Arthur Treacher in a new version by Arnold Moss of Shaw's play "Back to Methuselah."... ¶ The British comedienne Joyce Grenfell in a one-woman show of new monologues and songs.... ¶ Donald Cook and Joan Bennett in "Love Me Little," an adaptation by John G. Fuller of Amanda Vail's novel of the same name.... ¶ "Jane Eyre," a dramatization by Huntington Hartford of Charlotte Brontë's novel with John Emery, Blanche Yurka, and Jan Brooks.... ¶ A play about a musical, "Say, Darling," by Richard Bissell, Abe Burrows, and Marian Bissell, based on Mr. Bissell's novel and with songs by Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne. The cast includes David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond.... ¶ Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in "The Visit," a play by Friedrich Duerrenmatt, adapted by Maurice Valency.

Poetry Readings—At the Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. (TR 6-2366): Theodore Roethke, March 23.... ¶ Isabella Gardner and Alastair Reid, March 30.

Other Dates—International Flower Show, at the Coliseum, March 9-15.... ¶ National Antiques Show, at Madison Square Garden, March 10-16.... ¶ St. Patrick's Day is Monday, March 17.... ¶ *The first day of spring* is March 20.... ¶ The Circus, at Madison Square Garden, April 2-May 11.... ¶ International Automobile Show, at the Coliseum, April 5-13.... ¶ Easter Sunday is April 6.... ¶ New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, April 14-20.... ¶ Federal income-tax returns for 1957 and estimates for 1958, as well as New York State returns, are due Tuesday, April 15.



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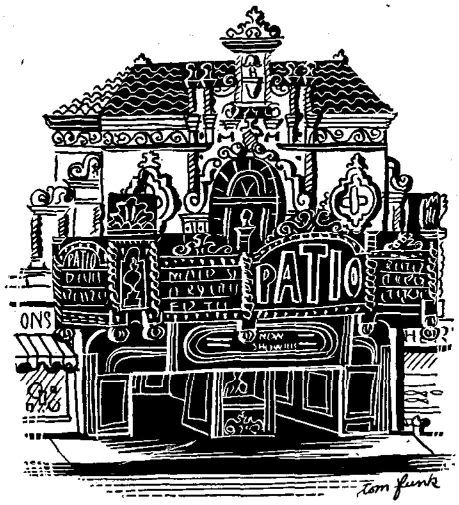
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION



AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe, with Michael Todd as cruise director. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, topped by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—There's plenty of variety in this highly entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers who have been captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and who are led by a colonel not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

GATES OF PARIS—Created by René Clair, this French film examines, with sympathy and humor, an assortment of interesting inhabitants of a seedy district in Paris. Prominent among those on view are a likable bum, a rather morose artist, a fugitive from justice who takes refuge in the artist's residence, and a young lady who excites the emotions of the gentlemen. Played respectively by Pierre Brasseur, Georges Brassens, Henri Vidal, and Dany Carrel, the principal characters are all quite diverting, with M. Brasseur proving conclusively that he is a comedian of a very superior order. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through March 2.)

GERVAISE—Maria Schell gives a superb performance in this French adaptation of a Zola novel revealing the horrendously seamy side of life in France during the Second Empire. Also with François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK—A great deal goes on in the Villa Borghese Gardens, in Rome, during the course of the five stirring vignettes, all of them concerned with *amore* of one sort or another, that make up this picture. Franca Valeri, Vittorio De Sica, Giulia Rubino, Anna Maria Ferrero, and many other distinguished actors are on hand, and all are splendid. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th GR 3-7014 through March 4, tentative.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting March 5.)

LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON—Gary Cooper, as a rich and somewhat jaded American, tries to resist the allure of Audrey Hepburn, as a young and delightful French girl, but he does not have the stamina and she gets him in the end. Much of the action takes place in the Ritz, in Paris. Maurice Chevalier plays Audrey Hepburn's father, an unkind cut. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through March 5.)

OPERATION MAD BALL—Fun in the Army. The warriors involved are attached to a United States medical unit in France subsequent to the Second World War, and the nurses in the outfit are cuties one and all. You can guess the rest. The cast is entirely capable, and is headed by Jack Lemmon and Ernie Kovacs. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; March 2-4, tentative.)

PATHS OF GLORY—A dramatic sermon against the idiocies of war, based on the novel by Humphrey Cobb. To illustrate the point, a First World War French regiment is shown making futile attempts to capture an impregnable position simply because a couple of generals think the attack will do them some good professionally. Adolphe Menjou and George Macready are fine as the generals, and Kirk Douglas is eminently satisfactory as a colonel who wants to avert their lunatic bloodletting. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through March 1, tentative.... ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 28-March 1.)

SAYONARA—Marlon Brando plays a heavily accented Air Force major from the South who, while on leave in Kobe during the Korean War, suddenly goes wild about a well-constructed Japanese hoofer (Miiko Taka) and gets chock-full of racial tolerance. Puccini handled the theme much more resourcefully, but, even so, the film is worth your while. Directed by Joshua Logan. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th, GR 3-2277; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, MO 3-4530; Nemo, B'way at 110th, MO 6-8210; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; starting March 5.)

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS—Cecil B. deMille's spectacular survey of the life and times of Moses makes the Biblical story look pretty stark. Wandering among the assorted cooch dancers, Pharaohs, prophets, et al., we have Charlton Heston, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Yul Brynner, and Anne Baxter. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 8; Saturdays at 9:30, 2:30, and 8; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister, and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

REVIVALS

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; March 2-3.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; Feb. 27.)

HENRY V (1946)—Laurence Olivier in Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Odeon, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320. Daily at 2:30 and 8:40. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10:30. Reserved seats only.)

MONSIEUR VINCENT (1948)—Pierre Fresnay in a French picture that tells of the struggles of St. Vincent de Paul. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 27.)

REBECCA (1940)—Hitchcock's adaptation of Daphne du Maurier's novel. Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 3-4.)

SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS (1938)—The Disney classic. (Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

SYMPHONIE PASTORALE (1948)—The André Gide story about a blind girl and a pastor, with Michèle Morgan and Pierre Blanchar. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Feb. 28.)

THE THIRD MAN (1950)—A melodramatic tour of postwar Vienna on the heels of Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, and Valli. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; March 3-4.)

THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA (1950)—An aging fugitive, Jean Gabin, having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Feb. 27.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Two programs in a series called "The First Sixty Years: A Retrospective of the Motion Pictures"—Through March 1, at 3: "Cabiria" (1913) and an excerpt from "Quo Vadis?" (1912).... ¶ March 2-5, at 3 and 5:30: "Love Everlasting" (1913) and "La Donna Nuda" (1913). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Cowboy," Glenn Ford, Jack Lemmon.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Sing Boy Sing," Tommy Sands, Lili Gentle.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Brothers Karamazov," Yul Brynner, Maria Schell, Claire Bloom.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
HENRY V, revival.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through March 4: "The Gift of Love," Lauren Bacall, Robert Stack.
From March 5: "The Mark of the Hawk," Eartha Kitt, Sidney Poitier.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
Through March 2: "A Farewell to Arms," Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones, Vittorio De Sica.
From March 3: Theatre temporarily closed.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Raintree County," Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
Feb. 27: "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave, Claude Dauphin.
From Feb. 28: "The Last Paradise," a semi-documentary film on four South Sea islands; and "Satchmo the Great," a film on Louis Armstrong, with a narration by Edward R. Murrow.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Search for Paradise," the fourth Cinerama production. (Daily at 2:40 and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through March 4 (tentative): **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and "So Little Time," revival, Marius Goring, Maria Schell.
From March 5 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through March 4: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 4 (tentative): "The Light Across the Street" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Raymond Pellegrin; and "Angelika" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Dieter Borsche.
From March 5 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

Lexington, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
Through March 2: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.
March 3-4: "Escape from San Quentin," Johnny Desmond; and "The Gamma People," Paul Douglas, Eva Bartok.
From March 5: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Old Yeller," Dorothy McGuire, Fess Parker.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Feb. 27: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
Feb. 28-March 4: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Damn Citizen!," Keith Andes.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through March 2: **GATES OF PARIS** (in French).
From March 3: "Démoniaque" (in French), François Périer, Micheline Presle.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
GERVAISE (in French).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through March 4 (tentative): "The Light Across the Street" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Raymond Pellegrin; and "Angelika" (in German), revival, Maria Schell, Dieter Borsche.
From March 5 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through March 5: **LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON.**

Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
Through March 2: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.
March 3-4: "Escape from San Quentin," Johnny Desmond; and "The Gamma People," Paul Douglas, Eva Bartok.
From March 5: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.

Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th. (BU 8-9468)
Through March 4 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin; and "Unnatural," Hildegarde Neff, Eric von Stroheim.
From March 5 (tentative): "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 1 (tentative): **PATHS OF GLORY.**
March 2-4 (tentative): **OPERATION MAD BALL.**
From March 5 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Feb. 27: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
Feb. 28-March 4: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Damn Citizen!," Keith Andes.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through March 2: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.
March 3-4: "Escape from San Quentin," Johnny Desmond; and "The Gamma People," Paul Douglas, Eva Bartok.
From March 5: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)
Through March 1: "Deadlier Than the Male" (in French), Jean Gabin, Danièle Delorme; and "Stella" (in Greek), revival, Melina Mercouri.
March 2-3: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE,** revival; and "Desk Set," Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn.
March 4-5: "The Miller's Beautiful Wife" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Vittorio De Sica; and "Love and Jealousy" (in Italian; formerly called "Frisky"), revival, Gina Lollobrigida, Vittorio De Sica.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through March 5 (tentative): "Please! Mr. Balzac" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Daniel Gelin.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
GERVAISE (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through March 2: "Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.
March 3-4: "Escape from San Quentin," Johnny Desmond; and "The Gamma People," Paul Douglas, Eva Bartok.
From March 5: "I Accuse!," José Ferrer; and "The Safecracker," Ray Milland.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through March 1: "Sins of Casanova" (in Italian), Gabriele Ferzetti, Corinne Calvet; and "Forbidden Desire" (in French; formerly called "Lover's Net"), Françoise Arnoul, Daniel Gelin.
March 2-4: "Something of Value," revival, Rock Hudson, Dana Wynter; and "Julie," revival, Doris Day, Louis Jourdan.
From March 5: **IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK** (in French); and another feature, to be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Feb. 27: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
Feb. 28-March 4: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Damn Citizen!," Keith Andes.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
Feb. 27: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH,** revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapewin.
Feb. 28-March 1: **PATHS OF GLORY;** and "The Monte Carlo Story," Marlene Dietrich, Vittorio De Sica.
March 2: "Kim," revival, Errol Flynn, Dean Stockwell; and "The Man from the Alamo," revival, Glenn Ford, Julia Adams.
March 3-4: **REBECCA,** revival; and **THE THIRD MAN,** revival.
From March 5: "East of Eden," revival, Julie Harris, James Dean; and "Rebel Without a Cause," revival, James Dean, Natalie Wood.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
Through March 3: "Spanish Affair," Carmen Sevilla, Richard Kiley.
From March 4: "The Confessions of Felix Krull" (in German), Henry Bookholt, Lisa Pulver.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Bolshoi Ballet," Galina Ulanova. (Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, 7, and 9:20; Saturdays at 10, 2, 4:30, 7, and 9:20; and Sundays at 1, 4, 7, and 9:20.)

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
SNOW WHITE AND THE SEVEN DWARFS, revival.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through Feb. 28: "The Adulteress" (in French), Simone Signoret, Raf Vallone.
From March 1: "The Awakening" (in Italian), Anna Magnani.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"Bonjour Tristesse," Deborah Kerr, David Niven; and "The True Story of Lynn Stuart," Betsy Palmer.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Feb. 27: **THE WALLS OF MALAPAGA** (in French and Italian), revival; and **MONSIEUR VINCENT** (in French), revival.
From Feb. 28: **SYMPHONIE PASTORALE** (in French), revival; and "Albert Schweitzer," revival, a documentary film narrated by Fredric March and Burgess Meredith.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through March 4: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
Feb. 27: "The Mob," revival, Broderick Crawford; and "711 Ocean Drive," revival, Edmond O'Brien, Joanne Dru.
Feb. 28-March 2: "Ulysses," revival, Kirk Douglas, Silvana Mangano; and "Quentin Durward," revival, Robert Taylor, Kay Kendall.
March 3-4: To be announced.
From March 5: "Santiago," revival, Alan Ladd, Rossana Podesta; and "The Americano," revival, Glenn Ford, Cesar Romero.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Feb. 27: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
Feb. 28-March 4: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Damn Citizen!," Keith Andes.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

Coliseum, B'way at 181st. (WA 7-7200)
Feb. 27: "Peyton Place," Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
Feb. 28-March 4: "The Tarnished Angels," Rock Hudson, Robert Stack; and "Damn Citizen!," Keith Andes.
From March 5: **SAYONARA.**

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Advance showing of Spring's look at New York's Flower Show. Photographed by Maria Martel.

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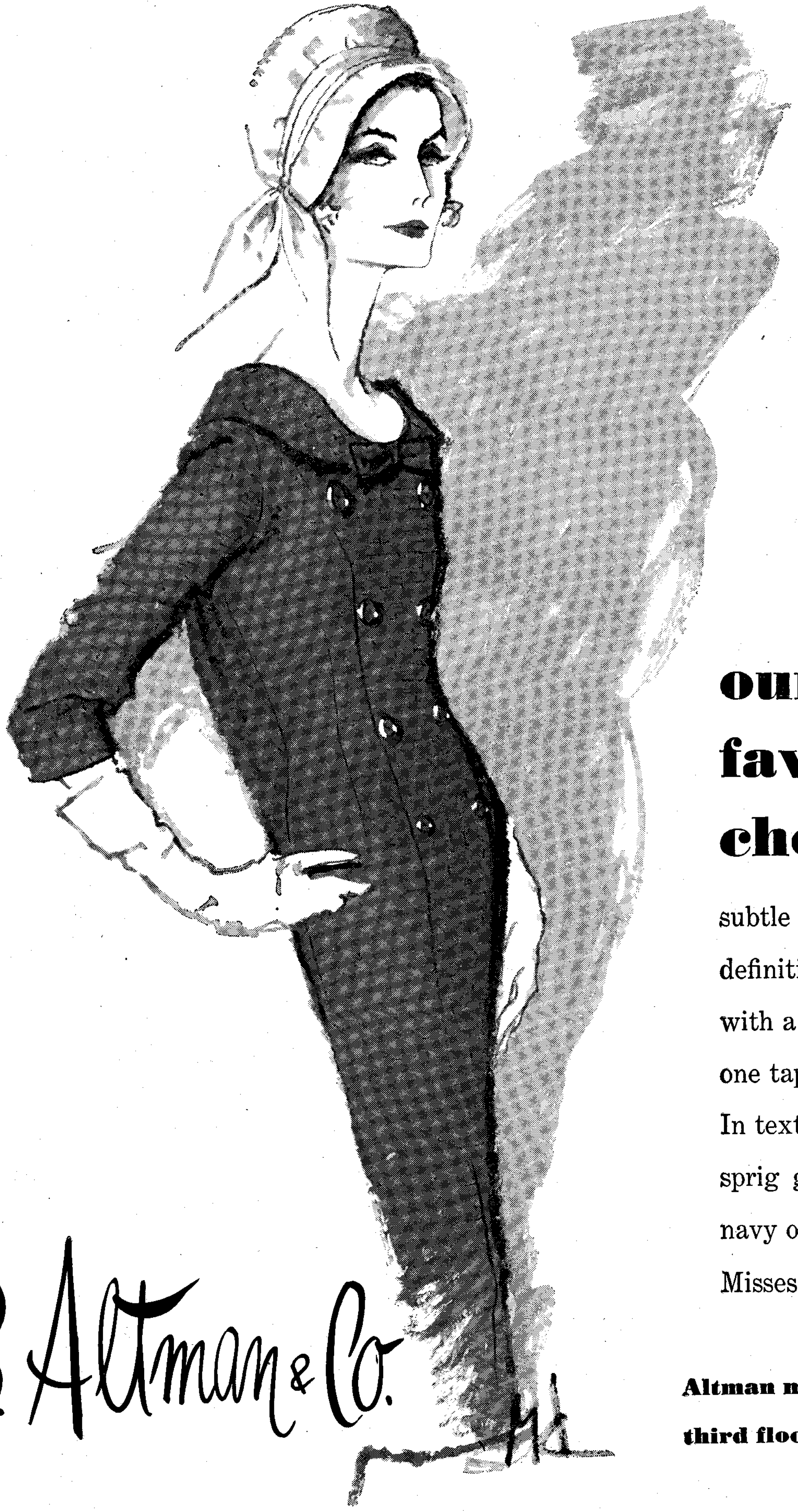

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS almost invariably happens after a big storm, the papers have been full of editorials bemoaning the apparent inability of our weather predictors to furnish us with precise forecasts. We don't bemoan it at all. One of the nicest things about weather is its unexpectedness. When bad weather arrives unpredicted, it is apt to create emergencies, and emergencies bring out some of the best qualities in people—resourcefulness, neighborliness, and fortitude, for instance—which as a rule these days have precious little chance to manifest themselves. Good weather—unheralded good weather, that is—makes everybody smile, and a pleasant sight that can be on Fifth Avenue on a sunny morning following a sullen eve. We think that weather should always come as a surprise. How charmless it would be if the onset of spring (not the first day of spring but the first springlike day) could be dependably foretold on an insurance agent's calendar!

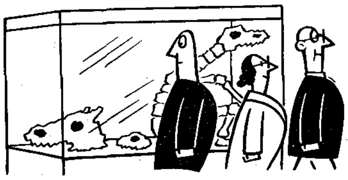
THE State Department has announced that henceforth passport pictures may be in color, a decision based on the theory that travellers will feel more cheerful if they can, to use the Department's phrase, put their best face forward. Presumably, Mr. Dulles and his associates hope this will lead, in turn, to friendlier relations between gadabout Americans and the natives. Aside from the question of whether most people actually do look happier in color than in black and white (we know one poor woman whom Kodacolor somehow always turns into a carrot), the only flaw in this plan would seem to be the fact that a passport, however handsomely illustrated, is a document one finds it hard to associate with cheerfulness. The people to whom passports must be presented—immigration and customs officials, to say nothing of concierges and the police—are so closely linked in the average tourist's mind with trouble, confusion, suspicion, and delay that it is nearly impossible for anyone to look his best while having his passport inspected. You take a cross, tired, trembling, pale, and perspiring tourist and stand him up alongside a passport picture of himself glowing with health and contentment, and the chances are that some sharp-eyed border guard will insist the photograph can't conceivably be his own.

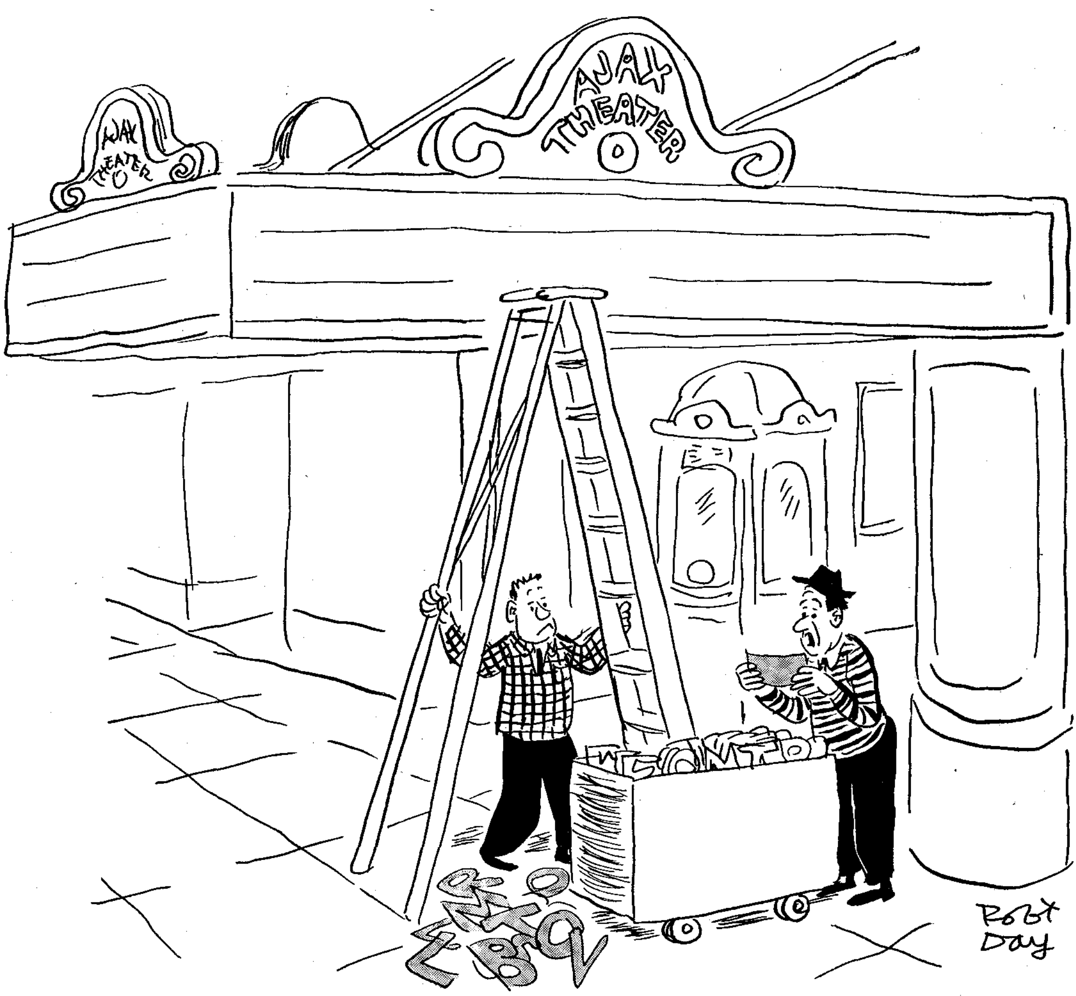
Fossil Preview

IF a lot of teen-agers' fancies don't turn to thoughts of fossils a year from now, and if a lot of old fossils don't learn a lot about a lot of even older fossils, it won't be the fault of Dr. Bobb Schaeffer, curator of fossil fishes at the Museum of Natural History, and Mrs. Mary B. Patsuris, scientific assistant in its Department of Geology and Paleontology. We've paid a visit to the Museum's Giant Sloth Hall, in which they are actively interested and which is now approaching completion. Its largest display is a case devoted to fossils and to exhibits showing how fossils are collected, prepared, identified, classified, interpreted, and restored. Some cases are still empty, but we were able to examine cephalopods whose shells had been replaced (by Mother Nature) with pyrite; opalized fish vertebrae from Australia; manganese formations with dendritic patterns that look like fossils but aren't; fossil tracks; a late Cretaceous fish, Enchodus, which hails from eastern Wyoming; and various paleontological prizes done up in jackets of burlap soaked in plaster, to show how they are kept safe from damage in transit from the field to the Museum's laboratories.

"Enchodus, a rapacious teleost fish, is generally found embedded in black shale," Dr. Schaeffer said, "but I picked this one up right on the surface of the ground, where it had recently been exposed by natural weathering. It's about two feet long, and it was in four sections. I've worked in Kansas, Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, and Texas. You never know how an expedition is going to turn out. You may spend the whole summer in the field and come back with a handful of fragments. You just have to walk and look. You look for an exposed fossil bone, and then you follow it down with pick and shovel. A couple of summers ago, in Kansas, my assistant, Walter Sorensen, called my attention to an exposed tail-fin lobe of Portheus, a Cretaceous fish notable for its great size and strong teeth. We already had a lot of Portheus remains, so I turned this one, or its tail, over to a Kansas museum man who was in the field with us. He excavated a complete skeleton fourteen feet long, better than any we had. And not only that. It had a seven-foot Gillicus, which is another Cretaceous fish, in its abdomen!"

Mrs. Patsuris, who is helping set up the Hall, gave Dr. Schaeffer a sympathetic glance, and we moved on, past the skull of an extinct horse, the skull of an extinct beaver, and a gigantic skeleton of Diprotodon, an extinct Australian marsupial, to the display that gives the Hall its name: seven skeletons of extinct ground sloths, one of them—reared on its hind legs—ten feet high, accompanied by two glyptodonts, which





"The Brothers who, for God's sake?"

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look like armadillos. "All Pleistocene," Dr. Schaeffer said. "All browsers, or leaf eaters. Note the glyptodonts' carapace; it's unlike that of armadillos, which can roll up into a ball. Most of the glyptodonts came from Patagonia."

We asked Dr. Schaeffer where *he* came from, and he said New Haven and Philadelphia. "My father, Dr. J. Parsons Schaeffer, now professor emeritus of anatomy at Jefferson Medical College, in Philadelphia, was on the Yale faculty in 1913, when I was born," he said. "My first name isn't a nickname; it was my mother's maiden name. I was educated by books in my father's library, and I also went to Cornell and Columbia, where I took my Ph.D." The junior Dr. S., who came to the Museum in 1946 after four years in the Army and then an apprenticeship as a demonstrator in histology and embryology at Jefferson Medical College, is an adjunct professor of zoology at Columbia, and has written extensively on the coelacanth, a fish long thought to have been extinct for seventy-five million years but discovered alive in Africa in 1938. We followed the Doctor to his office for a cigarette, and he told us that the Museum's fossil-fish collection reflects nearly sixty years of research by American and European paleontologists, and traces ichthyological history back four hundred million years. On his desk we noticed a copy of the *Journal of Sedimentary Petrology*, marked "Urgent." It's another world.

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The title of a book soon to be published by Doubleday & Co. has been changed from "Marry in Anger" to "Too Late for Lilacs."

Midwinter Madness

NEITHER snow nor rain nor cold nor fear of cholesterol stays us from the swift accomplishment of our social duties, so one day last week, in a flurry of invitations, we mushed up to East Sixty-eighth Street and the well-appointed home of the Marquis and Marquise George de Cuevas for a reception in honor of Salvador Dali. After being cordially greeted by our host, a dapper man who was wearing a dark-blue suit and had a red ribbon in his buttonhole, we picked our way past two white Pekinese and were soon chatting easily with a group that included the Dalis; the Aschwin Lippes; the ballerina Alexandra Danilova, now of the cast of "Oh Captain!;" Miss Nancy Randolph, of the *Daily News;* and Mrs. Mafalda Davis, of the Plaza, Paris, and Cairo.

"I've just been to Palm Beach and you can have it," Miss Randolph said. "It's cold, it's windy, and the women have their hair done three times a day."

"I've just come from the Museum," said Mr. Lippe, an associate curator of the Far Eastern Department of the Metropolitan, who was wearing a brown suit, a brown sweater, and a brown mustache. "That's why I'm wearing this sweater."

"I've just had my appendix out," said Mr. Dali, who was wearing a suit and mustache of midnight blue. "I nearly died. It was a valuable spiritual experience."

"This is the first party we've been to since Dali was ill," Mrs. Dali said. "His show is opening at Knoedler's tomorrow. I'm told that Americans don't say 'parties;' they say 'paries.' Is that true?"

"I'm an Egyptian," said Mrs. Davis, who was wearing a sable scarf, and a lot of jewelry designed by Dali. "I have just arrived from Paris with the de Cuevases. The Marquis happens to be a very wonderful and colorful friend of mine who has contributed a great deal to the ballet world—and all alone! I have been assigned by G. P. Putnam to write his life story, which is fascinating. The remarks he makes! 'Sixty years of snobbery,' he said to me the other day, 'and look at—' "

"When my father frowned, we trembled," Miss Randolph said as we left for the Overseas Press Club, where a preview Australia Night Dinner was being held.

"These regional dinners are given several times a year, and I help with the menus," said Miss Myra Waldo, author of "The Complete Round-the-World Cookbook," who had invited us. "Nearly everything in this one has been flown eleven thousand miles, from Australia. Unfortunately, the fresh Sydney rock oysters are being held up at Idlewild. Eleven thousand miles, and the plane they're on is isolated by snowdrifts!"

"This is a dress rehearsal for tomorrow night's regular members' dinner, which has been oversubscribed," said Mr. George E. McCadden, the club's vice-chairman for Australia Night, as we sampled some Australian sherry and Kameruka Cheddar cheese. "We've had twenty-two of these dinners so far—Norwegian, Swedish, Greek, French, Israeli, Japanese, Irish, Hawaiian, Portuguese, and so on. We had trouble with the Swedish one; the Department of Agriculture wouldn't pass the hazel hens through customs."

"Foot-and-mouth disease," said Mr. Lawrence G. Blochman, chairman of the Regional Dinners Committee.

We sat down between Miss Isabel McGovern, of the *Herald Tribune*, and Miss Mayburn Koss, of the *Times*, and plunged into some excellent New South Wales king prawns. "I used to work for the United States Brewers Foundation account at J. Walter Thompson," Miss Koss said. "We tried to make beer more acceptable. Being on the food desk at the *Times* is more fun."

"I'm the home economist at the *Trib*," Miss McGovern said. "What a day! I've just covered a demonstration of Chinese cooking methods sponsored by the China Institute in America and the Gas Appliance Manufacturers Association. I'm simply a good old sound home economist. My husband was bushed this evening, so I let him off this dinner."

Kangaroo-tail soup, washed down with Orlando's Barossa Valley Riesling Hock; Australian filet steaks, with sauce béarnaise, washed down with McWilliams Mount Pleasant Hermitage Burgundy; Pavlowa meringue, with North Australian tropical fruits, whipped Tongala cream, and passion-fruit syrup, washed down with South Australian sauternes—"It has a very good nose," the menu said—and, table-hopping with Miss McGovern, we hoisted some New Guinea coffee and an orange-brandy crusta with Mr. T. A. G. Hungerford, of the Australian News & Information Bureau, a man with a very good nose, mouth, and eyes.

"In Australia, we generally serve our steaks without sauce and with two fried eggs," he said, offering us a cigarette from a package marked "These cigarettes made in the modern Philip Morris plant in Melbourne."

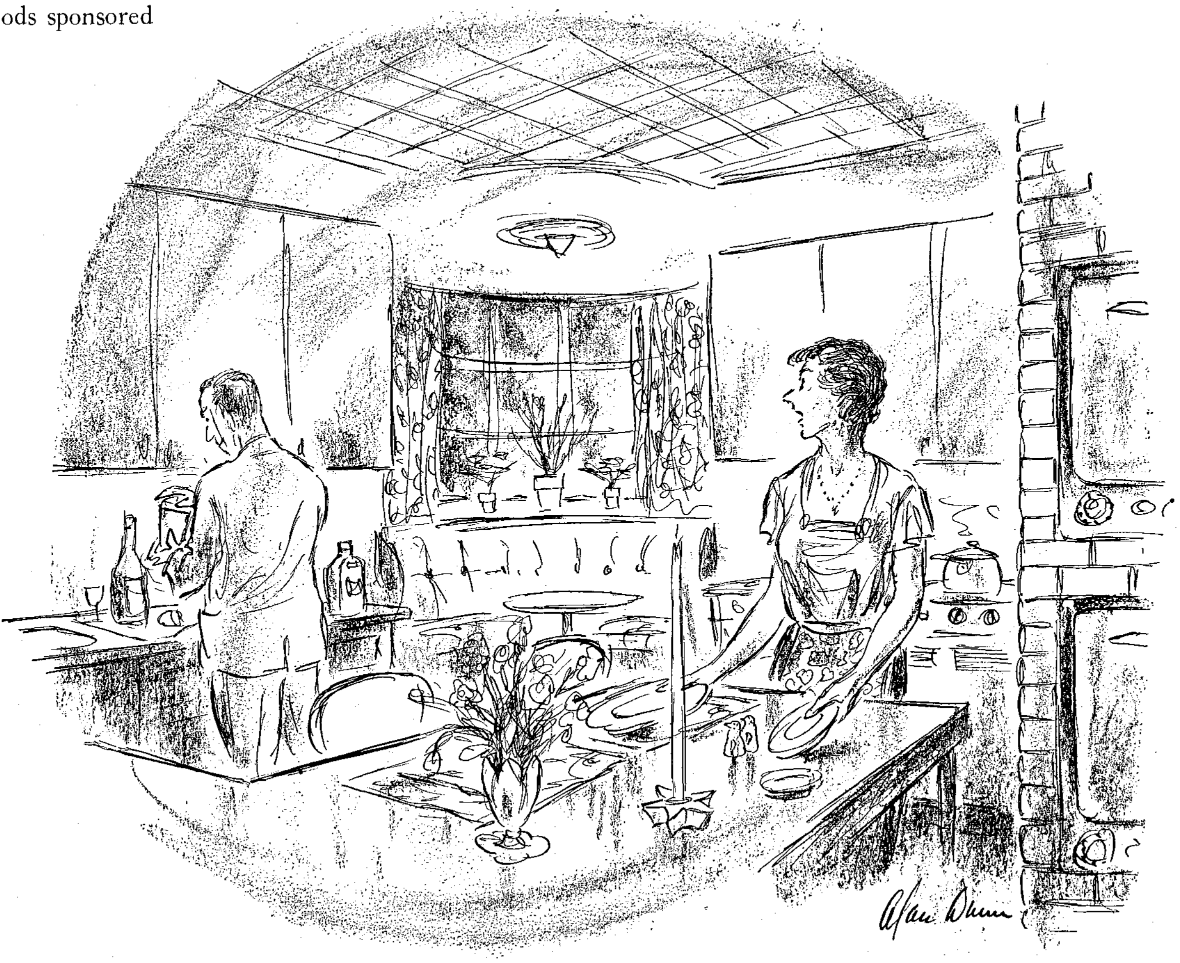
"Where can we buy this food here?" Miss McGovern asked.

"De Bragga & Spitler, 436 West Fifteenth Street, handles kangaroo-tail soup and kangaroo meat," said Mr. Hungerford, and we went home, got a good night's sleep, and reported the next day at another preview party—this one given by Blum's, the celebrated sixty-seven-year-old San Francisco candy manufacturers, to mark the opening of their first New York store, on Fifth Avenue near Fifty-fifth Street. Champagne and a buffet of caviar, pâté de foie gras, etc., presided over by a Pinkerton man in uniform, to keep crashers out, and Mr. Robert T. Beattie, Blum's president. "Let me show you to our parlor, the area of the twenty-five-dollar to one-hundred-dollar gift, individual or industrial," Mr. Beattie said, and up a winding staircase we went to a balcony containing showcases of Limoges bonbon dishes and old French books scooped out to make candy boxes.

"Some of our industrial Christmas orders come to over twenty-five thousand dollars," Mr. Beattie said. "The heads of international businesses send our candy all over the world in these costly antique containers. They get a wonderful thank-you. Our Blum's Originals are old-fashioned, home-made-type candies that our master candymaker in San Francisco—Nymer Neal, who came to us when he was twelve, and is now seventy-eight—has sophisticated. We hope to open a restaurant here later."

Back on the street floor, where Grover Whalen was having his picture taken, we munched a sophisticated candy with Jeanne Owen, secretary of the Wine & Food Society, and Alfred Eisenstaedt, the photographer, who was cameraless. "I'm here socially," he said. "This store used to be occupied by Altman & Kuhne, Viennese candies, who are related to my wife. Blum's bought them out."

Off into the snow we trudged, to the opening of the new Jackson Internationale showroom, on lower Fifth Ave-



"But you said you had some on the train to unwind. Just how many times do you have to unwind?"

nue. Great cases of china, glassware, and pottery loomed on all sides over tables laden with champagne and floral-design canapés, and we fell into conversation with a large man whose lapel card proclaimed him to be Vitezslav S. Gruen and who proclaimed himself to be one of Jackson's crystal designers. "We make Royal Jackson dinnerware for hotels, restaurants, and homes," he said, "and we also handle Afors glass, from Sweden; British Anchor pottery and Royal Albert bone china, from England; and Val St. Lambert crystal, the finest crystalware in the world, from Belgium. The Val St. Lambert was started by Cistercian monks, in the twelfth century. It has graced the palaces of the royal families of Europe for centuries. Look!" We looked at some glasses placarded "KING LEOPOLD. BELGIUM," "KING ALFONSO. SPAIN," and "KING FAROUK. EGYPT," and Mr. Gruen advised us that Jackson's local customers include Tiffany, Black, Starr & Gorham, and Plummer. "We sent Evita Perón thirty thousand dollars' worth of glassware—two hundred and forty sets—a week before she died," he said. "She paid in advance. Our crystal prices start at three dollars. Today everyone can own the goblets of kings!"

We swallowed a flower with sliced stuffed-olive petals and cucumber leaves, and pushed north to Essex House, where a Tasting of White Table Wines of Italy, sponsored by the American Chamber of Commerce for Trade with Italy, was in full sip—Soaves and Orvietos, Frascatis and Verdicchios, bread sticks and Myra Waldo—and on to the Dali opening at Knoedler's: Dali, still in midnight blue; the Marquis de Cuevas; Mafalda Davis; Caresse Crosby; Leonora Corbett; and a score of small pictures and one enormous one, "Santiago El Grande," showing an airborne horse. A Knoedler official handed us a catalogue, and in it, over Dali's signature, we read, in part:

> I dream of a jasmin flower with four petals. This jasmin is the center of an atomic cloud which raises towards heaven Santiago's white horse. Santiago, who instead of a sword carried a living Christ, is in the center of a Gothic structure in the shape of a shell arising from the depth of the sea. This Coquille St. Jacques is formed of segments of logarithmic curves, which, as is known, have the "maximum of enveloping dynamism" and, like Archimedes' lever, are capable of lifting the universe.

Coquille St. Jacques! Was that the next thing we ran into, or was it crab Imperial, at the National Fish and Seafood Committee's buffet supper at the Pinnacle Club? Lobster tails with garlic-parsley sauce, baked bluefish with barley-mushroom stuffing, seafood Louisiana, Myra Waldo, Isabel McGovern, Mayburn Koss, and a speech by Donald McKernan, director of the United States Government Bureau of Commercial Fisheries, who said that some species of fish are good for people who want to gain weight and others are good for people who want to lose weight.

We wound up the day at a Grolier Club One Hundred Books Famous in Science shindig, at which the guest speaker, Dr. I. Bernard Cohen, professor of the history of science at Harvard, put in a good and interesting word for the humanistic study of science. "The generation to come will learn not Latin and Greek but Russian," he said at one point. We inspected an exhibit of nearly a million dollars' worth of first editions of Aristotle, Euclid, Galileo, and so forth, none of them scooped out; ate a dish of coffee ice cream in the humanistic company of Monroe Wheeler, Valerien Lada-Mocarski, Sinclair Hamilton, and Edward Naumburg, Jr.; and left. Alas, we never made the Austrian Wine Tasting held that afternoon on the S.S. Constitution by the United States Austrian Chamber of Commerce, the American Export Lines, and the Austrian Trade Delegate, but Miss Poppy Cannon, the cookbook authoress, fresh from it, told us at the Pinnacle Club that the Duernsteiner Katzensprung Gruener Veltliner-Spaetlese '53 was absolutely first-class.

Sheltered

A SOUTHERNER we know, now resident in New York City, phoned his home in Georgia after the recent snowfall piled up there to ask his sister how her children had taken the event.

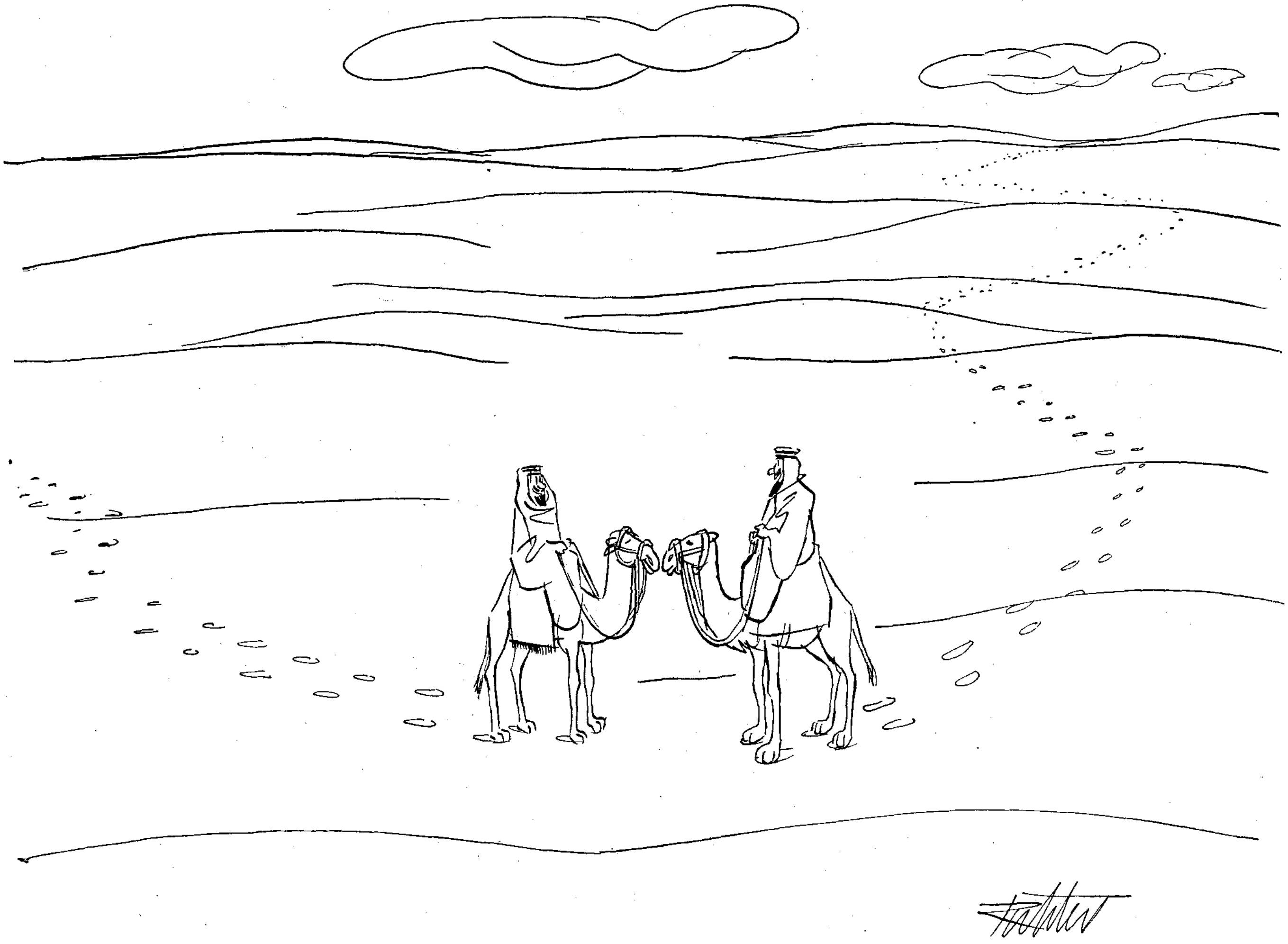
"First snow in fifteen years," he said. "What did the kids think of it? The last time was before they were born."

"They liked it fine," his sister replied. "They watched it on television."

Vote Getter

WILLY BRANDT, the Mayor of Berlin, was in town last week, winding up a twelve-day visit to this country, and we went over to his quarters, high in the Waldorf Towers, to have a chat with him. Seated bolt upright and unruffled amid the usual encircling newspaper cameramen, Mayor Brandt appeared able to examine himself with something like the scientific detachment of doctors examining the first man to conclude a round trip into outer space. "The experience is nearly over, and I am bearing up well," he told us, in excellent English. "I have called on Eisenhower, Nixon, Dulles, McElroy, the Ford Foundation, and approximately thirteen senators. I have received an honorary degree from the University of Pennsylvania. I have attended every day at least one luncheon, one dinner, and one reception, and I have been told and have forgotten at least five hundred very important names. I have also been asked some five hundred times whether Willy is my true name or merely short for Wilhelm. The answer is it is truly Willy. I suppose in English my name should have a more august sound, but in Germany to be named Willy and yet retain one's dignity is a very common thing."

Mayor Brandt is a tallish, vigorous man with sandy hair, piercing blue eyes, and long, pointed ears; the planes of his face are composed of boldly modelled triangles, which give him the look of a benign Mephistopheles. He is forty-four—young for a prominent political figure in any country these days, and especially young for Germany. He has a modest explanation of his prominence. "Most of the leaders of my generation in Germany died in concentration camps, in the plots against Hitler, or in the war," he said. "If those of us who survived are leaders, it is because we are all that is left." We had learned from other sources that when Hitler came to power, the nineteen-year-old Brandt, already an outspoken anti-Nazi, had been obliged to flee his native Lübeck for Norway; that, as a member of the anti-Nazi underground, he had slipped in and out of



"Hello, Ahmed. What are you doing in this neck of the woods?"

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Germany a number of times during the nineteen-thirties; that he had become a Norwegian citizen; that he had escaped to Sweden when the Nazis invaded Norway; and that in 1945 he had finally returned to Germany, as a Norwegian newspaperman assigned to cover the Nuremberg trials. In 1949, a year after regaining German citizenship, he was elected to the first West German Bundestag, or Lower House, and last year he automatically became head of the Bundesrat, or Upper House, when he was elected Mayor of Berlin, to fill out the unexpired term of the late Mayor Otto Suhr.

Herr Brandt showed no interest in discussing his career. "One of the advantages of being younger, rather than older, is that you have a responsibility to think firm thoughts about the future, not prattle on about the past," he said. "My ambition is to make Berlin even more of a showcase for the West than it is today—to have ever more prosperous businesses and ever more distinguished universities, and thus to be a greater and greater embarrassment to the other side. The better we look to the East Germans, the worse their own propaganda looks to them. We in the West should stop worrying so much about the effectiveness of Communist propaganda and take more pride in the effectiveness of our actions. This is true even of actions we may feel no personal liking for. When American rock 'n' roll reached East Berlin, the authorities forbade it, but it turned out that they couldn't suppress it. Now it's openly accepted. I may say that in my own house rock 'n' roll won its peculiar victory a long time ago."

Mayor Brandt is married to a Norwegian and has three half-grown rock-'n'-rollers—a girl and two boys. As soon as he reaches home, he said, the whole family will take a brief skiing vacation in the mountains north of Oslo. Immediately afterward, he will have to buckle down to work, which will be all the harder because of a parliamentary campaign in the fall. "Still, there are certain advantages to one's character in having to run for office," he added. "I can't afford to become so pleased with myself as an international V.I.P. that I forget to concern myself with how many votes I may get in South Dahlem."

Know-How

ONE of our observers working the commuting beat observed the other morning, on a train heading in to town from Port Washington, two bespectacled gentlemen sitting side by side, buried in their newspapers. One, rosy-cheeked and mustached, suddenly lowered his paper, tore off a corner at the bottom of a page, folded it neatly in half, and began using it to polish his glasses. His seat companion put his newspaper aside and, digging into a pocket, came up with a folder of tissues made for polishing glasses. "Try one of these," he said, handing the folder over. Looking at first startled, then suspicious, the other man accepted the tissues, put his glasses on again, and examined the folder, front and back. "Oh, I say!" he then said. "Thanks so much! Jolly, you Americans! Jolly!"

TEBIC

WHEN the airliner detached itself from English soil, and Rosalind, the Warburtons' only child, was off with a husband and a trousseau to settle in Australia, Humphrey Warburton was aware of a profound and yet quite trifling sense of relief, which he could not account for until Lydia, coming out of a muse, remarked that it would seem very odd to have grandchildren who as a matter of course ate plum pudding in the dog days—and did he suppose they set fire to it?

"Set fire to what, my dear?"

"Christmas plum pudding—in Australia."

Christmas. That was it. That was why he was feeling relieved. It was annulled—his ignominious bondage to a recollection of how, one Christmas when a miniature tallboy, perfect in every detail, one of his best finds, had proved half an inch too tall to fit into Rosalind's dolls' house, Rosalind had referred to "that silly old Santa Claus." One may laugh off such things, but if one is a man like Humphrey Warburton one continues to brood over them, and all subsequent presents to Rosalind were, as far as he was concerned, poisoned at the source. But henceforward Rosalind would receive his presents in another hemisphere, and he would be able to give his whole mind to filling the Christmas stocking for Lydia—Lydia, whom he had so discerningly chosen when to people of less connoisseurship she was still just one of Archdeacon Barnard's pigtailed daughters, and whom he had never ceased to love, and whose tastes he could be sure of, and who was so easy to compliment at any season.

One reason he could be sure of Lydia's tastes was that they were so engagingly eclectic—as if some part of her were still feasting on lemon drops in the rectory schoolroom. It was also very engaging that Lydia should be so honorable that for some weeks before Christmas she always entered the room humming with artificial spontaneity and keeping her gaze directed on the ceiling, in case she should surprise Humphrey wrapping something up. In point of fact, Humphrey began amassing things for Lydia's stocking so far in advance that he was exposed to surprise from January onwards, and by the time they were given, all wrapped up with such artifice that not a revealing contour protruded, he was often as much astonished as she. In the stocking of Christmas, 1957, for instance, the glass top hat, the Portuguese reliquary with its half-dozen minute splinters of bone in cut-paper ruffs reposing on crumples of blue velvet under a crystal dome, and the new patent kind of clothesbrush warranted to take up cats' hairs, all came as novelties to him. So did a small round sky-blue plastic container.

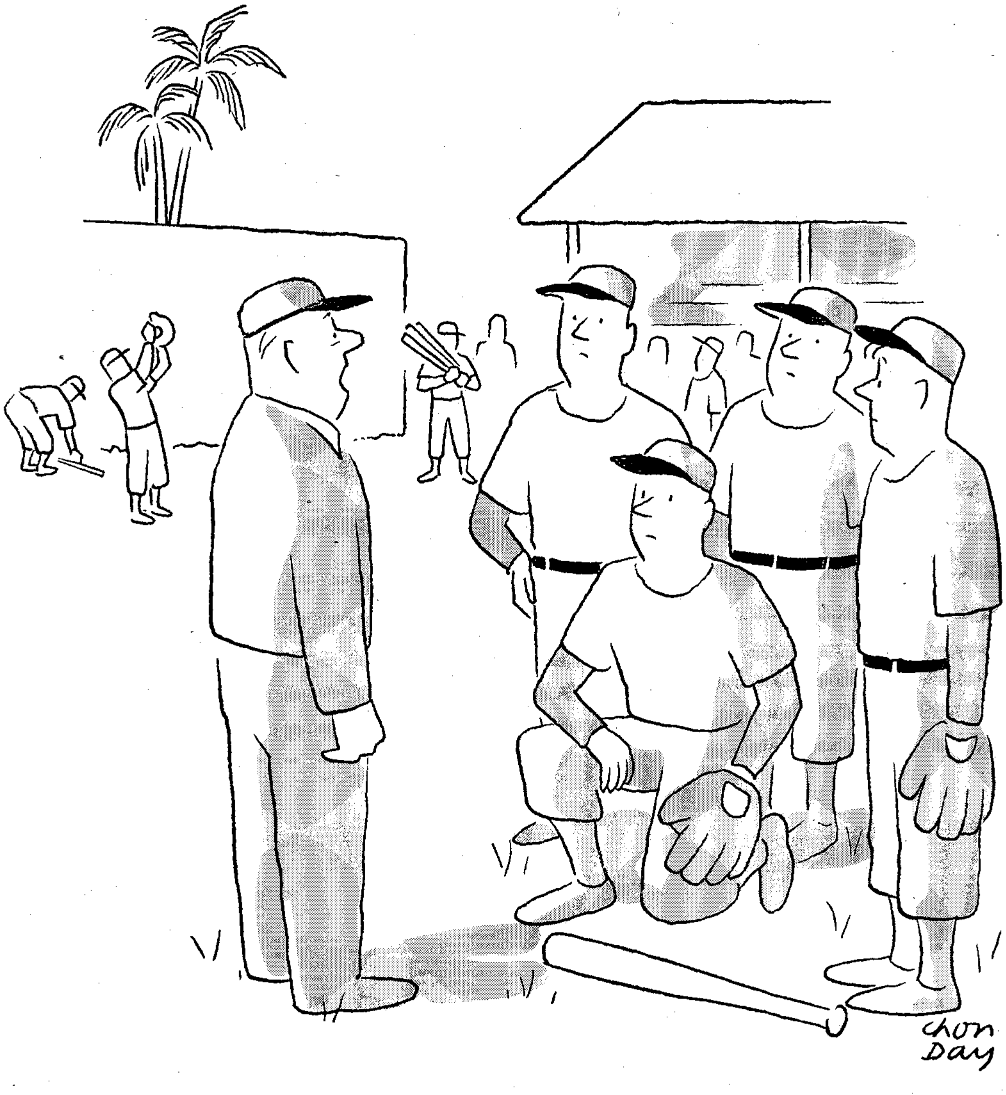
"How I love and adore little round boxes," said Lydia, smoothing out the silver paper it had been swathed in. "How does it open? What's inside?" She turned it over. "Look, here's the head of Athene embossed on its back. It's not a tape measure, for there's nothing to pull out. Oh, it's got its name on it! Tebic. . . . Humphrey, what is Tebic? What does it do?"

"Its duty—as Woolworth expects of it. Now go on to something else; you're still only halfway down."

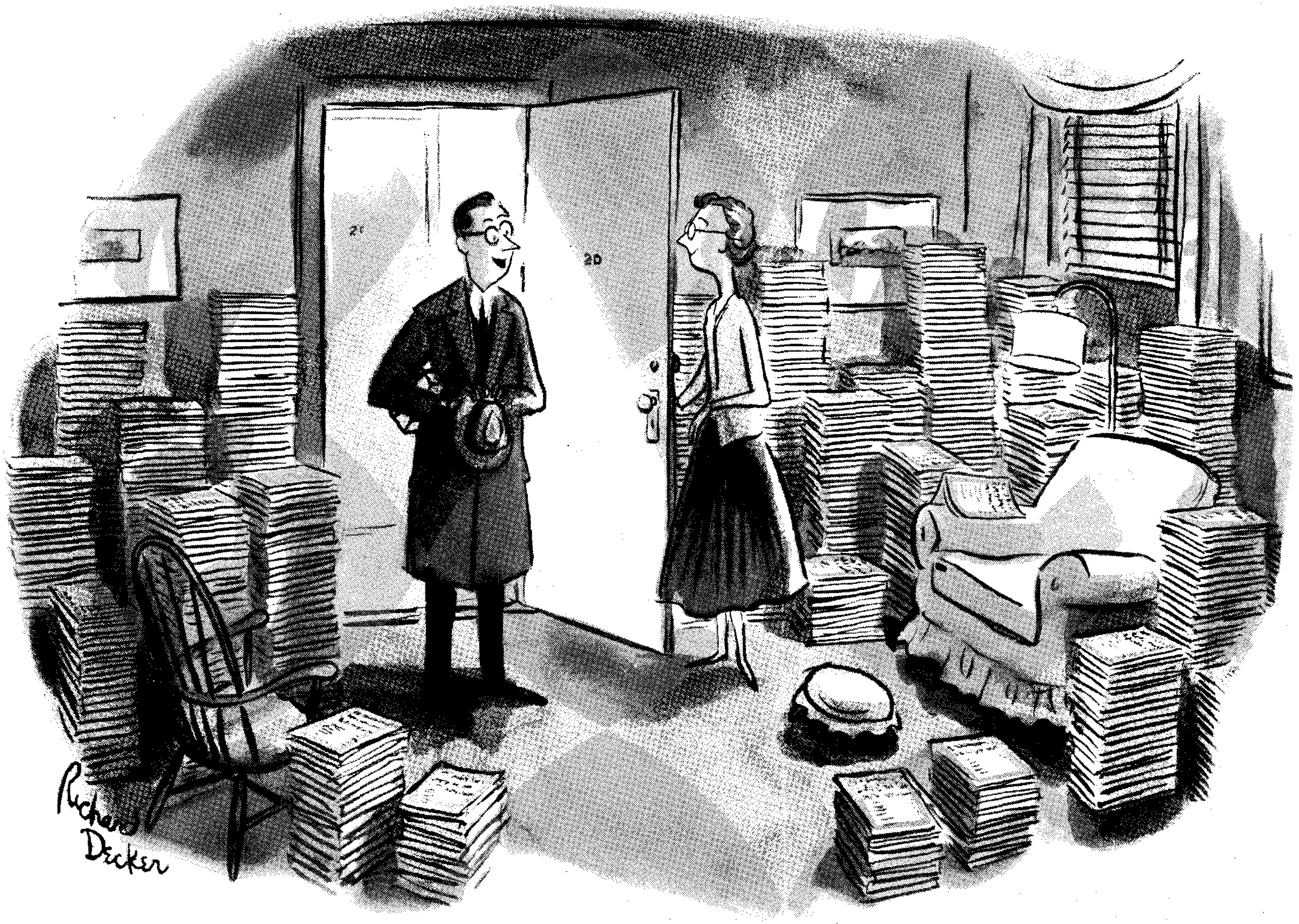
He could not be more explicit because for the life of him he could not recollect where he had bought Tebic, or when, or what it was for. Ashamed to disclose this, he waited until Lydia had got to a vanilla bean, and then began the unobtrusive tidying in the course of which he proposed to smuggle Tebic out of sight and into the wastepaper basket.

"I've always thought it so unenterprising of people with hothouses not to grow their own vanilla," she was saying. "Do you suppose it climbs, or is it more like a horned poppy? No, Humphrey, *not* that sprigged paper! It's just what I need for lining the satinwood desk. Goodness! Do you know what you nearly did? Rolled up Tebic and threw it away. Why should it be scorned because it came from Woolworth?"

Lydia's chivalry had been aroused, and all was lost. When the stocking presents were laid out for review, Tebic was in the front row, between the reli-



"This is the problem. You're asked to endorse two breakfast cereals. One offers more money, but the other will put your picture on the box. Which one will you choose?"



"Golly, Muriel! I never dreamed I'd ever meet anyone as crazy about the 'National Geographic' as I am."

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quary and an Indian miniature of a lasciviously squinting rajah. All being lost, he had to make a clean breast of it.

"I have no idea what it's for, and I don't even remember where I got it. All I know is that I have been concealing it from you for months."

"I'd love it for that alone. And I'm sure that when we've found out what it's meant to do, it will be an answer to prayer. Perhaps it's for withering away that immovable tape people *will* do up parcels with—in which case, what a godsend! Or for putting in damp cupboards, or mending china, or adding vitamins to soups."

"I am positive it is nothing to do with food," said Humphrey.

"Well, that's a step towards the truth. Perhaps— Humphrey! where are my glasses? It says something in very small letters round the rim. 'Do not open till required for use.' Oh!"

She replaced it with deference between the rajah and the reliquary. "Perhaps it's something immensely powerful for putting out fires with. Anyhow, we won't open it."

HUMPHREY wished to hear no more of Tebic. Tebic threatened to prey on his mind, a trumpery variant of the miniature tallboy. But perhaps it would only prey passingly; for during the first weeks of new years Lydia was accustomed to discard with great tact and disingenuity (the children of the late Archdeacon Barnard had been schooled never to tamper with the truth, but had been permitted, in cases of extremity, to draw a veil) any stocking presents she had not really liked.

Thus, the reliquary was sent to Rosalind, on the ground that one of the worst things about life in the colonies must be that one so seldom saw anything with associations; Humphrey hoped that, in a like spirit, Tebic might be bestowed on old Mr. Tovey, who complained that there was no mystery left in modern life, or on one of those recurrent jumble sales held for the upkeep of the Village Hall, a fabric that Humphrey, who was an architect, would gladly have assisted to destroy. But on the first of February Tebic again met his eye, looking even more ostentatiously blue now that the sun had returned from fetching new lust from Capricorn. It was on the upstairs window sill where Lydia kept her special geraniums. Could it be that she had run its purpose to earth, and that it was one of those concentrated tonics that indoor gardeners poke into flowerpots?

He looked at it more closely and saw that the lid had not been removed. And suddenly Tebic no longer arraigned him for an inadequacy, a lapse, a horrid little piece of ill manners he had hoped to forget about. Quite the contrary. The boot was plainly on the other leg. For here was Lydia, who had been so quick to get rid of that really charming reliquary just because she could not adjust herself to a few fragments of unpedigreed bone, cherishing with an equal degree of superstition a ghastly little box of sky-blue plastic, while at the same time—so indifferent was she to his gifts, or by now probably bored to death by them—making no attempt to discover the use of what it contained. He was still looking out of the window and trying to master a sense of injury when Lydia came along the passage carrying Bianca to her kittens.

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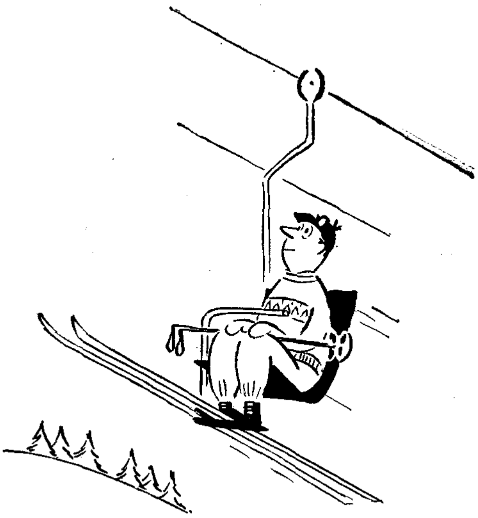

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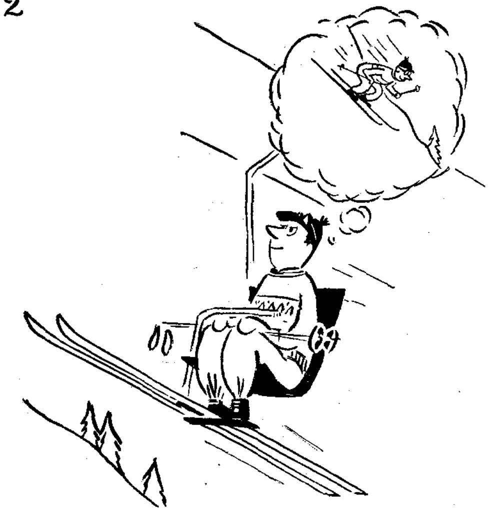

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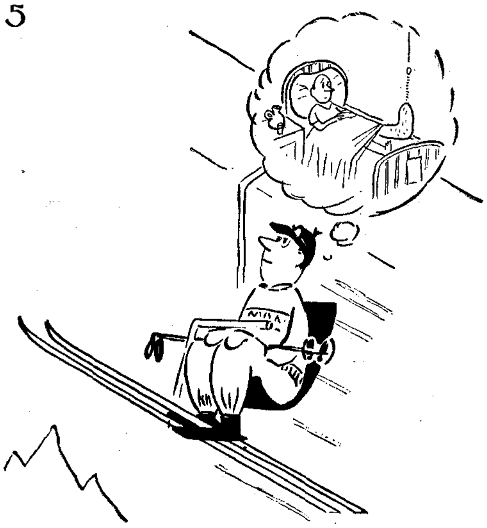

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"That cat of yours has no maternal feeling," he said.

Lydia looked momentarily startled, but retorted, "Neither would you have if they were getting their teeth."

Bianca, under the usual female misapprehension that men are susceptible to flattery, scrambled onto his shoulder and purred in his ear. Disregarding her, he continued, "This object, Lydia—this object which has just caught my eye—how long has it been here?"

"Oh, for some time. I put it there to remind me to send back the library books."

"And did it?"

"Ten days ago," she said virtuously. "But that's not all. Now it's there to remind me to tell you a rather unpleasant piece of news. Perhaps I'll do it now. I've had a letter from Mary Fitzgerald, and she wants to come to lunch. Look us up, she said, but it means lunch. And lunch will have to mean tea. I know it ought to mean asking her to stay the night, but I cannot, cannot endure being told the latest way to suck eggs and how to remove bloodstains from old baths for longer than four hours at a stretch. So I said Thursday week."

"Thursday week. I shall be out all day. Lydia, if you must keep a *memento mori* on this window sill, why can't you find something that isn't an eyesore?"

"Why are you so set against poor Tebic? I admit it's rather flaunting, but you did buy it for me and keep it all those months. Even if we don't know what to use it for, it would be a pity not to use it. Besides, I like wondering what's inside."

"Have you taken any steps to find out what's inside, Lydia? Have you asked anyone?"

She shook her head.

"Well, you'd better ask Mary Fitzgerald."

"Heaven forbid! I'd sooner perish."

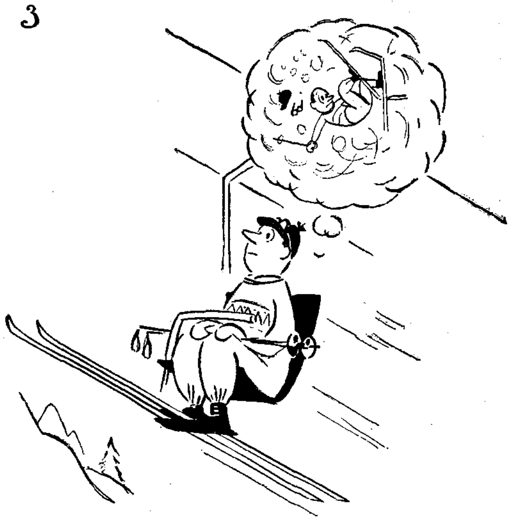
"But haven't you even any theories about it? It's not like you to be so totally without speculation, my love."

To call her his love reminded him, even at a moment when he might more properly have addressed her as his hate, how entirely his happiness depended on loving her. So he handed her Bianca, since just then he had nothing else to give, and said encouragingly, "That head of Athene on the back, for instance—that ought to be a clue. What do you associate with Athene?"

"Owls."

He laughed, and felt safe. Tebic's brief power to sow discord between them was at an end.

BUT snakes that have missed their strike renew the poison under their fangs, and when an object has shown itself potentially malign, it is best to be on the safe side and not leave it lying about to ripen a second assault. Humphrey decided to find some other remembrancer to sit on the window sill; he would find it between now and Valentine's Day, so that it could accompany the ritual gloves. Unfortunately, just then an extinct cesspit at Coldkettle manifested itself under the half-built Gothic-style summerhouse that was to be the main feature of a garden layout Humphrey had designed for a Mr. Clark, who had handsomely stepped in to save Coldkettle—that splendid example of secular Pugin—from demolition and was doing it thoroughly. So Humphrey had to travel into Northumberland to deal with the problems arising from the pit, and he stayed on in order to oversee the rather ticklish restoration of a gatehouse that the War Office in 1940 had converted into a machine-gun post; and, as Coldkettle had been commissioned by one of the Victorian eccentrics as a sort of personal La Trappe, 3



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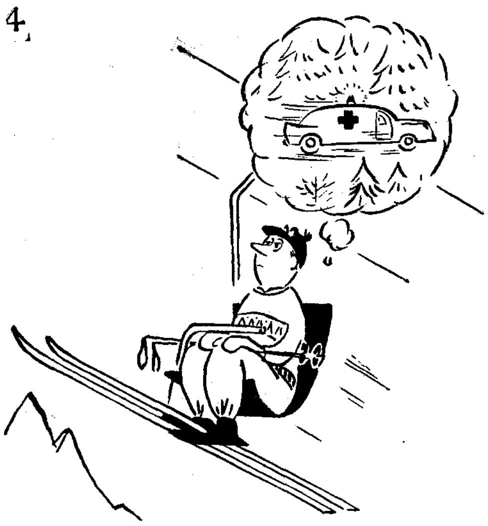

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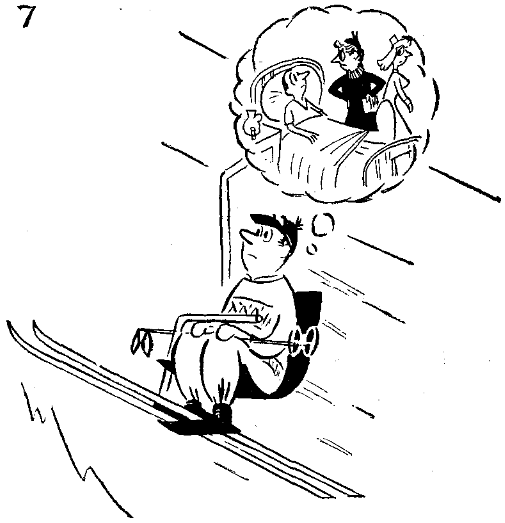

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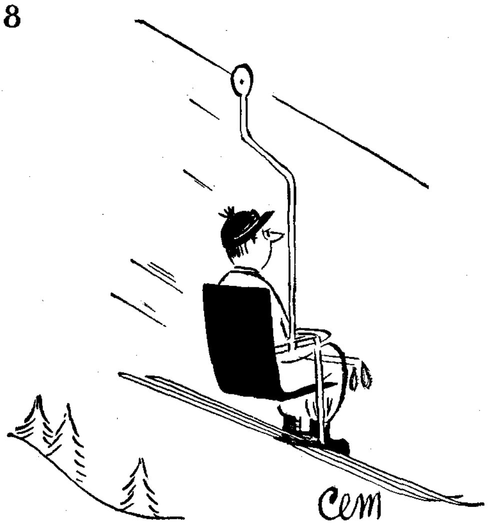

and stood on the moors miles from anywhere, which was no doubt the reason why the War Office thought that crucial engagements would take place around it, Humphrey was unable to do any shopping, and had to come home without a substitute for Tebic. He came home on a Wednesday, and in his satisfaction at being home he conceived an entirely new system on which to arrange his books; and by midday on Thursday all the books were on the study floor, and everything was in a state of creative chaos, at which point Lydia looked in and said, "You remember, don't you, that you are going to be out all day? Because Mary Fitzgerald will be here at any moment."

"Good God! Well, in that case there's no time to change my plans. I shall lurk here, and later on you can creep in with something on a tray."

"But then I shan't be able to explain that you were obliged to go out."

"Tell the truth and shame the Devil, then. Say I am arranging my books."

"I'm sorry, Humphrey, but that won't do. For one thing, it might hurt her feelings. For another, she'd come in and help you."

"Tell her I'm ill—something infectious but not prostrating. Tell her I've got pinkeye. . . . Very well, then, tell her I *think* I've got pinkeye. Surely your conscience could go so far as that. It's got an enormous balance in hand; it would never feel the difference."

He was still trying to outmaneuver Archdeacon Barnard's sturdy shade when Mary Fitzgerald proclaimed her presence in the house. "Lydia! Lydia! Here I am. I let myself in, to save trouble."

"These labor-saving devices!" Lydia exclaimed. She set her teeth, arranged a smile over them, and left the room.

Lydia was right, and lunch would mean tea; for Mary announced that she would take off her hat and just run a comb through her hair. As they went upstairs, he opened the study door a chink and listened, since at least he ought to know if he was developing pinkeye. Gabble-gabble, gabble-gabble. Then came a loud, glad shriek.

"Tebic! So you are a Tebic addict, too."

Nothing is created without purpose, said Humphrey to himself. Mary Fitzgerald knew about Tebic, and presently he would partake in that knowledge. For Lydia, reared in strict regard for truth, could scarcely pretend to be an addict to something she knew nothing about. Besides, why shouldn't she ask? There is nothing humiliating in an honest admission of ignorance.

The ensuing silence was fractional, though to his impatience it seemed endless. Then he heard Lydia say—and her voice was round and warm and glowing as a pigeon's breast—"I can't imagine myself without it."

He gave a shout of laughter.

Having thus discovered himself, there was nothing for it; he had to go in to lunch. And between lunch and tea Mary Fitzgerald insisted on arranging his books for him, grouping them by height, which would make it much easier to dust them.

—Sylvia Townsend Warner

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We left the hardest task until last. A dog cannot be trained to stop chewing on personal or household effects until he has learned right from wrong. Puppies use their teeth more than do older dogs, both for play and for teething. Having his own "toys," that are not similar to your household effects, is only fair to the dog, as he cannot always discriminate between his old slipper, and your new ones. Whether it is a puppy or an older dog, training is necessary, as the older dog's bad habits are often due to faulty puppy care. When he picks on a table leg, walls, etc., reprimand him firmly "no," and give him his toy to play with. Encourage him by playing with him. This problem, as with excessive barking when left alone, can be handled by checking regularly on the dog when you are out. . . . Patience again is the keyword. —*From a Bide-A-Wee Home booklet.*

And wire-tapping is the technique.

PIANISTS

JAPANESE VIRTUOSO: BERLIN

Mr. Toyomasu appeared onstage
At five minutes past eight o'clock last evening,
Bowed once to a large audience, mostly German,
First raised, then lowered the piano bench,
And, balancing upon it as though it were a tightwire,
Made no pause for coughers or shufflers
Or latecomers finding seats
But played the Praeludium of the Bach Partita No. 1,
The Allemande, Corrente, Sarabande,
Menuets 1 and 2, and Gigue;
Then the Sinfonia of Partita No. 2,
Allemande, Corrente, Sarabande,
Rondeau, and Capriccio;
Then the Fantasia of Partita No. 3,
Allemande, Corrente, Sarabande,
Burlesca, Scherzo, and Gigue
(An intermission occurred here, but was barely noticeable);
Then the Ouverture of Partita No. 4,
Allemande, Corrente, Aria, Sarabande,
Menuet, and Gigue;
Then the Praeambulum of Partita No. 5,
Allemande, Corrente, Sarabande,
Tempo di Minuetta,
Passepied, and Gigue;
Then the Toccata of Partita No. 6,
Allemande, Corrente, Air, Sarabande,
Tempo di Gavotta, and Gigue.
Throughout the concert (two hours),
Mr. Toyomasu appeared unmoved, though intent,
Except for the fingers, which moved rather fast.
Two or three times he straightened his shoulders,
As though it might be a strain for him to sit so long
Holding out his hands to the keyboard.
At the conclusion he took eight bows
Before a warmly grateful audience,
Accepted three bouquets, but never once smiled.
The music, I might add, was nearly flawless,
Except for a few blurred passages toward the beginning.
Perhaps he hadn't then quite warmed up to his subject.

CHINESE-AMERICAN PIANIST

Miss Chang, who played a week ago tonight,
Was very fine in her way, too, though young—
As full of smiles and willingness to charm
As Mr. Toyomasu was aloof,
Careless, or willing to look so, of public praise.
Miss Chang played Beethoven, Schumann, Debussy,
Chopin, Dello Joio, Albéniz—an exhausting program.
She wore a blue evening gown like a Chinese tunic;
Her ear toward the audience was half-
Covered with small, flashing-colored jewels
That clung to it like flecks of electric dust
To a bit of carved furniture. She was best
In passages of high technique, would purse her lips
And fume over the keyboard like a small
But potent dragon, forcing her universe to heel.
If it didn't, so to speak, eat out of her hand,
As Mr. Toyomasu's seemed to do,
At least one felt it well bitted, though fiery there.
She accepted her bouquet too eagerly,
But played encores, two of them, to please the audience.

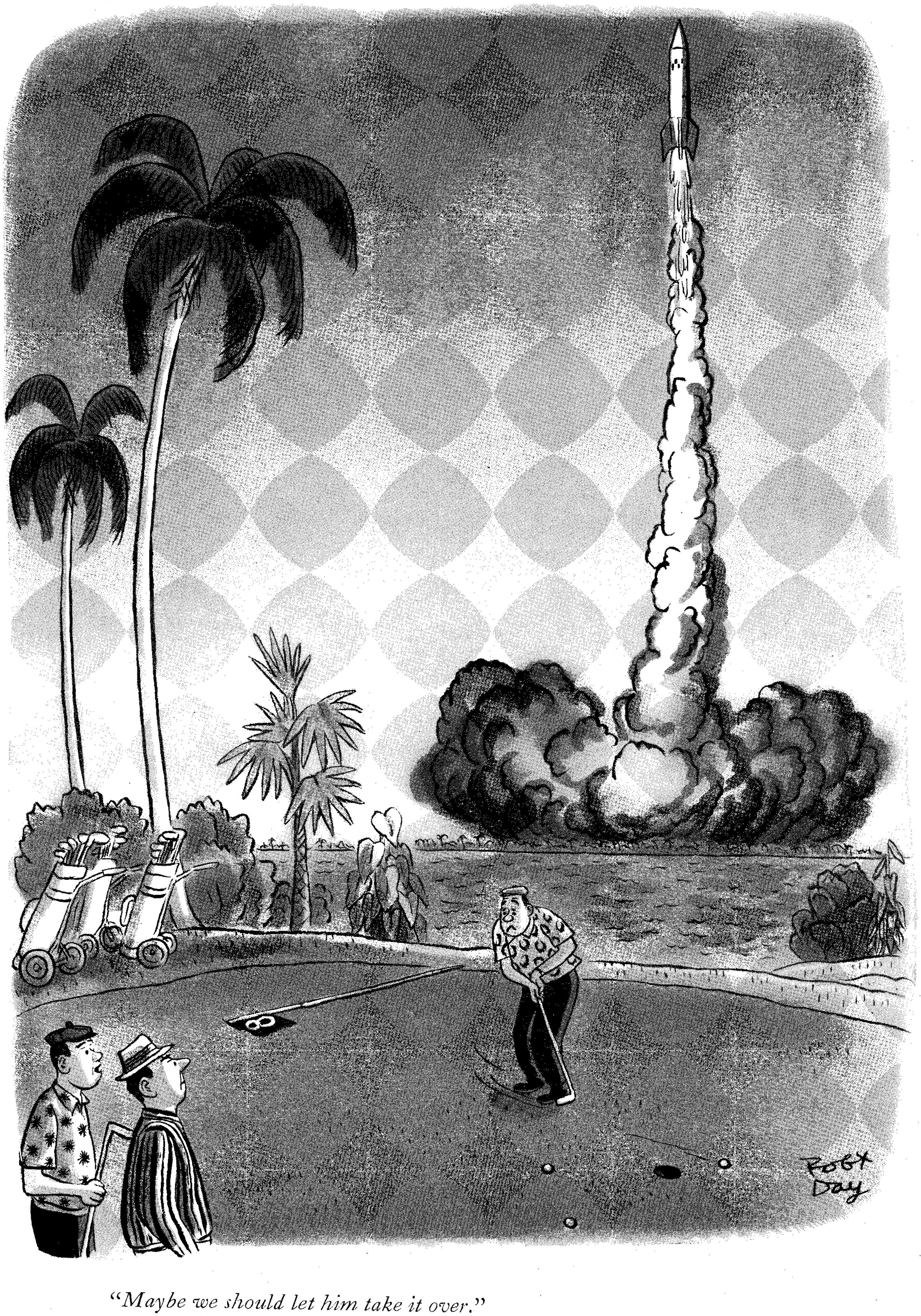
THE AMATEURS

Someone, I don't know who,
Practices piano in the next apartment.
I have a piano and practice a short while each day, too,
But not at the same time as she.
We listen to each other's mistakes through the wall.
She plays sentimental songs by ear
Over trite harmonies, fluently,
Reads less well (Christmas carols and the like),
Has a musical touch, and keeps the beat
Moderately well, but strikes her chords unevenly from the bottom up.
I think her musically lowbrow, though now she is playing a Bach Chorale,
Something I've never been able to do. She halts a great deal.
I imagine that she is middle-aged, has played all her life, desultorily,
But out of love for the instrument and for the music she loves.

What does she, on her side of the wall, think when it comes my turn
To practice my Bach Suite or Schubert Impromptu?
The first weeks after I moved in here she played only a short while each evening,
Never anything but the showy songs.
I was nervous and self-conscious then, too.
Now she plays quietly, haltingly, hymns, carols, slow exercises,
And I've grown shameless
About making mistakes, repeating difficult passages
Or one short piece a dozen times.

We converse agreeably through the wall.
It strikes me there may be others in the house, though,
Who do not care for the sound of a piano.

—Barbara Gibbs



"Maybe we should let him take it over."

THE BELLA LINGUA

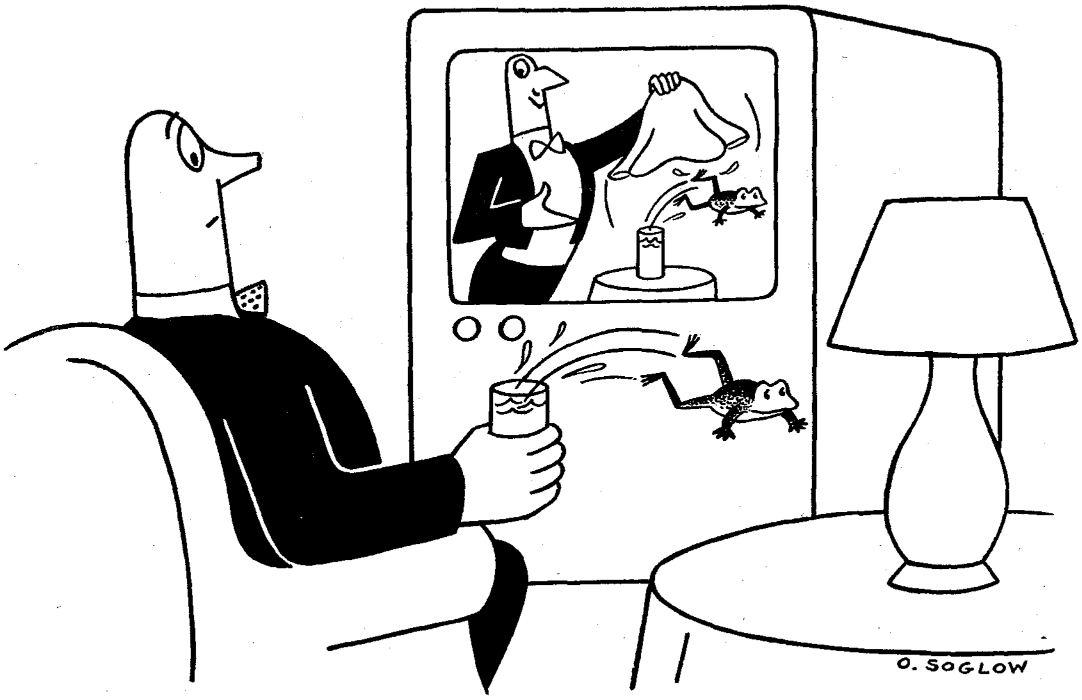
Wilson Streeter, like many Americans who live in Rome, was divorced. He worked as a statistician for the F.R.U.P.C. agency, lived alone, and led a diverting social life with other expatriates and those Romans who were drawn into expatriate circles, but he spoke English all day long at his office and the Italians he met socially spoke English so much better than he spoke Italian that he could not bring himself to converse with them in their language. It was his feeling that in order to understand Italy he would have to speak Italian. He did speak it well enough when it was a question of some simple matter of shopping or making arrangements of one kind or another, but he wanted to be able to express his sentiments, to tell jokes, and to follow overheard conversations on trolley cars and buses. He was keenly conscious of the fact that he was making his life in a country that was not his own, but this sense of being an outsider would change, he thought, when he knew the language.

For the tourist, the whole experience of travelling through a strange country is on the verge of the past tense. Even as the days are spent, these *were* the days in Rome, and everything—the sightseeing, souvenirs, photographs, and presents—is commemorative. Even as the traveller lies in bed waiting for sleep, these *were* the nights in Rome. But for the expatriate there is no past tense. It would defeat his purpose to think of this time in another country in relation to some town or countryside that was and might again be his permanent home, and he lives in a continuous and unrelenting present. Instead of accumulating memories, the expatriate is offered the challenge of learning a language and understanding a people. So they catch a glimpse of one another in the Piazza Venezia—the expatriates passing through the square on their way to their Italian lesson, the tourists occupying, by prearrangement, all the tables at a sidewalk café and drinking Campari, which they have been told is a typical Roman *aperitivo*.

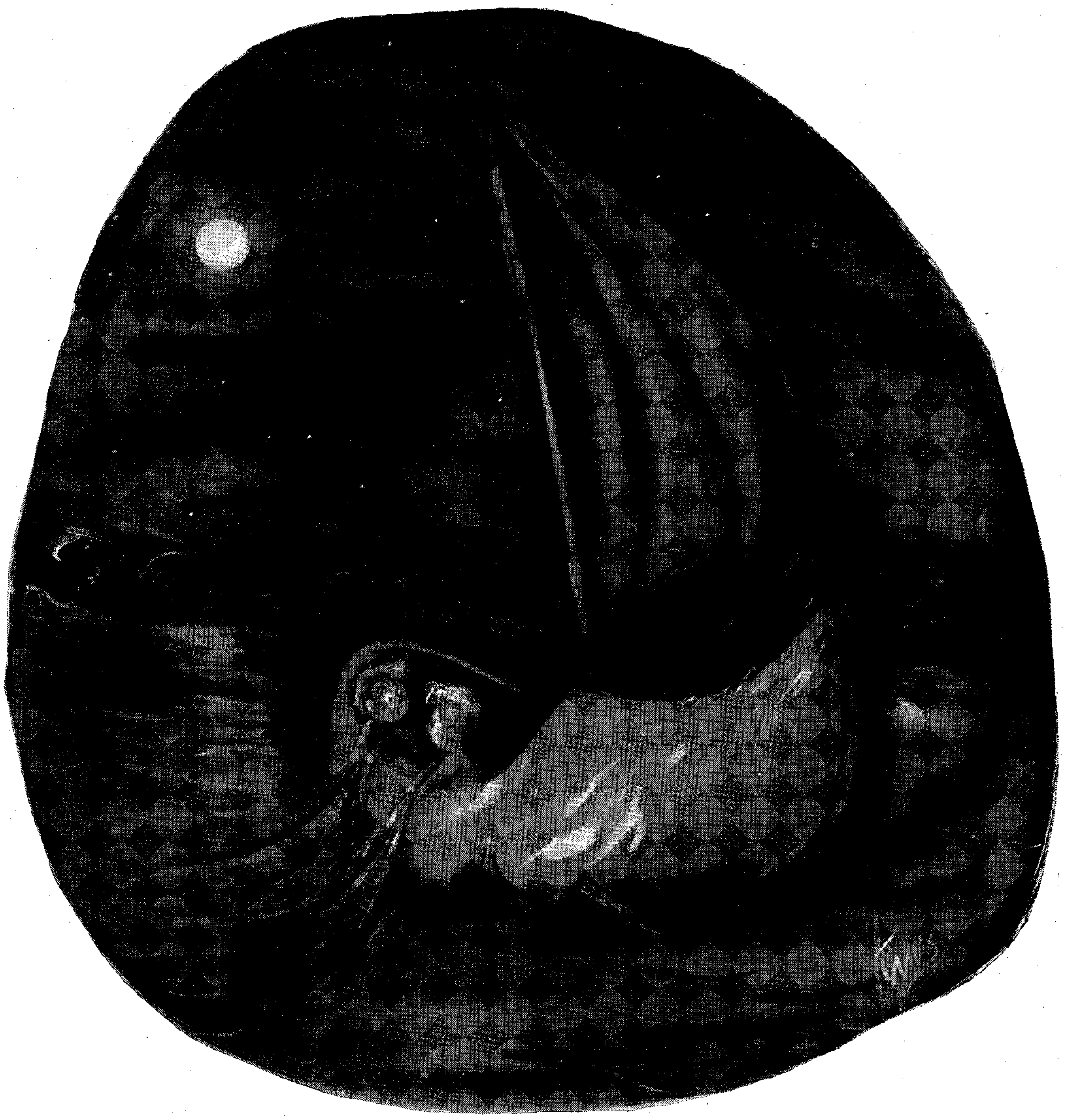
Streeter's teacher was an American woman named Kate Dresser, who lived in an old palace near the Piazza Firenze, with an adolescent son. Streeter went there for his lessons on Tuesday and Friday evenings and on Sunday afternoons. He enjoyed the walk in the evening from his office, past the Pantheon, to his Italian lesson. Among the rewards of his expatriation were a heightened awareness of what he saw and an exhilarating sense of freedom. Mixed with the love we hold for our native country is the fact that it is the place where we were raised, and should anything have gone a little wrong in this process, we will be reminded of this fault, by the scene of the crime, until the day we die. Some such unhappiness may have accounted for Streeter's sense of freedom, and his heightened awareness may have been nothing but what is to be expected of a man with a good appetite walking through the back streets of a city in the autumn. The air was cold and smelled of coffee—sometimes of incense, if the doors to a church stood open—and chrysanthemums were for sale everywhere. The sights were exciting and confusing—the ruins of Republican and Imperial Rome, and the ruins of what the city had been the day before yesterday—but the whole thing would be revealed to him when he could speak Italian.

It was not easy, Streeter knew, for a man his age to learn anything, and he had not been fortunate in his search for a good Italian teacher. He had first gone to the Dante Alighieri Institute, where the classes were so large that he made no progress. Then he had taken private lessons from an old lady. He was supposed to read and translate Collodi's "Pinocchio," but when he had done a few sentences, the teacher would take the book out of his hands and do the reading and translating herself. She loved the story so much that she laughed and cried, and sometimes whole lessons passed in which Streeter did not open his mouth. It disturbed his sense of fitness that he, a man of fifty, should be sitting in a cold flat at the edge of Rome, being read a children's tale by a woman of seventy, and after a dozen lessons he told his teacher that he had to go to Perugia on business. After this he enrolled in the Tauchnitz School and had private lessons. His teacher was an astonishingly pretty young woman who wore the tight-waisted clothes that were in fashion that year, and a wedding ring—a prop, he guessed, because she seemed so openly flirtatious and gay. She wore a sharp perfume, rattled her bracelets, pulled down her jacket, swung her hips when she walked to the blackboard, and gave Streeter, one evening, such a dark look that he took her in his arms. What she did then was to shriek, kick over a little desk, and run through three intervening classrooms to the lobby, screaming that she had been attacked by a beast. After all his months of study, "beast" was the only word in her tirade that Streeter understood. The whole school was alerted, of course, and all he could do was to wipe the sweat off his forehead and start through the classrooms toward the lobby. People stood on chairs to get a better look at him, and he never went back to Tauchnitz.

His next teacher was a very



plain woman with gray hair and a lavender shawl that she must have knitted herself, it was so full of knots and tangles. She was an excellent teacher for a month, and then one evening she told him that her life was difficult. She waited to be encouraged to tell him her troubles, and when he did not give her any encouragement, she told them to him anyhow. She had been engaged to be married for twenty years, but the mother of her betrothed disapproved of the match and, whenever the subject was raised, would climb up onto the window sill and threaten to jump into the street. Now her betrothed was sick, he would have to be cut open (she gestured) from the neck to the navel, and if he died, she would go to her grave a spinster. Her wicked sisters had got pregnant in order to force their marriages—one of them had walked down the aisle eight months gone (more gestures)—but she would rather (with a hitch at her lavender shawl) solicit men in the street than do that. Streeter listened helplessly to her sorrow, as we will listen to most human troubles, having some of our own, but she was still talking when her next student, a Japanese, came in for his lesson, and Streeter had learned no Italian that night. She had not told Streeter all of the story, and she continued it when he came again. The fault might have been his—he should have discouraged her rudely—but now that she had made him her confidant, he saw that he could not change this relationship. The force he had to cope with was the loneliness that is to be found in any large city, and he invented another trip to Perugia. He had two more teachers, two more trips to Perugia, and then, in the late autumn of his second year in Rome, someone from the Embassy recommended Kate Dresser.

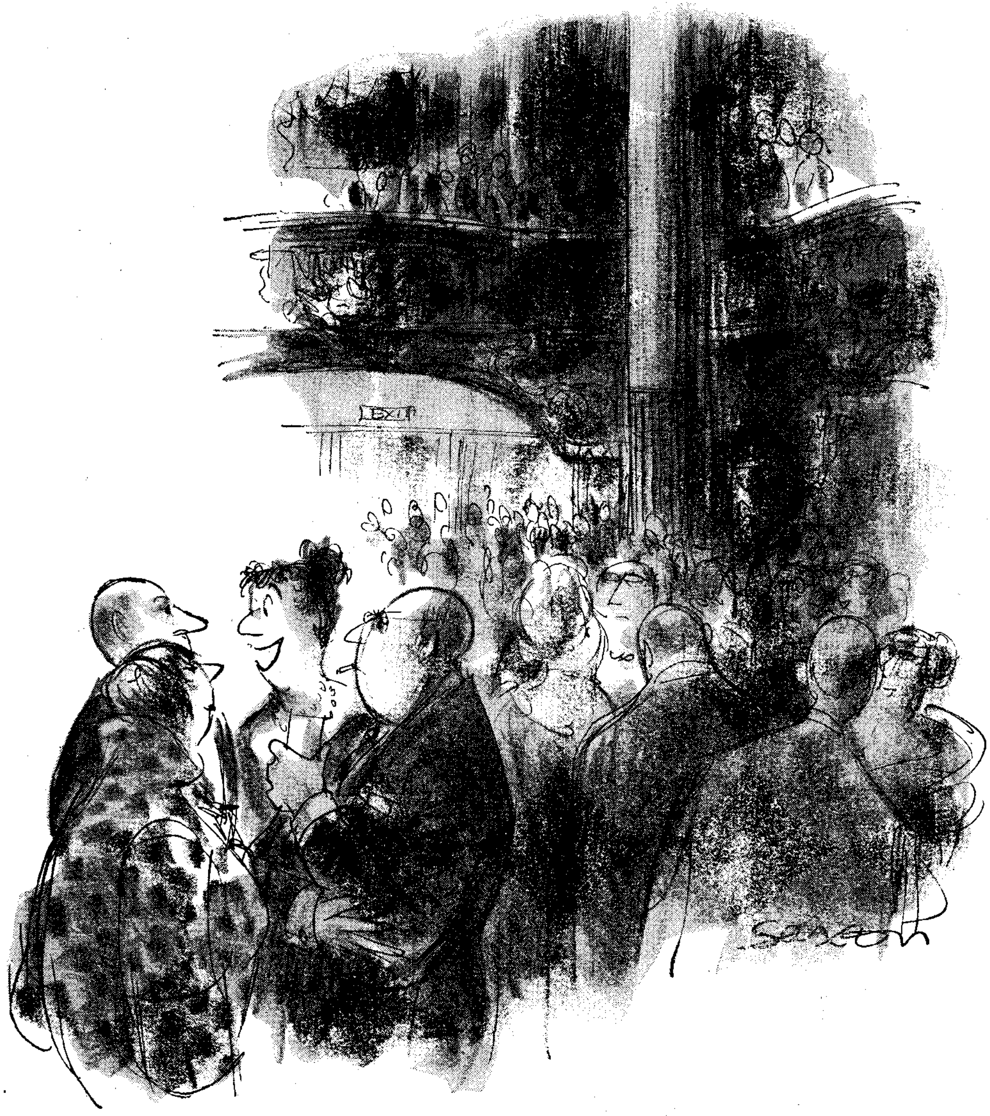

"Hey, what's happened to Nod?"

• •

An American woman who teaches Italian in Rome is unusual, but then all arrangements in Rome are so complicated that lucidity and skepticism give way when we try to follow the description of a scene in court, a lease, a lunch, or anything else. Each fact or detail breeds more questions than it answers, and in the end we lose sight of the truth, as we were meant to do. Here comes Cardinal Micara with the True Finger of Doubting Thomas—that much is clear—but is the man beside us in church asleep or dead, and what are all the elephants doing in the Piazza Venezia?

The lessons took place at one end of a huge *sala*, by the fireplace. Streeter spent an hour and sometimes two hours preparing for them. He finished "Pinocchio" and began to read "I Promessi Sposi." After this would come the "Divine Comedy." He was as proud as a child of his completed homework, loved to be given tests and dictation, and usually came into Kate's apartment with a big, foolish smile on his face, he was so pleased with himself. She was a very good teacher. She understood his fatuousness, the worn condition of his middle-aged memory, and his desire to learn. She spoke an Italian that he could almost always understand, and by keeping a wristwatch on the table to mark the period, by sending him bills through the mail, and by never speaking of herself, she conducted the lessons in an atmosphere that was practical and impersonal. He thought she was a good-looking woman—intense, restless, overworked, perhaps, but charming.

AMONG the things that Kate Dresser did not tell him, as they sat in this part of the room that she had staked out for herself with a Chinese



"I keep telling Arnold he should be a sort of play doctor. You know, telling them what's wrong with a show before they open on Broadway."

• •

screen and some rickety gold chairs, was the fact that she was born and raised in the little town of Krasbie, Iowa. Her father and mother were both dead. In a place where almost everybody worked in the chemical-fertilizer factory, her father had happened to be a trolley conductor. When she was growing up, Kate could never bring herself to admit that her father took fares in a trolley car. She could never even admit that he was her father, although she had inherited his most striking physical feature—a nose that turned up so spectacularly at the tip that she was called Roller Coaster and Pug. She had gone from Krasbie to Chicago, from Chicago to New York, where she married a man in the Foreign Service. They lived in Washington and then Tangier. Shortly after the war, they moved to Rome, where her husband died of food poisoning, leaving her with a son and very little money. So she made her home in Rome. The only preparation Krasbie had given her for Italy was the curtain in the little movie theatre where she had spent her Saturday afternoons when she was a girl. Skinny then, dressed no better than most rebellious children and smelling no sweeter, her hair in braids, her pockets full of peanuts and candy and her mouth full of chewing gum, she had put down her quarter every Saturday afternoon, rain or shine, and spread herself out in a seat in the front row. There were shouts of "Roller Coaster!" and "Pug!" from all over the theatre, and, what with the high-heeled shoes (her sister's) that she sometimes wore and the five-and-ten-cent-store diamonds on her fingers, it was no wonder that people made fun of her. Boys dropped chewing gum into her hair and shot spitballs at the back of her skinny neck, and, persecuted in body and spirit, she would raise her eyes to the curtain and see a remarkably precise vision of her future. It was painted on canvas, very badly cracked from having been rolled and unrolled so many times—a vision of an Italian garden, with cypress trees, a terrace, a pool and fountain, and a marble balustrade with roses spilling from marble urns. She seemed literally to have risen up from her seat and to have entered the cracked scene, for it was almost exactly like the view from her window into the courtyard of the Palazzo Tarominia, where she lived.

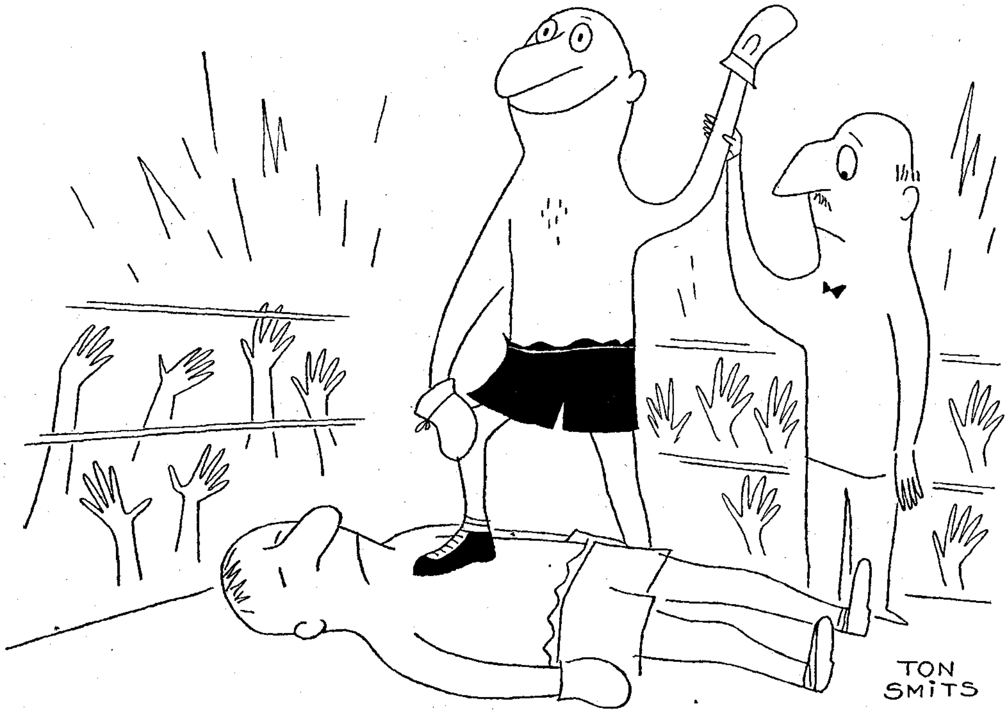
Now, you might ask why a woman who had so little money was living in the Palazzo Tarominia, and there was a Roman answer. The Baronessa Tramonde—the old Duke of Rome's sister—lived in the west wing of the palace, in an apartment that had been built for Pope Andros X and that was reached by a great staircase with painted walls and ceilings. It had pleased the Baronessa, before the war, to stand at the head of this staircase and greet her friends and relations, but things had changed. The Baronessa had grown old, and so had her friends; they could no longer climb the stairs. Oh, they tried. They had straggled up to her card parties like a patrol under machine-gun fire, the gentlemen pushing the ladies and sometimes vice versa, and old marchesas and princesses—the cream of Europe—huffing and puffing and sitting down on the steps in utter exhaustion. There was a lift in the other wing of the palace—the wing Kate lived in—but a lift could not be installed in the west wing, because it would ruin the paintings. The only other way to enter the Baronessa's quarters was to take the lift to Kate's apartment and walk through it and out a service door that led into the other wing. By giving the Duke of Rome, who also had an apartment in the Palazzo, a kind of eminent domain, Kate had a palace apartment at a low rent. The Duke usually passed through twice a day to visit his sister, and on the first Thursday of every month, at five minutes after eight, a splendid and elderly company would troop through Kate's rooms to the Baronessa's card party. Kate did not mind. In fact, when she heard the doorbell ring on Thursdays her heart would begin a grating beat of the deepest excitement. The old Duke always led the procession. His right hand had been chopped off at the wrist by one of Mussolini's public executioners, and now that the old man's enemies were dead, he carried the stump proudly. With him would come Don Fernando Marchetti, the Duke of Treno, the Duke and Duchess Ricotto-Sporci, Count Ambro di Albentiis, Count and Countess Fabrizio Daromeo, Princess Urbana Tessoro, Princess Isabella Tessoro, and Federico, Cardinal Baldova. They had all distinguished themselves in one way or another. Don Fernando had driven a car from Paris to Peking, via the Gobi Desert. Duke Ricotto-Sporci had broken most of his bones in a steeplechase accident, and the Countess Daromeo had operated an Allied radio station in the middle of Rome during the German Occupation. The old Duke of Rome would present Kate with a little bouquet of flowers, and then he and his friends would file through the kitchen and go out the service door.

KATE spoke an admirable Italian, and had done some translating and given lessons, and for the past three years she had supported herself and her son by dubbing parts of English dialogue into old Italian movies, which were then shown over British TV. With her cultivated accent, she played mostly dowagers and the like, but there seemed to be plenty of work, and she spent much of her time in a sound studio near the Tiber. With her salary and the money her husband had left her, she had barely enough to get by on. Her elder sister, in Krasbie, wrote her a long lament two or three times a year: "Oh, you lucky, lucky dog, Kate! Oh, how I envy you being away from all the tiresome, nagging, stupid, petty details of life at home." Kate Dresser's life was not lacking in stupid and nagging details, but instead of mentioning such things in her letters, she inflamed her sister's longing to travel by sending home photographs of herself in gondolas, or cards from Florence, where she always spent Easter with friends.

STREETER knew that under Kate Dresser's teaching he was making progress with his Italian, and usually when he stepped out of the Palazzo Tarominia into the street after his lesson, he was exhilarated at the thought that in another month—at the end of the season, anyhow—he would understand everything that was going on and being said. But his progress had its ups and downs.

The beauty of Italy is not easy to come by any longer, if it ever was, but, driving to a villa below Anticoli for a weekend with friends, Streeter saw a country of such detail and loveliness that it could not be described. They had reached the villa early on a rainy night. Nightingales sang in the trees, the double doors of the villa stood open, and in all the rooms there were bowls of roses and olivewood fires. It had seemed, with the servants bowing and bringing in candles and wine, like some gigantic and princely homecoming in a movie, and, going out onto the terrace after dinner to hear the nightingales and see the lights of the hill towns, Streeter felt that he had never been put by dark hills and distant lights into a mood of such tenderness. In the morning, when he stepped out onto his bedroom balcony, he saw a barefoot maid in the garden, picking a rose to put in her hair. Then she began to sing. It was like a flamenco—first guttural and then falsetto—and poor Streeter found his Italian still so limited that he couldn't understand the words of the song, and this brought him around to the fact that he couldn't quite understand the landscape, either. His feeling about it was very much what he might have felt about some excellent resort or summer place—a scene where, perhaps as children, we have thrown ourselves into a temporary relationship with beauty and simplicity that will be rudely broken off on Labor Day. It was the evocation of a borrowed, temporary, bittersweet happiness that he rebelled against—but the maid went on singing, and Streeter did not understand a word.

When Streeter took his lessons at Kate's, her son, Charlie, usually passed through the *sala* at least once during the hour. He was a baseball fan, and had a bad complexion and an owlish laugh. He would say hello to Streeter and pass on some sports news from the Rome *Daily American*. Streeter had a son of his own of about the same age, and was enjoined by the divorce settlement from seeing the boy, and he never looked at Charlie without a pang of longing for his own son. Charlie was fifteen, and one of those American boys you see waiting for the school bus up by the Embassy, dressed in black leather jackets and Levis, and with sideburns or ducktail haircuts, and fielder's mitts—anything that will stamp them as an American. These are the real expatriates. On Saturdays after the movies they go into one of those bars called Harry's or Larry's or Jerry's, where the walls are covered with autographed photographs of unknown electric-guitar players and unknown soubrettes, to eat bacon and eggs and talk baseball and play American records on the jukebox. They are Embassy children, and the children of writers and oil-company and airline employees and divorcées and Fulbright Fellows. Eating bacon and eggs, and listening to the jukebox, they have a sense of being far, far from home that is a much sweeter and headier distillation than their parents ever know. Charlie had spent five years of his life under a ceiling decorated with gold that had been brought from the New World by the first Duke of Rome, and he had seen old marchesas with diamonds as big as acorns slip the cheese parings into their handbags when the lunch was finished. He had ridden in gondolas and played softball on the



Palatine. He had seen the Palio at Siena, and had heard the bells of Rome and Florence and Venice and Ravenna and Verona. But it wasn't about these things that he wrote in a letter to his mother's Uncle George in Krasbie toward the middle of March. Instead, he asked the old man to take him home and let him be an American boy. The timing was perfect. Uncle George had just retired from the fertilizer factory and had always wanted to bring Kate and her son home. Within two weeks he was on board a ship bound for Naples.

Streeter, of course, knew nothing of this. But he had suspected that there was some tension between Charlie and his mother. The boy's hoedown American clothes, the poses he took as a rail splitter, pitcher, and cowboy, and his mother's very Italianate manners implied room for sizable disagreement, at least, and, going there one Sunday afternoon, Streeter stepped into a quarrel. Assunta, the maid, let him in, but he stopped at the door of the *sala* when he heard Kate and her son shouting at one another in anger. Streeter could not retreat. Assunta had gone on ahead to say he was there, and all he could do was wait in the vestibule. Kate came out to him then—she was crying—and said, in Italian, that she could not give him a lesson that afternoon. She was sorry. Something had come up, and there had not been time to telephone him. He felt like a fool, confronted with her tears, holding his grammar, his copybook, and "I Promessi Sposi" under one arm. He said it didn't matter about the lesson, it was nothing, and could he come on Tuesday? She said yes, yes, would he come on Tuesday—and would he come on Thursday, not for a lesson but to do her a favor? "My father's brother—my Uncle George—is coming, to try and take Charlie home. I don't know what to do. I don't know what I *can* do. But I would appreciate it if there was a man here; I would feel so much better if I weren't alone. You don't have to say anything or do anything but sit in a chair and have a drink, but I would feel so much better if I weren't alone."

Streeter agreed to come, and went away then, wondering what kind of a life it was she led if she had to count in an emergency on a stranger like him. With his lesson cancelled and nothing else that he had to do, he took a walk up the river as far as the Ministry of the Marine, and then came back through a neighborhood that was neither new nor old nor anything else you could specify. Because it was Sunday afternoon, the houses were mostly shut. The streets were deserted. When he passed anyone, it was usually a family group returning from an excursion to the zoo. There were also a few of those lonely men and women carrying pastry boxes that you see everywhere in the world at dusk on Sunday—unmarried aunts and uncles going out to tea with their relations and bringing a little pastry to sweeten the call. But mostly he was alone, mostly there was no sound but his own footsteps and, in the distance, the iron ringing of iron trolley-car wheels on iron tracks—a lonely sound on Sunday afternoons for many Americans; a lonely one for him, anyhow, and reminding him of some friendless, loveless, galling Sunday in his youth. As he came closer to the city, there were more lights and people—flowers and the noise of talk—and under the gate of Santa Maria del Popolo a whore spoke to him. She was a beautiful young woman, but he told her, in his broken Italian, that he had a friend, and walked on.

JAKE'S WHARF

Days like this, off Jake's, the August fog
scales up on millpond mornings. Harbor gulls
float quiet as class boats in the leaning tide
(a gray gull rides the spar buoy on one leg
at noon); by four, blown home, they stand parade
on Jake's streaked roof and summer moors, as sou'west
smoke furls in across the Camden Hills.

Come Labor Day, these weather breeders end:
Jake's brightwork dinghies hauled, the mackerel sky
floods schools of rainsqualls on the wharf; September
tides wash through the boat shed where the wind
backs in northeast; three driven days, the timber
creaks, no boat puts off, and only the fish hawks,
cast from bent fir, fish down the spume-lined Bay.

There is another weather then, a day
swung hard northwest, when every island spruce
stands sharpened in the wind's cold lens and rises,
like Blue Hill, in arctic clarity;
now lobstermen set traps where each wave blazes
in the splintered sun; upriver, seals
lie ledged across the tidal Bagaduce.

Days after these ebb gray without a thaw.
For some few men the winter sea is farmland
and frontyard: off Jake's, they drag for scallops,
hand-line cod, and tie up cold where tar
and marline flavor talk that mends the traps.
Time closes in, like snow on cradled yachts,
now "people from away" have driven inland.

These are the weathers Jake knew to weather out
and wait for, slow in the wood-stove warmth of his shop
where, days like this, he used to steam-bend oak,
or bend to plank a skiff, with his weather eye out
for a high March sky. But now, to a snow-swirl wake
of gulls, his lobster boat swings cold at the mooring;
the wharf leans seaward in the ebb-tide chop.

—Philip Booth

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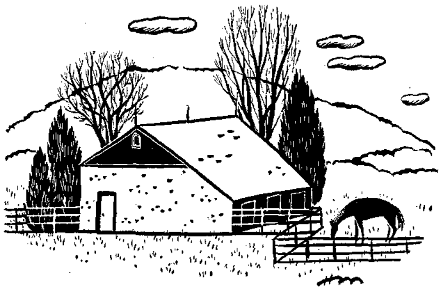
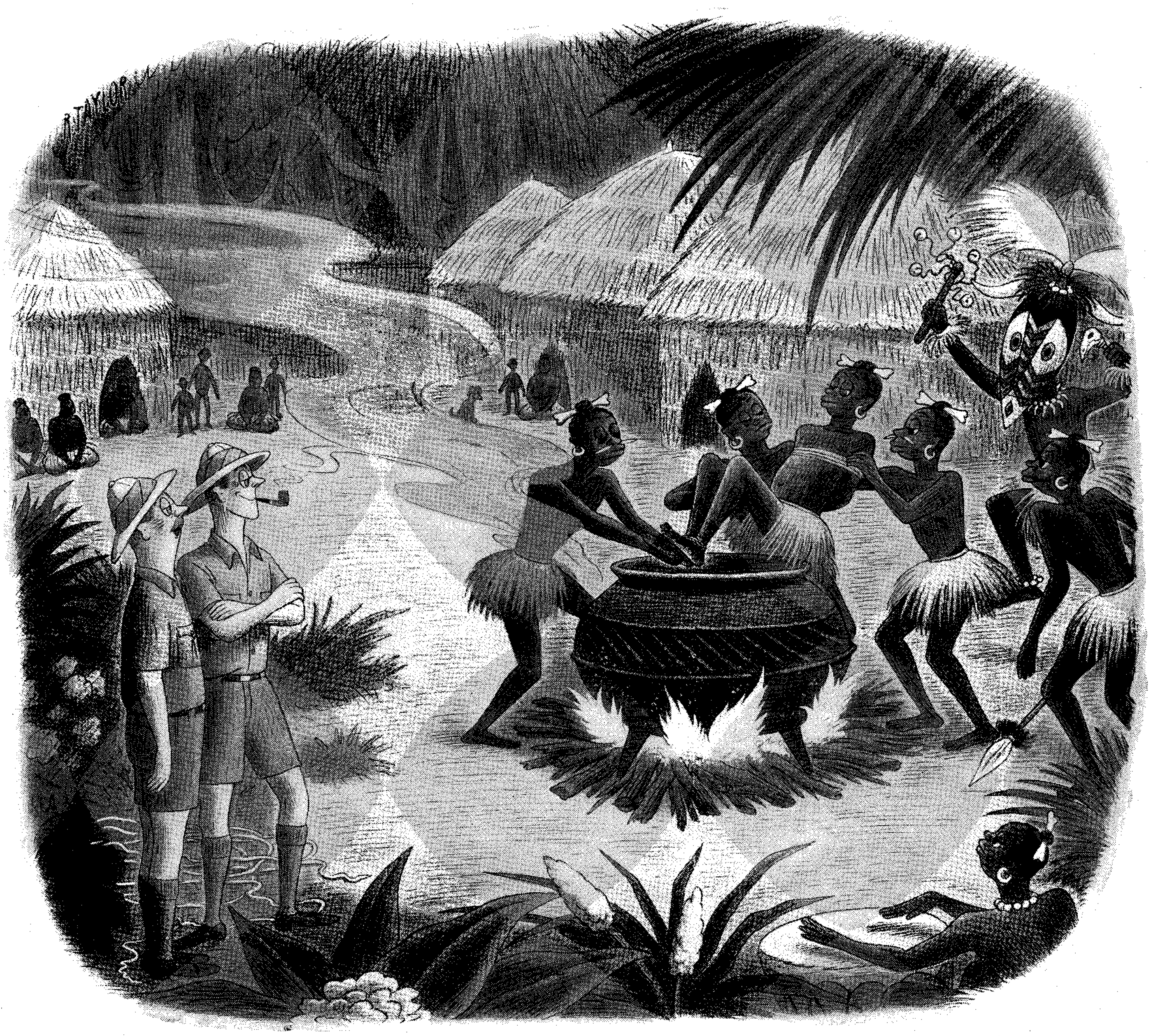


Crossing the Piazza, he saw a man struck by a car. The noise was loud—that surprising loudness of our bones when they are dealt a mortal blow. The driver of the car slipped out of his seat and ran up the Pincian Hill. The victim lay in a heap on the paving, a shabbily dressed man but with a lot of oil in his



"By George, those years of yours in the Cambridge debating society were well spent."

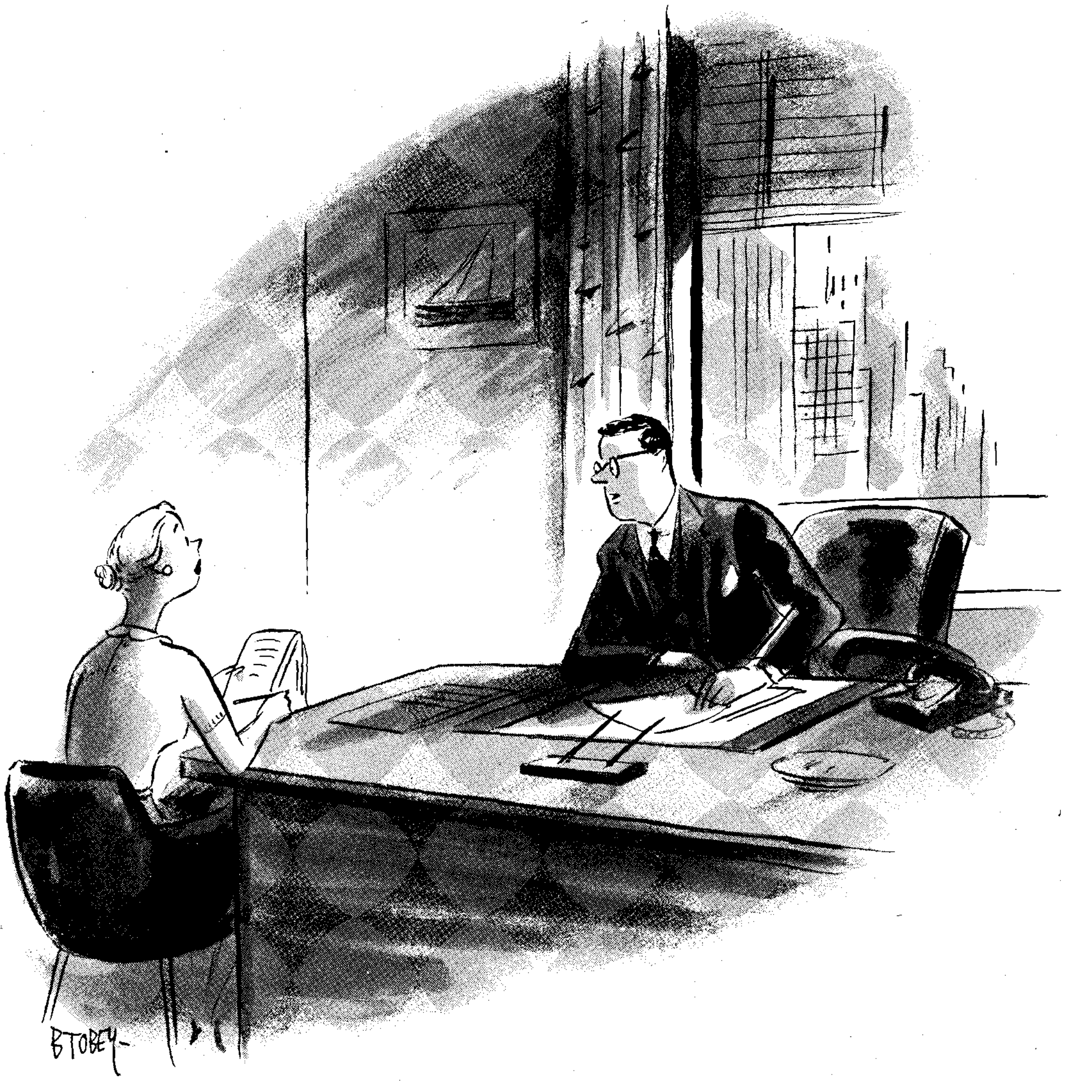
• •

black, wavy hair, which must have been his pride. A crowd gathered—not solemn at all, although a few women crossed themselves—and everyone began to talk excitedly. The crowd, garrulous, absorbed in its own opinions and indifferent, it seemed, to the dying man, was so thick that when the police came they had to push and struggle to reach the victim. With the words of the whore still in his ears, Streeter wondered why it was that they regarded a human life as something of such dubious value.

He turned away from the Piazza then, toward the river, and, passing the Tomb of Augustus, he noticed a young man calling to a cat and offering it something to eat. The cat was one of those thousands of millions that live in the ruins of Rome and eat leftover spaghetti, and the man was offering the cat a piece of bread. Then, as the cat approached him, the man took a firecracker out of his pocket, put it into the piece of bread, and lit the fuse. He put the bread on the sidewalk, and just as the cat took it, the powder exploded. The animal let out a hellish shriek and leaped into the air, its body all twisted, and then it streaked over the wall and was lost in the darkness of Augustus's Tomb. The man laughed at his trick, and so did several people who had been watching.

Streeter's first instinct was to box the man's ears and teach him not to feed lighted firecrackers to stray cats. But, with such an appreciative audience, this would have amounted to an international incident, and he realized there wasn't anything he could do. The people who had laughed at the prank were good and kind—most of them affectionate parents. You might have seen them earlier in the day on the Palatine, picking violets.

Streeter walked on into a dark street and heard at his back the hoofs and trappings of horses—it sounded like cavalry—and stepped aside to let a hearse and a mourner's carriage pass. The hearse was drawn by two pairs of bays with black plumes. The driver wore funerary livery, with an admiral's hat, and had the brutish red face of a drunken horse thief. The hearse banged, slammed, and rattled over the stones in such a loose-jointed way that the poor soul it carried must have been in a terrible state of disarrangement, and the



"Miss Woods—Edna—have you never wondered how it happens I'm the only vice-president in the organization who doesn't use a dictating machine?"

• •

mourner's carriage that followed was empty. The friends of the dead man had probably been too late or had got the wrong date or had forgotten the whole thing, as was so often the case in Rome. Off the hearse and carriage rattled toward the Servian Gate.

Streeter knew one thing then: He did not want to die in Rome. He was in excellent health and had no reason to think about death; nevertheless, he was afraid. Back at his flat, he poured some whiskey and water into a glass, and stepped out onto his balcony. He watched the night fall and the street lights go on with complete bewilderment at his own feelings. He did not want to die in Rome. The power of this idea could only stem from ignorance and stupidity, he told himself—for what could such a fear represent but the inability to respond to the force of life? He reproached himself with arguments and consoled himself with whiskey, but in the middle of the night he was waked by the noise of a carriage and horses' hoofs, and again he sweated with fear. The hearse, the horse thief, and the empty mourner's carriage, he thought, were rattling back, under his balcony. He got up out of bed and went to the window to see, but it was only two empty carriages going back to the stables.

WHEN Uncle George landed in Naples, on Tuesday, he was excited and in a good humor. His purpose in coming abroad was twofold—to bring Charlie and Kate home, and to take a vacation, the first in forty-three years. A friend of his in Krasbie who had been to Italy had written an itinerary for him: "Stay at the Royal in Naples. Go to the National Museum. Have a drink in the Galleria Umberto. Eat supper at the California. Good American food. Take the Roncari *autopullman* in the morning for Rome. This goes through two interesting villages and stops at Nero's villa. In Rome stay at the Excelsior. Make reservations in advance. . . ."

On Wednesday morning, Uncle George got up early and went down to the hotel dining room. "Orange juice and ham and eggs," he said to the waiter. The waiter brought him orange juice, coffee, and a roll. "Where's my ham and eggs?" Uncle George asked, and then realized, when the waiter bowed and smiled, that the man did not understand English. He got out his phrase book, but there was nothing about ham and eggs. "You gotta no hamma?" he asked loudly. "You gotta no eggsa?" The waiter went on smiling and bowing, and Uncle George gave up. He ate the breakfast he hadn't ordered, gave the waiter a twenty-lira tip, cashed four hundred dollars' worth of traveller's checks at the desk, and checked out. All this money in lire made a bump in his suit jacket, and he held his left hand over his wallet as if he had a pain there. Naples, he knew, was full of thieves. He took a cab to the bus station, which was in a square near the Galleria Umberto. It was early in the morning, the light was slanting, and he enjoyed the smell of coffee and bread and the stir of people hurrying along the streets to work. A fine smell of the sea rose up the streets from the bay. He was early—he was always early—and was shown his seat in the bus by a red-faced gentleman who spoke English with a British accent. This was the guide—one of those who, whatever conveyance you take and wherever you go, make travel among the monuments bizarre. Their command of languages is extraordinary, their knowledge of antiquity is impressive, and their love of beauty is passionate, but when they separate themselves from the party for a moment, it is to take a pull from a hip flask or to pinch a young pilgrim. They praise the ancient world in four languages, but their clothes are threadbare, their linen is dirty, and their hands tremble

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with thirst and lechery. While the guide chatted about the weather with Uncle George, the whiskey could already be smelled on his breath. Then the guide left Uncle George to greet the rest of the party, now coming across the square.

There were about thirty—they moved in a flock, or mass, understandably timid about the strangeness of their surroundings—and they were mostly old women. As they came into the bus, they cackled (as we all will when we grow old), and made the fussy arrangements of elderly travellers. Then, with the guide singing the praises of ancient Naples, they started on their way.

They first went along the coast. The color of the water reminded Uncle George of postcards he had received from Honolulu, where one of his friends had gone for a vacation. It was green and blue. He had never seen anything like it himself. They passed some resorts only half open and sleepy, where young men sat on rocks in their bathing trunks, waiting patiently for the sun to darken their skins. What did they think about, Uncle George wondered. During all those hours that they sat on rocks, what on earth did they think about? They passed a ramshackle colony of little bathhouses no bigger than privies, and Uncle George remembered—how many years ago—the thrill of undressing in such briny sea chambers as these when he had been taken to the seashore as a boy. As they turned inland, he craned his neck to get a last look at the sea, wondering why it should seem, shining and blue, like something that he remembered in his bones. Then they went into a tunnel and came out in farm land. Uncle George was interested in farming methods and admired the way that vines were trained onto trees. He admired the terracing of the land, and was troubled by the traces of soil erosion that he saw. And he recognized that he was separated only by a pane of glass from a life that was as strange to him as life on the moon.

The bus, with its glass roof and glass windows, was like a fishbowl, and the sunlight and cloud shadows of the day fell among the travellers. Their way was blocked by a flock of sheep. Sheep surrounded the bus, isolated this little island of elderly Americans, and filled the air with dumb, harsh bleating. Beyond the sheep they saw a girl carrying a water jug on her head. A man lay sound asleep in the grass by the side of the road. A woman sat on a doorstep, suckling a child. Within the dome of

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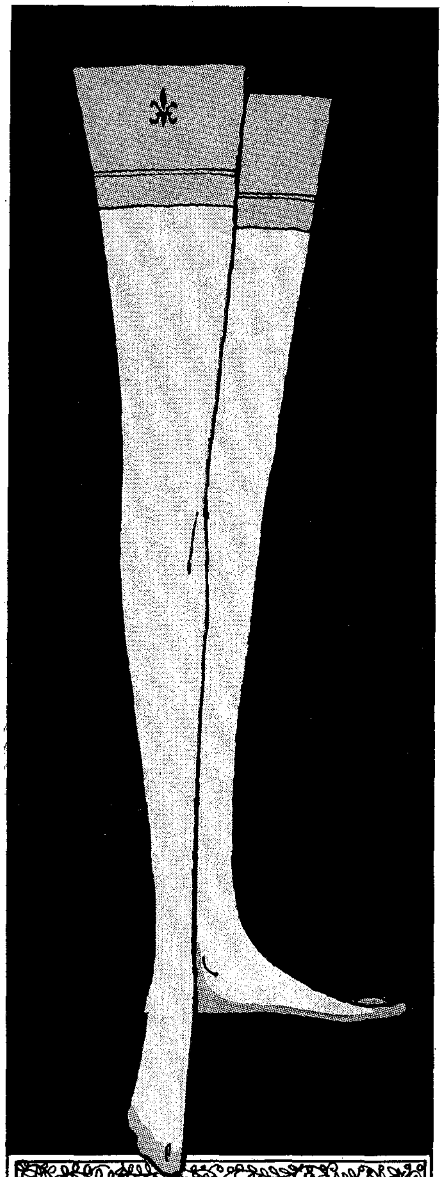

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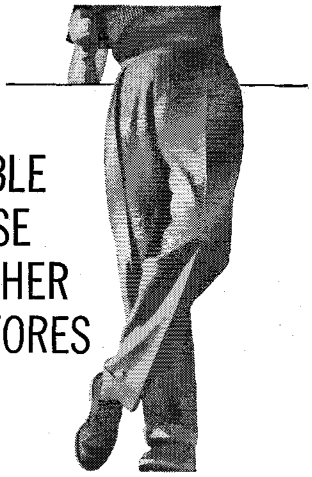
glass the old ladies discussed the high price of airplane luggage. "Grace got ringworm in Palermo," one of them said. "I don't think she'll ever be cured."

The guide pointed out fragments of old Roman road, Roman towers and bridges. There was a castle on a hill—a sight that delighted Uncle George, and no wonder, for there had been castles painted on his supper plate when he was a boy, and the earliest books that had been read to him and that he had been able to read had been illustrated with castles. They had meant everything that was exciting and strange and wonderful in life, and now, by raising his eyes, he could see one against a sky as blue as the sky in his picture books.

After travelling for an hour or two, they stopped in a village where there was a coffee bar and toilets. Coffee cost one hundred lire a cup, a fact that filled the ladies' conversation for some time after they had started again. Coffee had been sixty lire at the hotel. Forty at the corner. They took pills and read from their guidebooks, and Uncle George looked out of the windows at this strange country, where the spring flowers and the autumn flowers seemed to grow side by side in the grass. It would be miserable weather in Krasbie, but here everything was in bloom—fruit trees, mimosa—and the pastures were white with flowers and the vegetable gardens already yielding crops.

They came into a town or city then—an old place with crooked and narrow streets. He didn't catch the name. The guide explained that there was a *festa*. The bus driver had to blow his horn continuously to make any progress, and two or three times came to a full stop, the crowd was so dense. The people in the streets looked up at this apparition—this fishbowl of elderly Americans—with such incredulity that Uncle George's feelings were hurt. He saw a little girl take a crust of bread out of her mouth to stare at him. Women held their children up in the air to see the strangers. Windows were thrown open, bars were emptied, and people pointed at the curious tourists and laughed. Uncle George would have liked to address them, as he so often addressed the Rotary. "Don't stare," he wanted to say to them. "We are not so queer and rich and strange. Don't stare at us."

The bus turned down a side street, and there was another stop for coffee and toilets. Most of the travellers scattered to buy postcards. Uncle George, seeing an open church across the street,



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decided to go inside. The air smelled of spice when he pushed the door open. The stone walls inside were bare—it was like an armory—and only a few candles burned in the chapels at the sides. Then Uncle George heard a loud voice and saw a man kneeling in front of one of the chapels, saying his prayers. He carried on in a way that Uncle George had never seen before. His voice was strong, supplicatory, sometimes angry. His face was wet with tears. He was beseeching the Cross for something—an explanation or an indulgence or a life. He waved his hands, he wept, and his voice and his sobs echoed in the barny place. Uncle George went out and got back into his seat on the bus.

They left the city for the country again, and a little before noon they stopped at the gates to Nero's villa, bought their tickets, and went in. It was a large ruin, fanciful, and picked clean of everything but its brick supports. The place had been vast and tall, and now the walls and archways of roofless rooms, the butts of towers stood in a stretch of green pasture, with nothing leading anywhere any more except to nothing, and all the many staircases mounting and turning stopped in mid-air. Uncle George left the party and wandered happily through these traces of a palace. The atmosphere seemed to him pleasant and tranquil—a little like the feeling in a forest—and he heard a bird singing and the noise of water. The forms of the ruins, all bristling with plants like the hair in an old man's ears, seemed pleasantly familiar, as if his unremembered dreams had been played out against a scene like this. He found himself then in a place that was darker than the rest. The air was damp, and the senseless brick rooms, opening onto one another, were full of brush. It might have been a dungeon or a guardhouse or a temple where obscene rites were performed, for he was suddenly stirred licentiously by the damp. He turned back, looking for the sun, the water, and the bird, and found a guide standing in his path.

"You wish to see the special place?"

"What do you mean?"

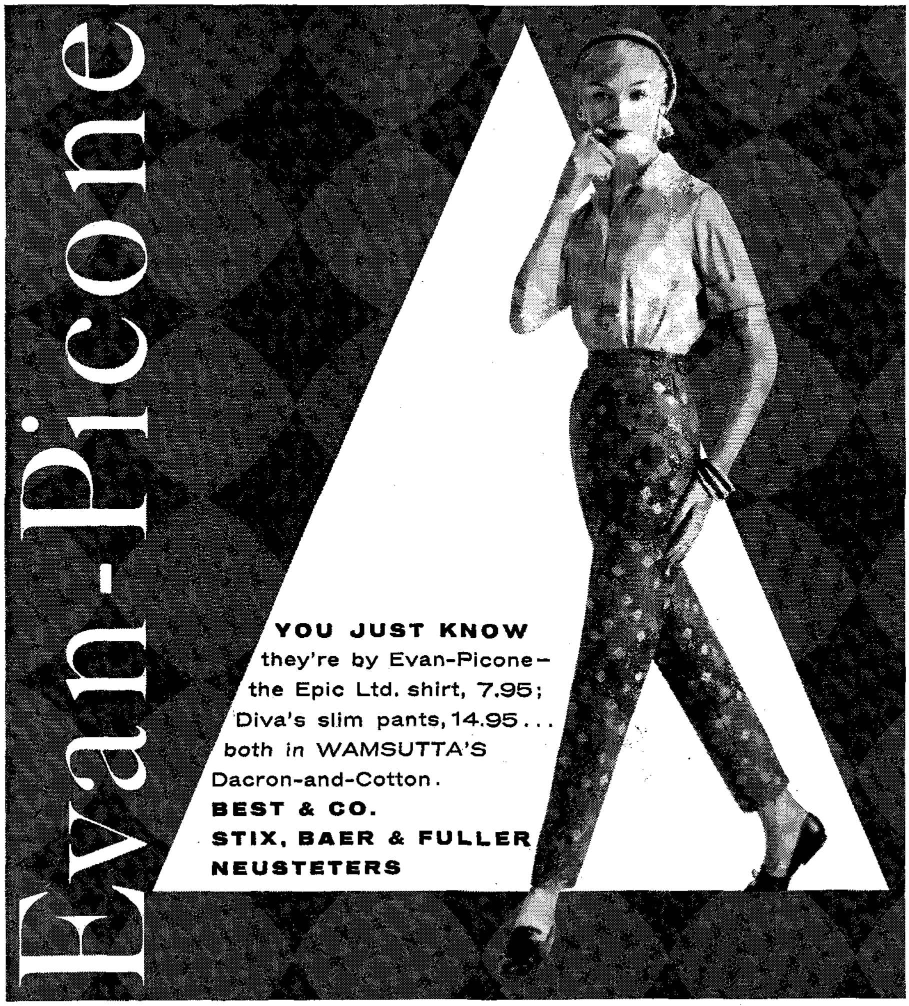
"Very special," the guide said. "For men only. Only for strong men. Such pictures. Very old."

"How much?"

"Two hundred lire."

"All right." Uncle George took two hundred lire out of his change pocket.

"Come," the guide said. "This way." He walked on briskly—so briskly that Uncle George nearly had to run to keep up with him. He saw the guide go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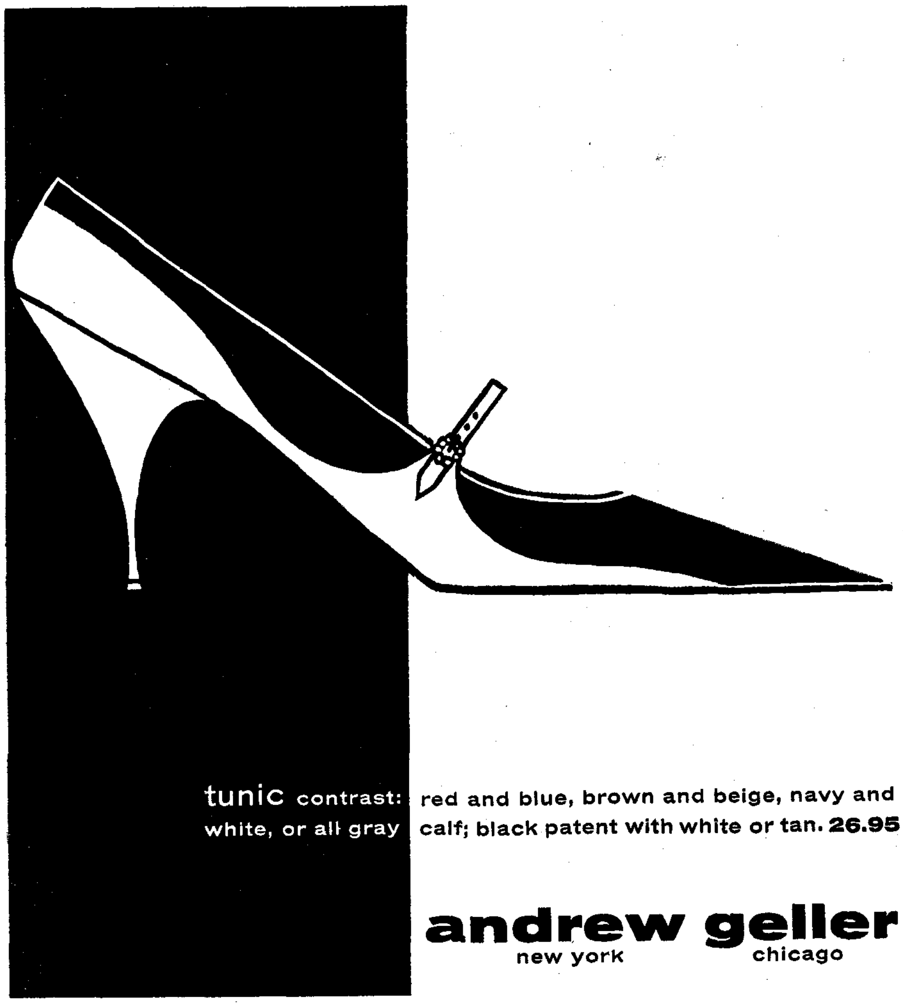
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through a narrow opening in the wall, a place where the brick had crumbled, but when Uncle George followed him the guide seemed to have disappeared. It was a trap. He felt an arm around his throat, and his head was thrown back so violently that he couldn't call for help. He felt a hand lift the wallet out of his pocket—a touch as light as the nibble of a fish on a line—and then he was thrown brutally to the ground. He lay there dazed for a minute or two. When he sat up, he saw that he had been left his empty wallet and his passport.

Then he roared with anger at the thieves, and hated Italy, with its thieving population of organ-grinders and bricklayers. But even during this outburst his anger was not as strong as a feeling of weakness and shame. He was terribly ashamed of himself, and when he picked up his empty wallet and put it in his pocket, he felt as if his heart had been plucked out and broken. Who could he blame? Not the damp ruins. He had asked for something that was by his lights all wrong, and he could only blame himself. The theft might happen every day—some lecherous old fool like him might be picked clean each time the bus stopped. He got to his feet, weary and sick of the old bones that had got him into trouble. He dusted the dirt off his clothes. Then he realized that he might be late. He might have missed the bus and be stranded in the ruins without a cent. He began to walk and run through the rooms, until he came out into a clearing and saw in the distance the flock of old ladies, still clinging to one another.

The guide came out from behind a wall, and they all got in the bus and started off again.

Rome was ugly; at least, the outskirts were: trolley cars and cut-rate furniture stores and torn-up streets and the sort of apartment houses that nobody ever really wants to live in. The old ladies began to gather their guidebooks and put on their coats and hats and gloves. Journey's end is the same everywhere. Then, dressed for their destination, they all sat down again, with their hands folded in their laps, and the bus was still. "Oh, I wish I'd never come," one old lady said to another. "I just wish I'd never left home." She was not the only one.

"*Ecco, ecco Roma*," the guide said, and so it was.

Streeter went to Kate's at seven on Thursday. Assunta let him in, and, for the first time, he walked down the

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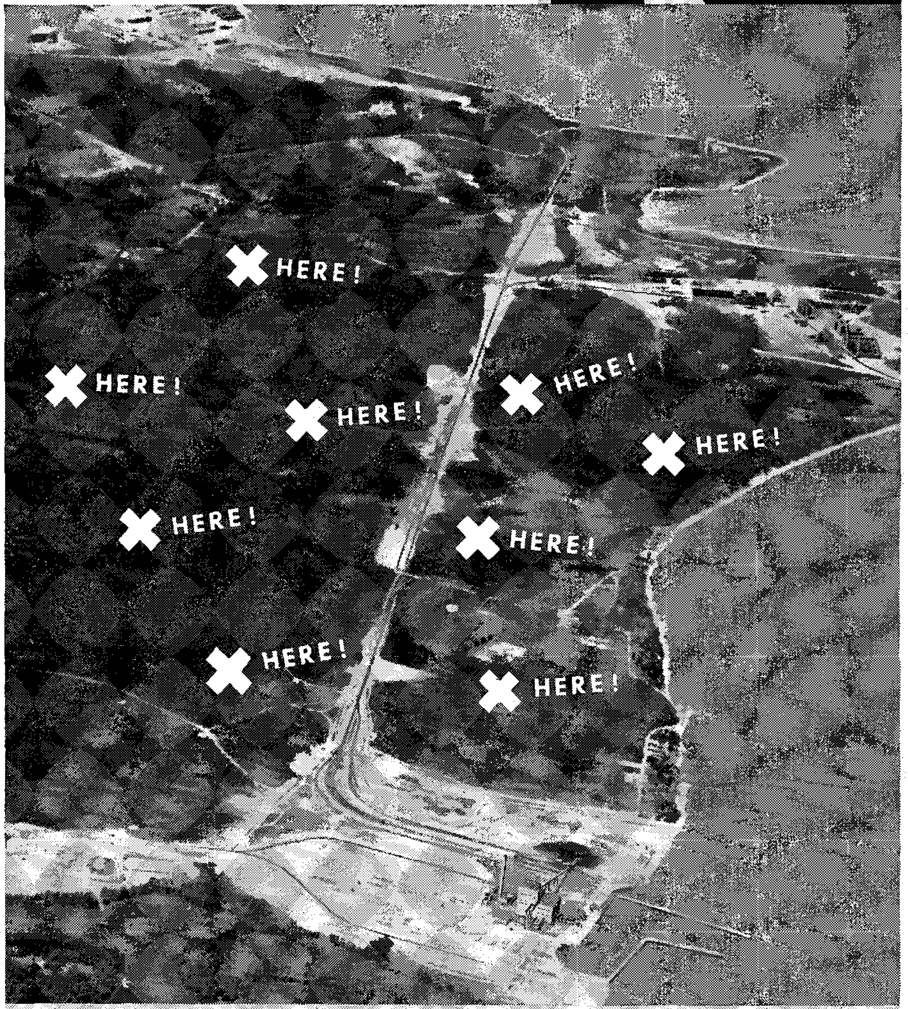
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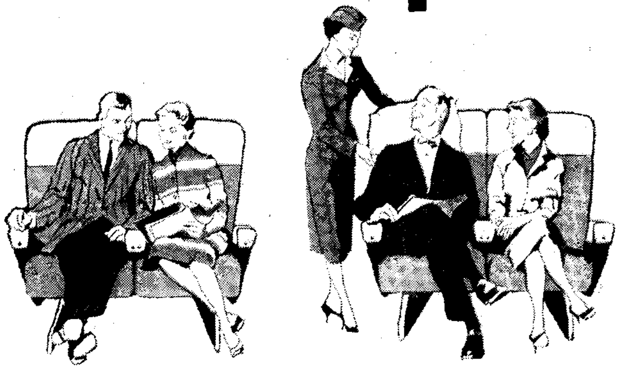

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sala without his copy of "I Promessi Sposi," and sat down by the fireplace. Charlie came in then. He had on the usual outfit—the tight Levis, with cuffs turned up, and a pink shirt. When he moved, he dragged or banged the leather heels of his loafers on the marble floor. He talked about baseball and exercised his owlish laugh, but he didn't mention Uncle George. Neither did Kate, when she came in, nor did she offer Streeter a drink. She seemed to be in the throes of an emotional storm, with all her powers of decision suspended. They talked about the weather. At one point, Charlie came and stood by his mother, and she took both of his hands in one of hers. Then the doorbell rang, and Kate went down the room to meet her uncle. They embraced very tenderly—the members of a family—and when this was over, he said, "I was robbed, Katie. I was robbed yesterday of four hundred dollars. Coming up from Naples on the bus."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she said. "Wasn't there anything you could do, George? Wasn't there anyone you could speak to?"

"Speak to, Katie? There hasn't been anyone I could speak to since I got off the boat. No speaka da English. If you cut off their hands, they wouldn't be able to say anything. I can afford to lose four hundred dollars—I'm not a poor man—but if I could only have given it to some worth-while cause."

"I'm terribly sorry."

"You've got quite a place here, Katie."

"And, Charlie, this is Uncle George."

If she had counted on their not getting along, this chance was lost in a second. Charlie forgot his owlish laugh and stood so straight, so earnest, so in need of what America could do for him that the rapport between the man and the boy was instantaneous, and Kate had to separate them in order to introduce Streeter. Uncle George shook hands with her student and came to a likely but erroneous conclusion.

"Speaka da English?" he asked.

"I'm an American," Streeter said.

"How long is your sentence?"

"This is my second year," Streeter said. "I work at F.R.U.P.C."

"It's an immoral country," Uncle George said, sitting down in one of the golden chairs. "First they rob me of four hundred dollars, and then, walking around the streets here, all I see is statues of men without any clothes on. Nothing."

Kate rang for Assunta, and when

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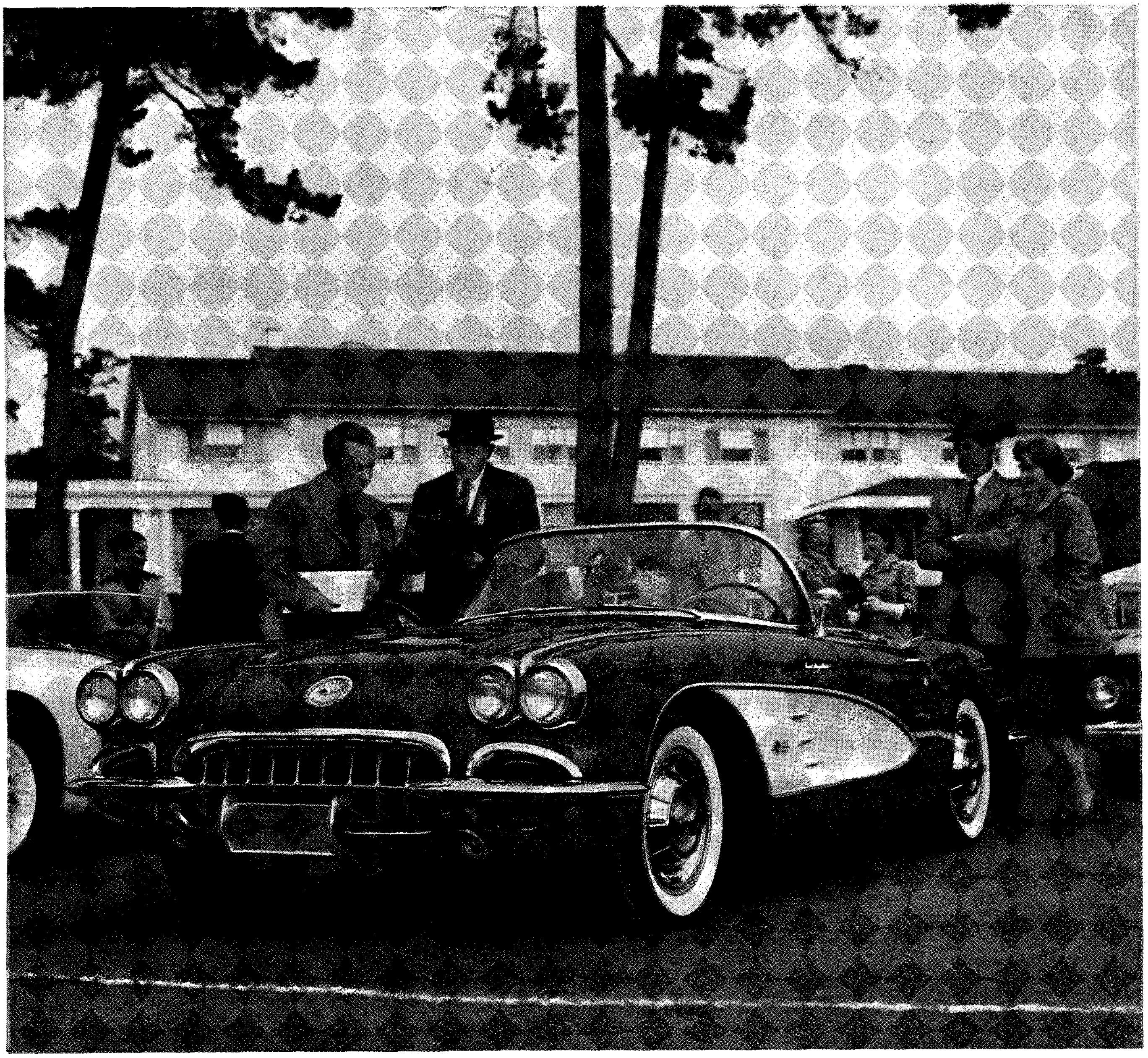

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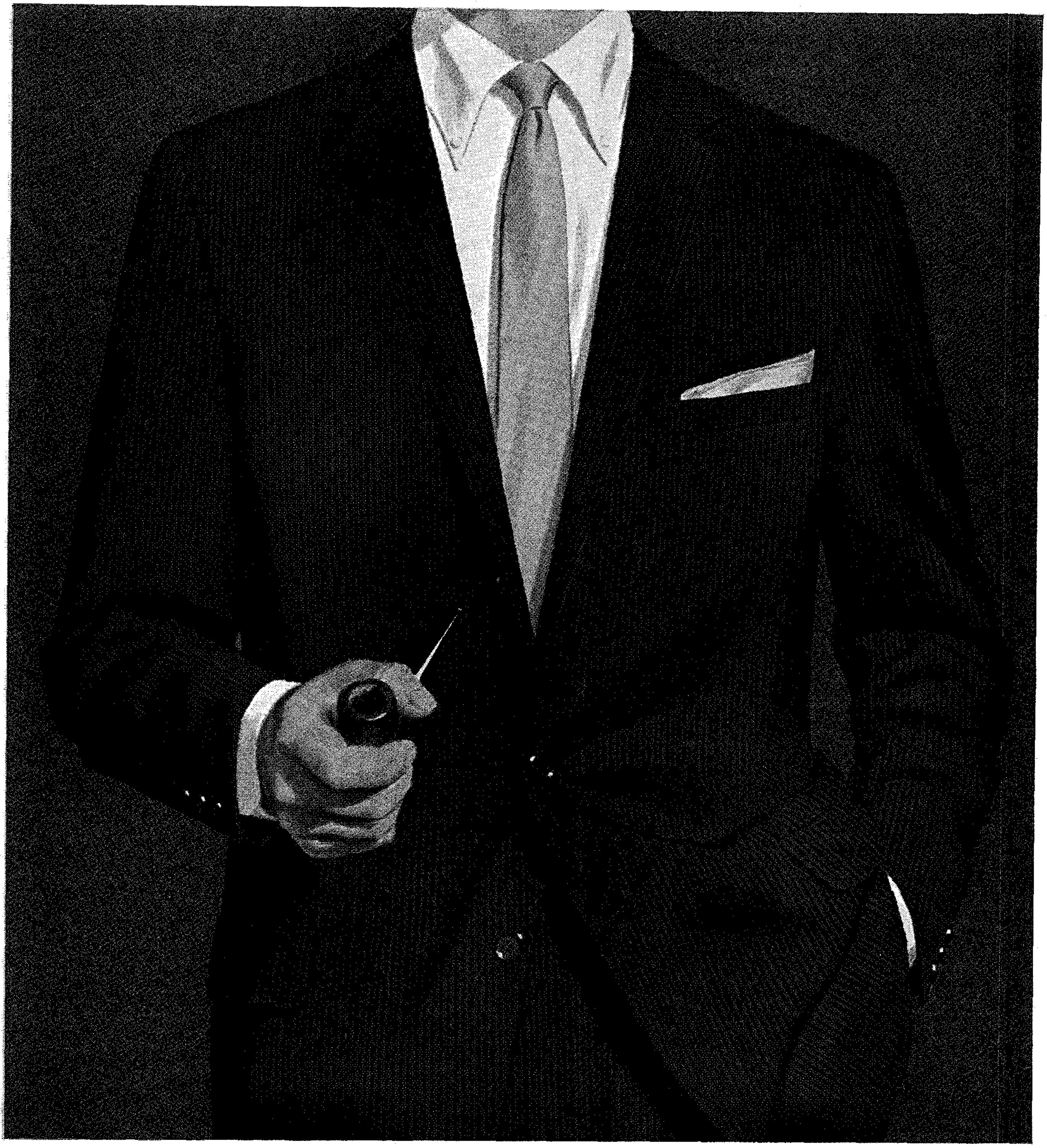

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the maid came in, she ordered whiskey and ice, in very rapid Italian. "It's just another way of looking at things, Uncle George," she said.

"No, it isn't," Uncle George said. "It isn't natural. Not even in locker rooms. There's very few men who'd choose to parade around a locker room stark naked if a towel was handy. It's not natural. Everywhere you look. Up on the roofs. At the main traffic intersections. When I was coming over here, I passed through a little garden—playground, I guess you'd say—and right in the middle of it, right in the middle of all these little children is one of these men without anything on."

"Will you have some whiskey?"

"Yes, please. . . . The boat sails on Saturday, Katie, and I want you and the boy to come home with me."

"I don't want Charlie to leave," Kate said.

"He wants to leave—don't you, Charlie? He wrote me a nice letter. Nicely worded, and he's got a nice handwriting. That was a nice letter, Charlie. I showed it to the high-school superintendent, and he said you can enter the Krasbie high school whenever you want. And I want you to come, too, Kate. It's your home, and you've only got one. The trouble with you, Katie, is that when you were a kid they used to make fun of you in Krasbie, and you just started running, that's all, and you never stopped."

"If that's true—and it may be," she said quickly, "why should I want to go back to a place where I will seem ridiculous."

"Oh, Katie, you won't seem ridiculous. I'll take care of that."

"I want to go home, Mama," Charlie said. He was sitting on a stool by the fireplace—not so straight-backed any more. "I'm homesick all the time."

"How could you possibly be homesick for America?" Her voice was very sharp. "You've never seen it. This is your home."

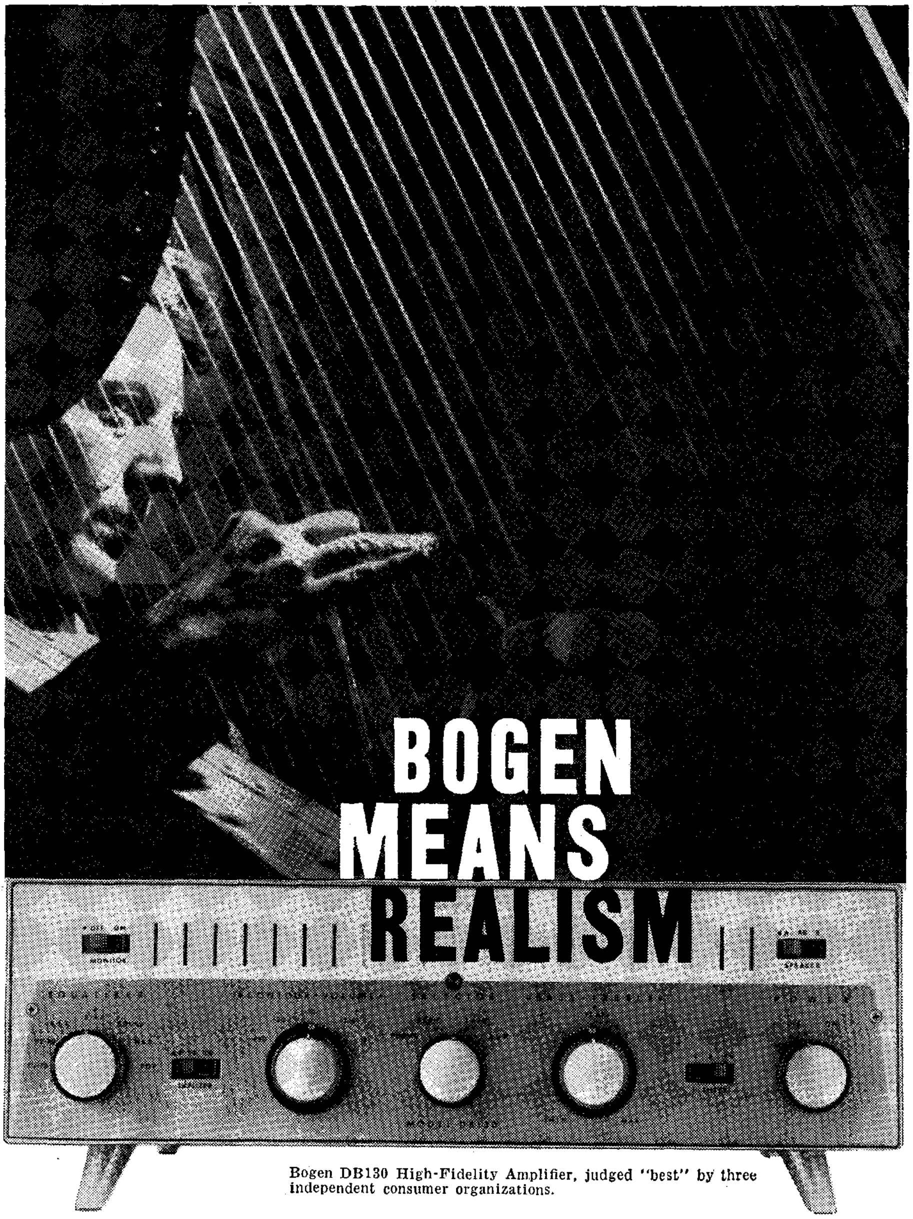
"How do you mean?"

"Your home is with your mother."

"There's more to it than that, Mama. I feel strange here all the time. Everybody on the street speaking a different language."

"You've never even tried to learn Italian."

"Even if I had, it wouldn't make any difference. It would still sound strange. I mean it would still remind me that it wasn't my language. I just don't understand the people, Mama. I like them all right, but I just don't



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understand them. I never know what they're going to do next."

"Why don't you try and understand them?"

"Oh, I do, but I'm no genius, and you don't understand them either. I've heard you say so, and sometimes you're homesick, too, I know. I can tell by the way you look."

"Homesickness is nothing," she said angrily. "It is absolutely nothing. Fifty per cent of the people in the world are homesick all the time. But I don't suppose you're old enough to understand. When you're in one place and long to be in another, it isn't as simple as taking a boat. You don't really long for another country. You long for something in yourself that you don't have, or haven't been able to find."

"Oh, I don't mean that, Mama. I just mean if I was with people who spoke my language, people who understood me, I'd be more comfortable."

"If comfort is all you expect to get out of life, God help you."

Then the doorbell rang and Assunta answered it. Kate glanced at her watch and saw that it was five after eight. It was also the first Thursday in the month. Before she could get out an explanation, they had started down the *sala*, with the old Duke of Rome in the lead, holding some flowers in his left hand. A little behind him was the Duchess, his wife—a tall, willowy, gray-haired woman wearing a lot of jewelry that had been given to the family by Francis I. An assortment of nobles brought up the rear, looking like a country circus, gorgeous and travelworn. The Duke gave Kate her flowers. They all bowed vaguely to her company and went out through the kitchen, with its smell of gas leaks, to the service door.

"Oh, Giuseppe the barber he gotta the cash," Uncle George sang loudly, "He gotta the bigga the blacka mustache." He waited for someone to laugh, and when no one did, he asked, "What was that?"

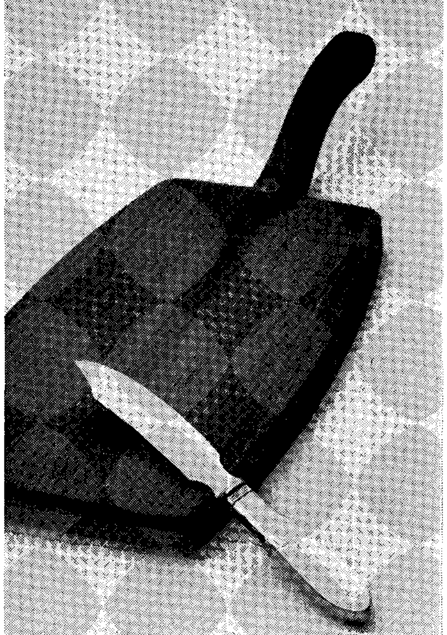
Kate told him, but her eyes were brighter, and he noticed this.

"You like that kind of thing, don't you?" he said.

"Possibly," she said.

"It's crazy, Katie," he said. "It's crazy, it's crazy. You come home with me and Charlie. You and Charlie can live in the other half of my house, and I'll have a nice American kitchen put in for you."

Streeter saw that she was touched by this remark, and he thought she was going to cry. She said quickly, "How in



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hell do you think America would have been discovered if everybody stayed home in places like Krasbie."

"You're not discovering anything, Katie."

"I am. I am."

"We'll all be happier, Mama," Charlie said. "We'll all be happier if we have a nice clean house and lots of nice friends and a nice garden and kitchen and stall shower."

She stood with her back to them, by the mantelpiece, and said loudly, "No nice friends, no kitchen, no garden, no shower bath or anything else will keep me from wanting to see the world and the different people who live in it." Then she turned to her son and spoke softly. "You'll miss Italy, Charlie."

The boy laughed his owlish laugh. "I'll miss the black hairs in my food," he said. She didn't make a sound. She didn't even sigh. Then the boy went to her and began to cry. "I'm sorry, Mummy," he said. "I'm sorry. That was a dumb thing to say. It's just an old joke." He kissed her hands and the tears on her cheeks, and Streeter got up and left.

"*Tal era ciò che di meno deforme e di men compassionevole si faceva vedere intorno, i sani, gli agiati,*" Streeter read when he went again for his lesson on Sunday. "*Chè, dopo tante immagini di miseria, e pensando a quella ancor più grave, per mezzo alla quale dovrem condurre il lettore, no ci fermeremo ora a dir qual fosse lo spettacolo degli appestati che si strascicavano o giacevano per le strade, de' poveri, de' fanciulli, delle donne.*"

The boy had gone, he could tell—not because she said so but because the place seemed that much bigger. In the middle of his lesson, the old Duke of Rome came through in his bathrobe and slippers, carrying a bowl of soup to his sister, who was sick. Kate looked tired, but then she always did, and when the lesson ended and Streeter stood up, wondering if she would mention Charlie or Uncle George, she complimented him on the progress he had made and urged him to finish "I Promessi Sposi" and to buy a copy of the "Divine Comedy" for next week.—JOHN CHEEVER

•

Drizzle marked Twin Cities weather today, but a drop in temperatures tonight will bring snow flurries. Accumulation of snow depends on how the storm swings during the day. Southerly winds are 50 cents.—*Minneapolis Star.*

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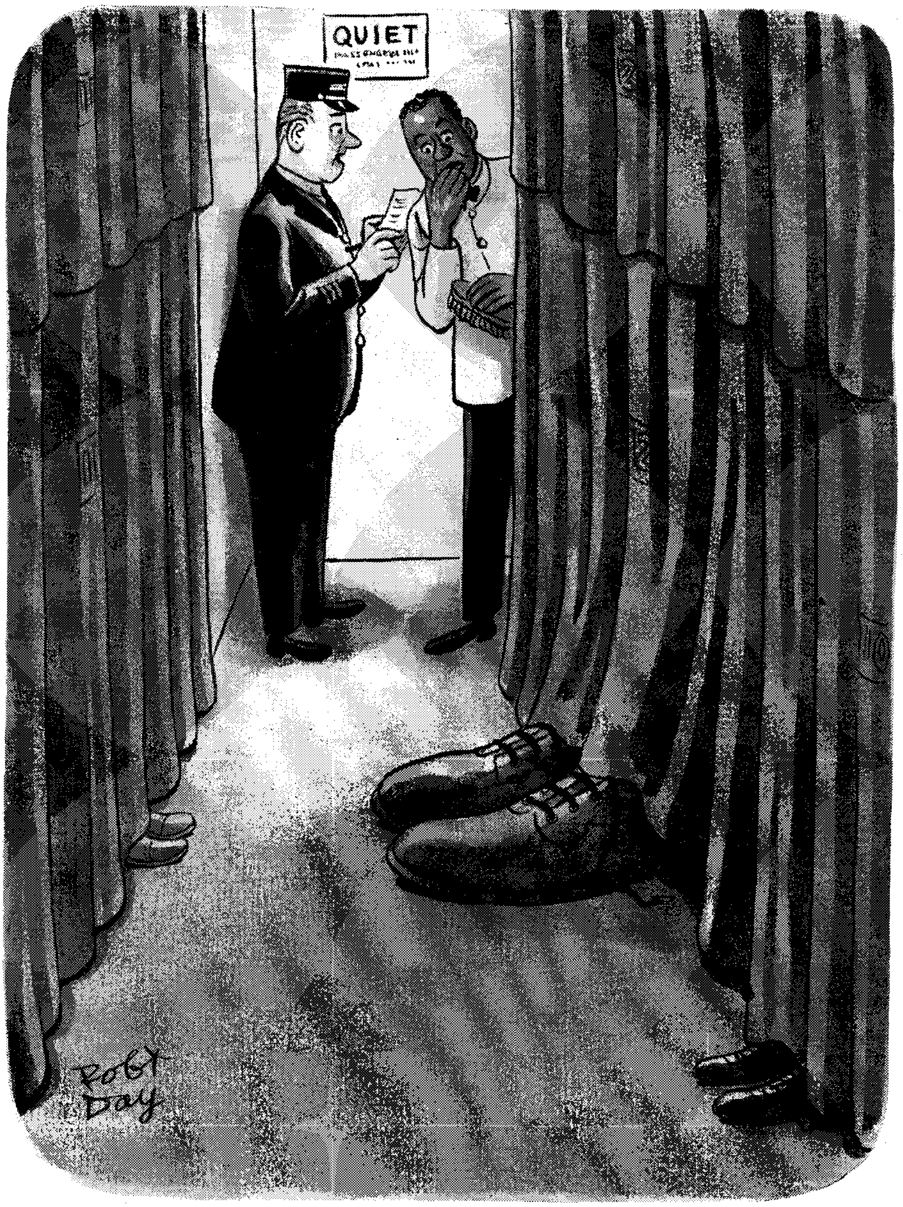

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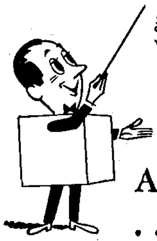

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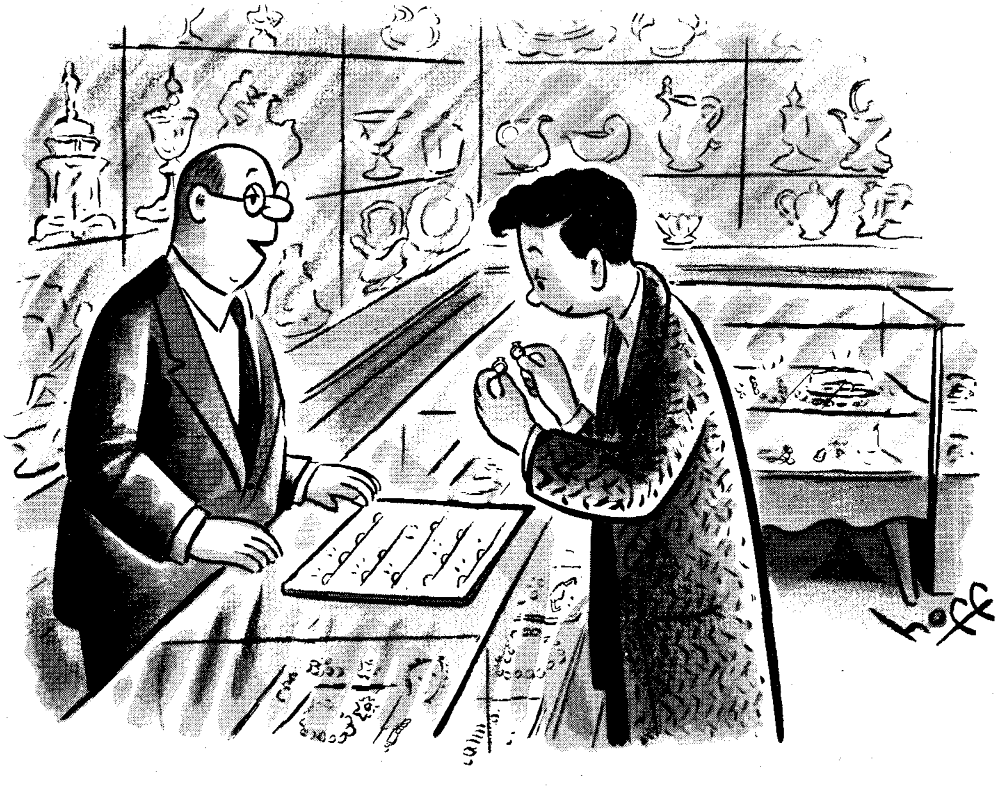
THE THEATRE

NO CONTEST

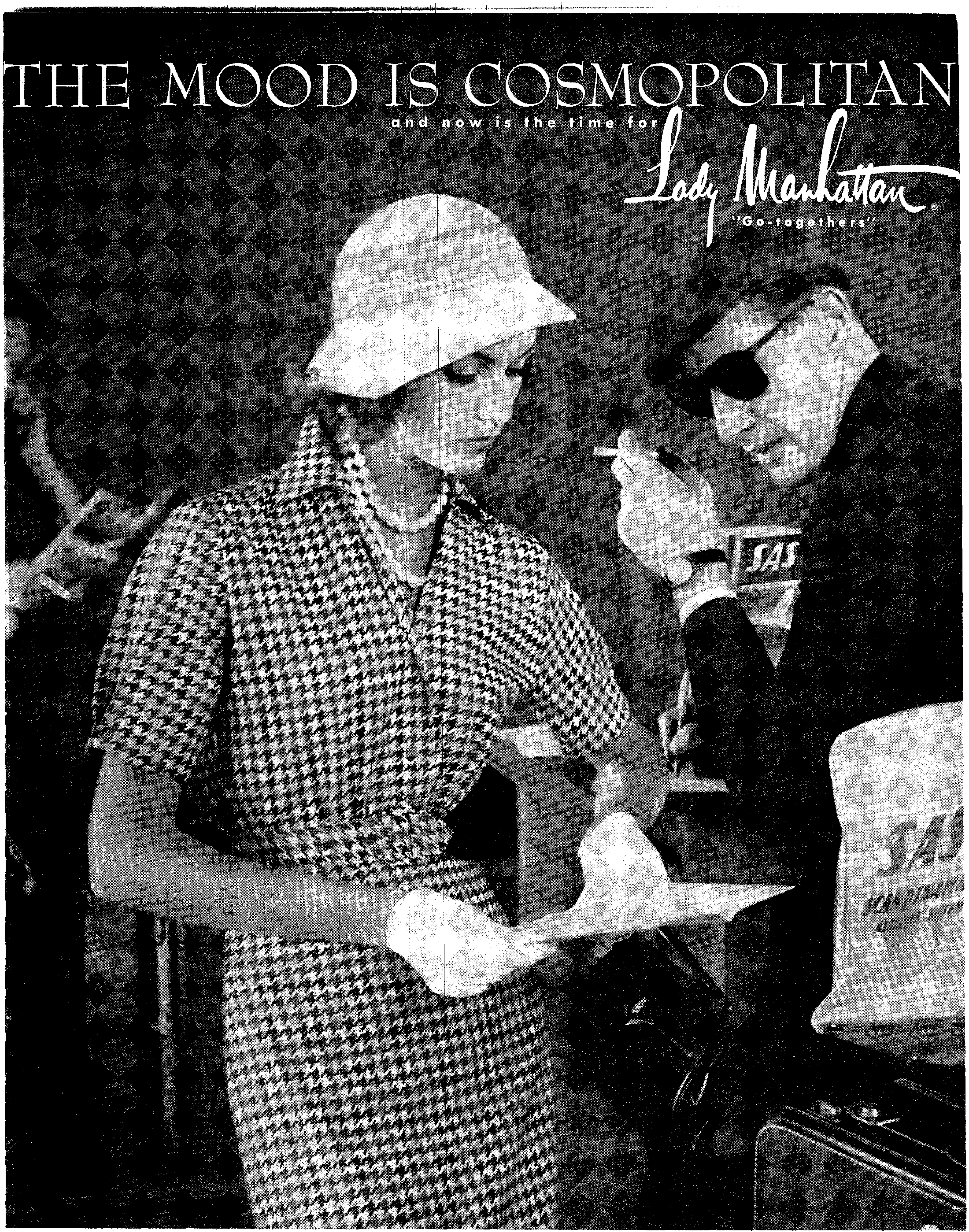
WHEN Brendan Gill's novel called "The Day the Money Stopped" was published, several critics remarked that with only very minor revisions it ought to make an admirable play. This was a comprehensible literary judgment. The conversations had wit, style, and often considerable emotional tension, and they seemed, furthermore, to be already arranged in a form almost perfectly suited to delivery on the stage; the characters were lively, various, and acutely observed; the story was interesting and certainly unusual; and there were, of course, no visible problems of theatrical construction, since the action was continuous and confined to one place. It looked, indeed, like practically ideal material, and the fact that the actual dramatization, jointly contrived by Mr. Gill and Maxwell Anderson, which closed after a few performances last week, was only moderately effective at best seems at first glance one of the season's most inscrutable mysteries.

To clear it up, at least partly, some description of the offering at the Belasco is probably necessary. "The Day the Money Stopped," then, was laid in a law office in a Connecticut town. The old head of the firm, it developed, had just died, and his place had been taken by the younger of his two sons, a Yale man distinguished chiefly by his stuffy regard for the proprieties and his stern resolve to follow in his father's footsteps as a leading citizen of the community. He was visited presently by his brother, also a Yale man but scarcely a credit to either his family or his university, for he not only had run through four hundred thousand dollars since his undergraduate days but was now, at forty, unemployed, separated from his wife, and in possession of nothing in the world but a Cadillac, two dollars in cash, and unlimited charm of a rather rakish order. The purpose of his call was to inquire about the dead man's will, and his emotions on learning that his share of the million-three-hundred-thousand-dollar estate was only a watch, several cases of wine, and a bunch of old books were naturally strong. He was, however, a man of some low cunning, and it wasn't long before he had cooked up a story—demonstrating that a young woman employed in the office was actually his father's illegitimate daughter—that was sufficiently plausible to induce his brother to consider paying a little blackmail. Though there was nothing in this jocular myth, the discussion of it somehow led to a revelation of the real truth about the old man, which was that he had been morally responsible for his wife's suicide in a lunatic asylum. This discovery was shocking to everybody (there was a sister I seem to have neglected to mention), but its effect on the elder son was salutary, too, since it succeeded in substantially wiping out the feelings of guilt and unworthiness that had plagued him most of his life. He was his own man at last, prepared to make his unassisted way in the world, and even, as I got it, to turn in the Cadillac.

Brief and inadequate as this synopsis is (I have left out a good deal more than the sister), it may still serve to indicate what I think were the two main faults of "The Day the Money Stopped," considered as a play rather than a novel. One was that, in the laying bare of the father's character and its tragic consequences, we were *told* a story more dramatic than the one we were allowed to see. It is permissible and often desirable to have people talk at length about the past in a book, but it is almost invariably a grave error on the stage. The other trouble with the play was that we were presented essentially with a contest between a charming man and a dull one. A suggestion of this is to be found in the novel, but the level of Mr. Gill's writing is such that there is at least some distribution of sympathy. On the stage, the writing, the direction, and the acting all combined to remove any sense of seriously conflicting personalities. There was a man of total and fascinating irresponsibility and, opposed to him, one of almost stupefying rectitude. The contrast was entertaining for a while, but the ease and monotony of the triumph of wicked charm over solid worth made it hard to take any enduring interest in the hypothetical struggle between them. Indeed, the principal effect produced was that of a persistent theatrical vacuum. I make these complaints reluctantly, because so much of "The Day the Money Stopped" was written with a



"You have excellent taste, sir."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felicity increasingly rare in the theatre, and because so many isolated episodes in it were handled with amazing delicacy and skill. The fact remains that the literary critics appear to have been mistaken about Mr. Gill's book. It was very far from being a ready-made play. There could even be some doubt whether, however revised, it would ever have had quite the substance necessary to make a full-length play at all.

The cast was composed of Richard Basehart, Kevin McCarthy, Mildred Natwick, Collin Wilcox, and William Hansen, who played the enchanting wastrel, his glum brother, their sister, the young secretary, and an old law clerk, in that order. As I've said, it seemed to me that the contrast between the two brothers was overemphatic, and for this impression the performances given by Mr. Basehart and Mr. McCarthy were at least partly to blame. Both actors were engaging, but, under Harold Clurman's direction, they frequently played in a broad comedy style that struck me as better suited to another kind of script. Of the others, Miss Natwick's portrayal was, as usual, quite flawless, Miss Wilcox's strange (you have to imagine Carol Haney put to work in a law office) but, I think, rather winning, and Mr. Hansen's hard to estimate, since his role was not only minute but also completely superfluous. Jo Mielziner designed the set, which was dominated by one of those ferocious family portraits that always unnerve me slightly as the evening wears along.

FOR some time before the musical called "Portofino" opened here last week, rumors had been seeping in from the provinces that the work was having troubles during its tryouts—troubles so dire, in fact, that a whole new crew of magicians had been employed to rearrange everything, right down to the way the young ladies in the chorus did their hair. The mind of the veteran reviewer is seldom staggered by anything that goes on in the theatre, but after witnessing the massacre that took place at the Adelphi I can't help shrinking from the thought of what "Portofino" must have been like before these repairs were undertaken. Since it is inconceivable that it could have been more awful than it turned out to be, I can only conclude that it was originally just as awful but somehow in a different way. How such a black miracle could have been accomplished I have no idea, and I guess I won't even speculate about it, there being no profit, but simply madness and

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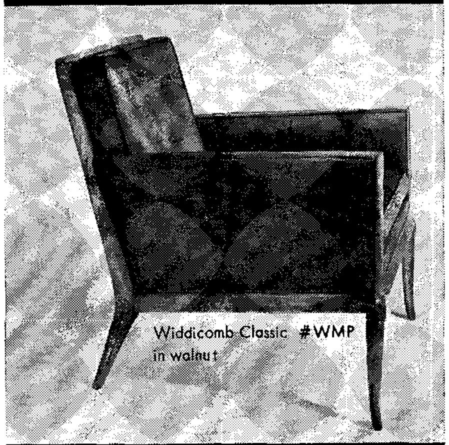

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despair, in pursuing these morbid fantasies.

It is less easy to avoid some comment on the "Portofino" I was actually condemned to see, but it will be short, as, happily, was the run of the musical. The plot concerned a Texas girl who, in the course of an Italian road race, cracked up her Ferrari just outside a resort town where a fiesta had been going on for some time, getting uglier by the moment. Here she took up with a member of the local aristocracy, who enjoyed a totally unjustified reputation for being terribly appetizing to women, and an unusually forbidding romance sprang up between them. A young witch, however, was also resident in the community, along with a delegate from Hell in unpleasantly explicit red tights, and these two put a curse on the lovers whose details I forget. Not being firmly thumbtacked to my seat, I wasn't present when this difficulty was ironed out, but you can be sure it was, and as tastelessly as possible, too. Idiotic as it was, this story was no more trying than the songs and dances with which it was interspersed, and which I can only describe as stale borrowings from all over, or than the scenery and costumes, which, I'm afraid, will do little to encourage the Italian tourist trade. Not including the actors, thirteen persons were listed in the program as having contributed to "Portofino," and I will not add to their embarrassment by naming them again here. The performers included Helen Gallagher, as the motorist; Georges Guétary, as the nobleman; Jan Chaney, as the witch; and Robert Strauss, who, for reasons presumably considered sane by the management, doubled as the Satanic emissary and a parish priest. In spite of the anguish they caused me, I admired the indomitable spirit with which they went about their horrid work.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

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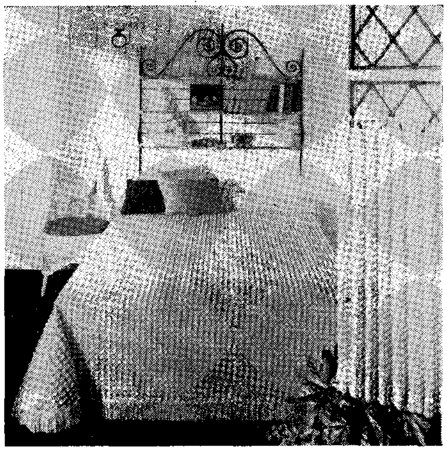

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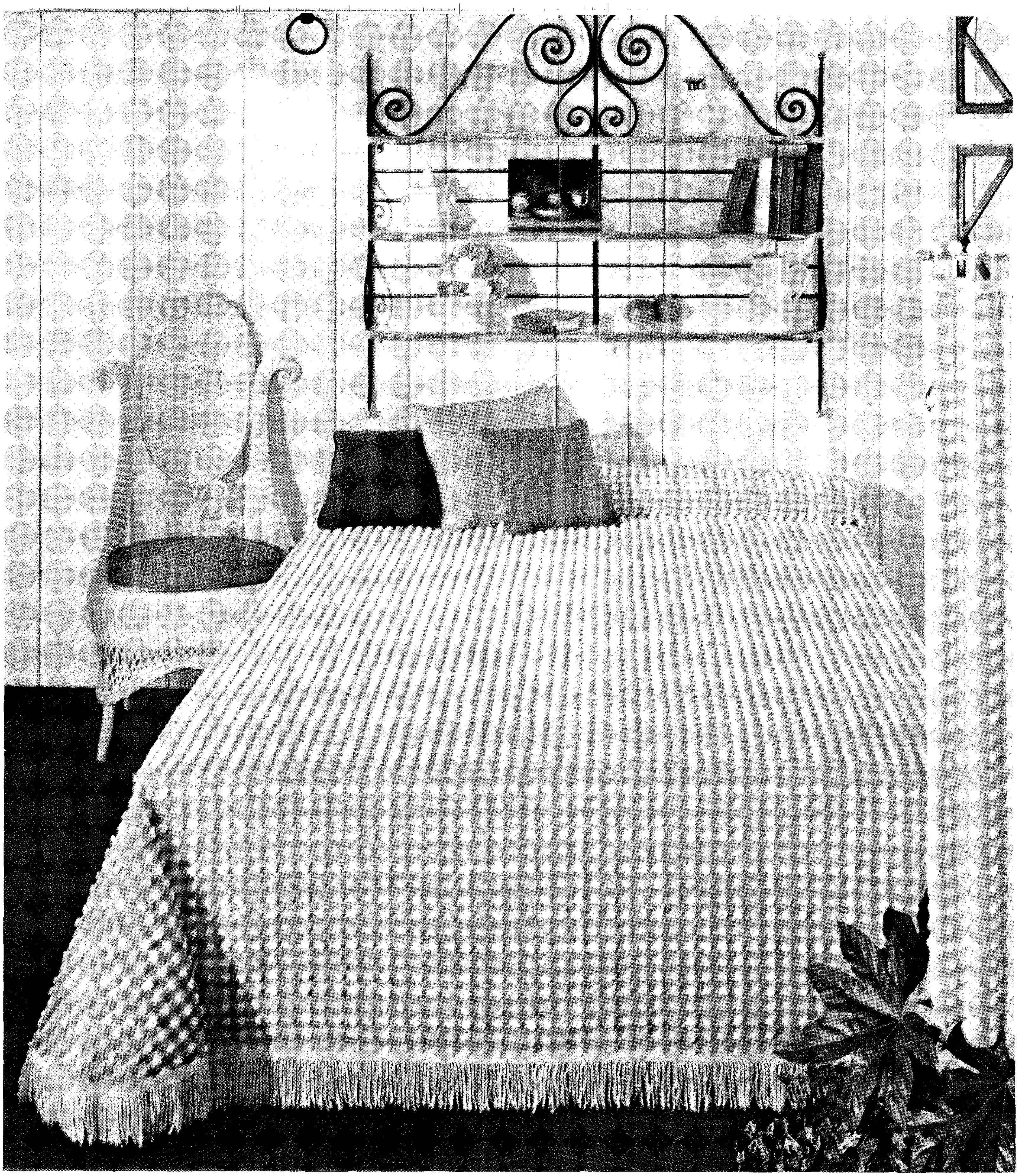

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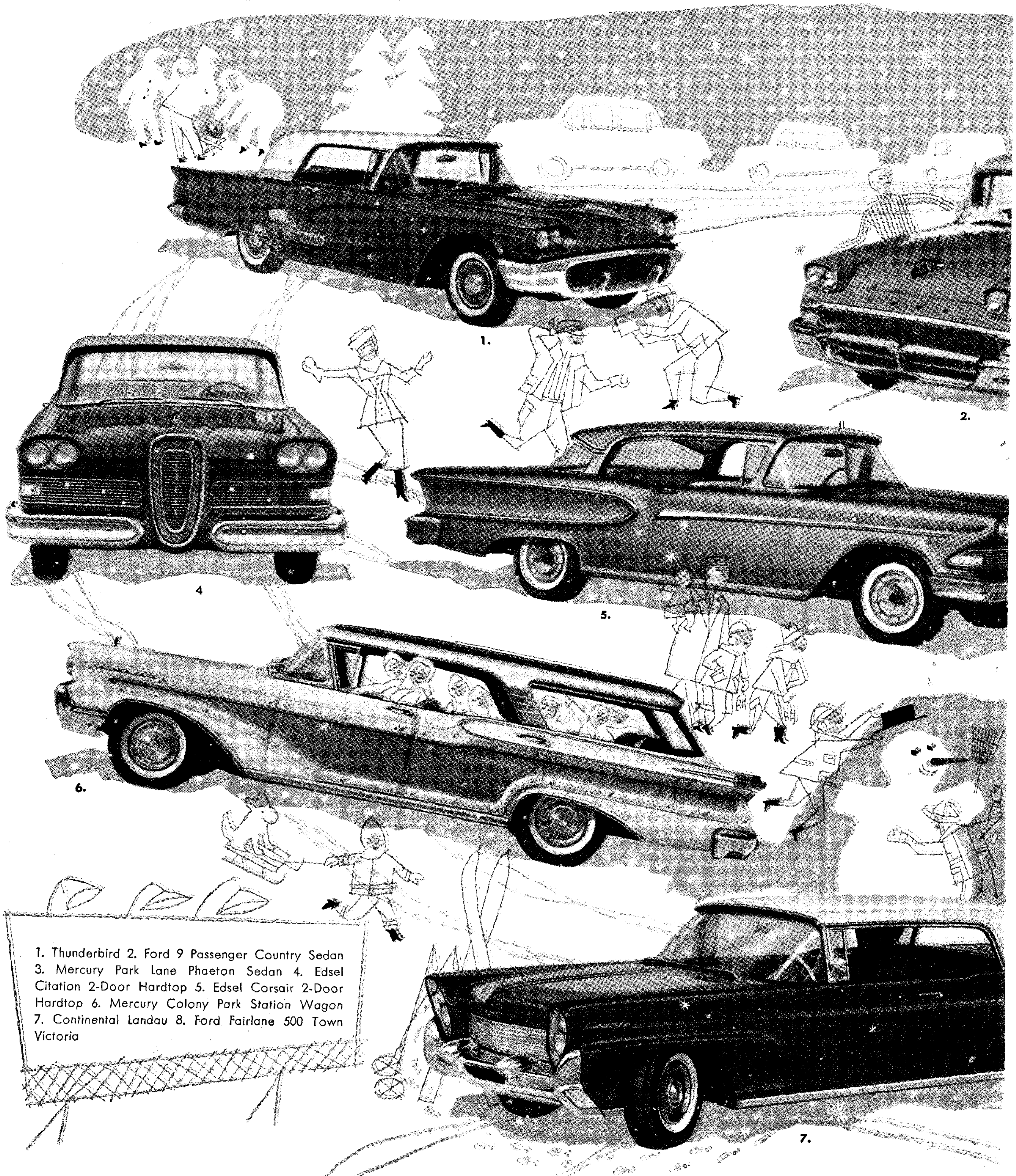

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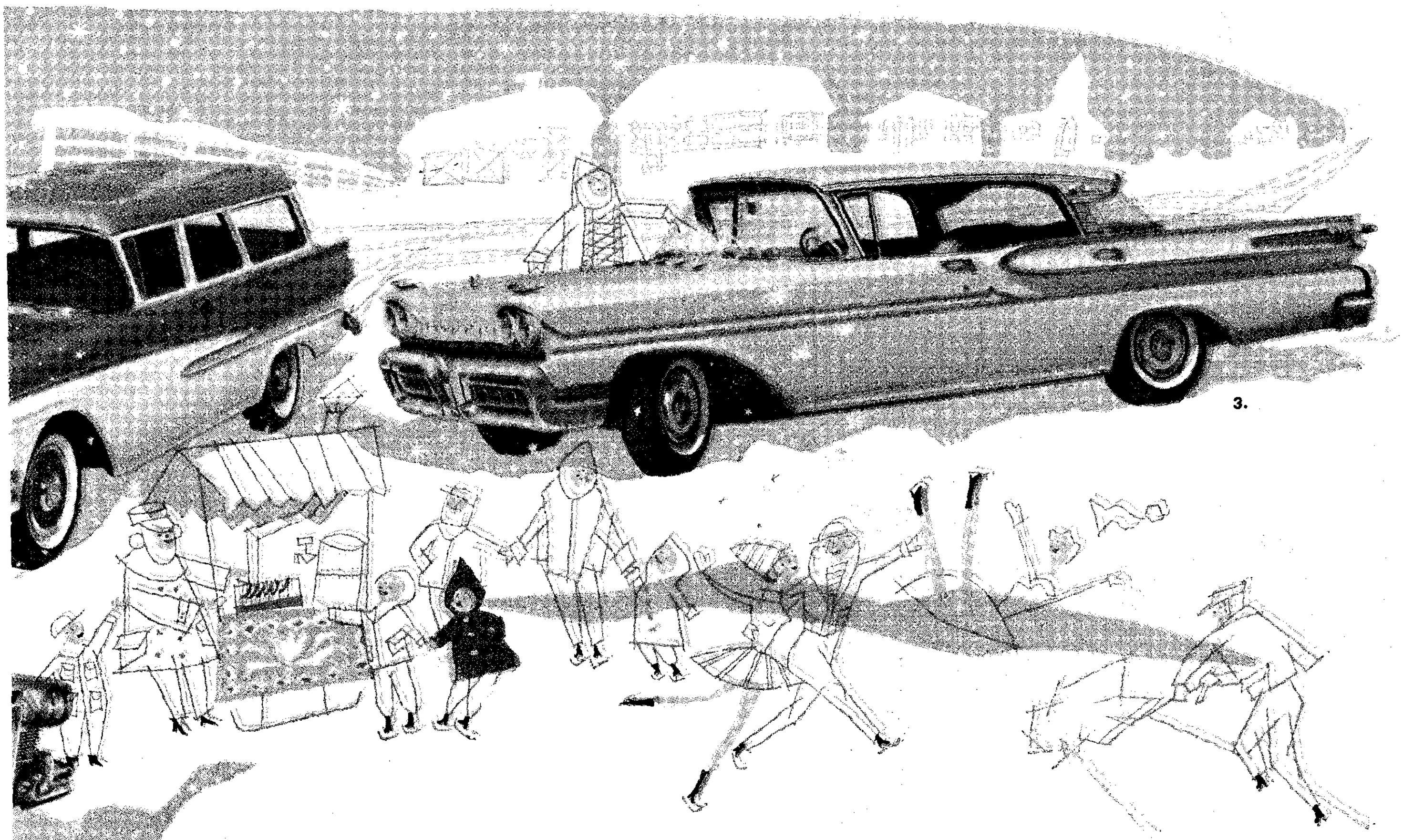

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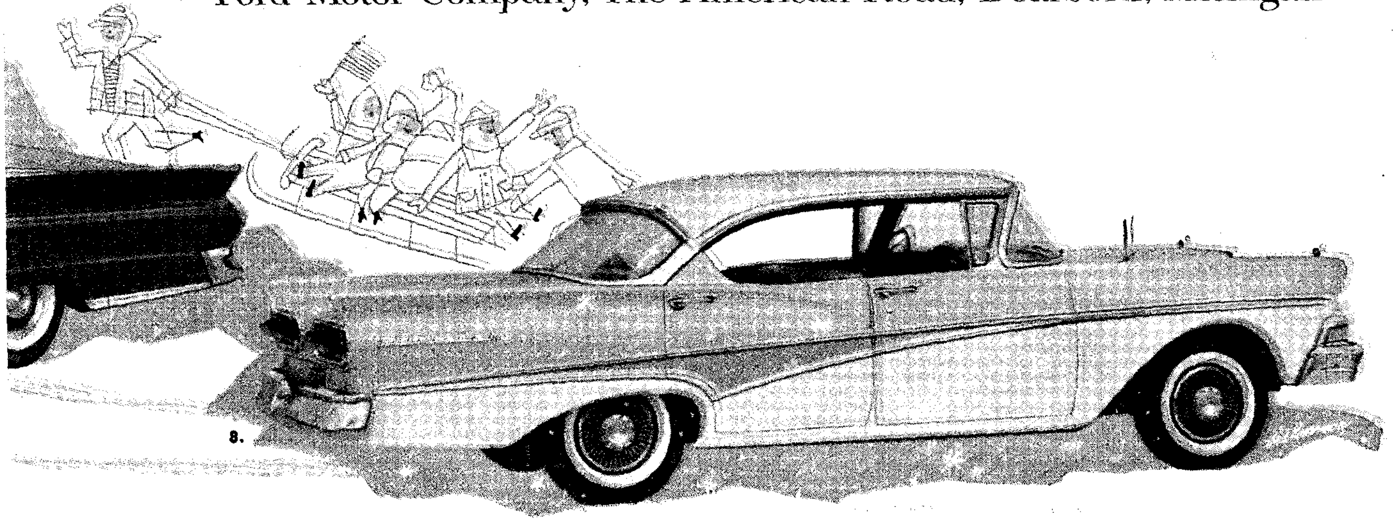

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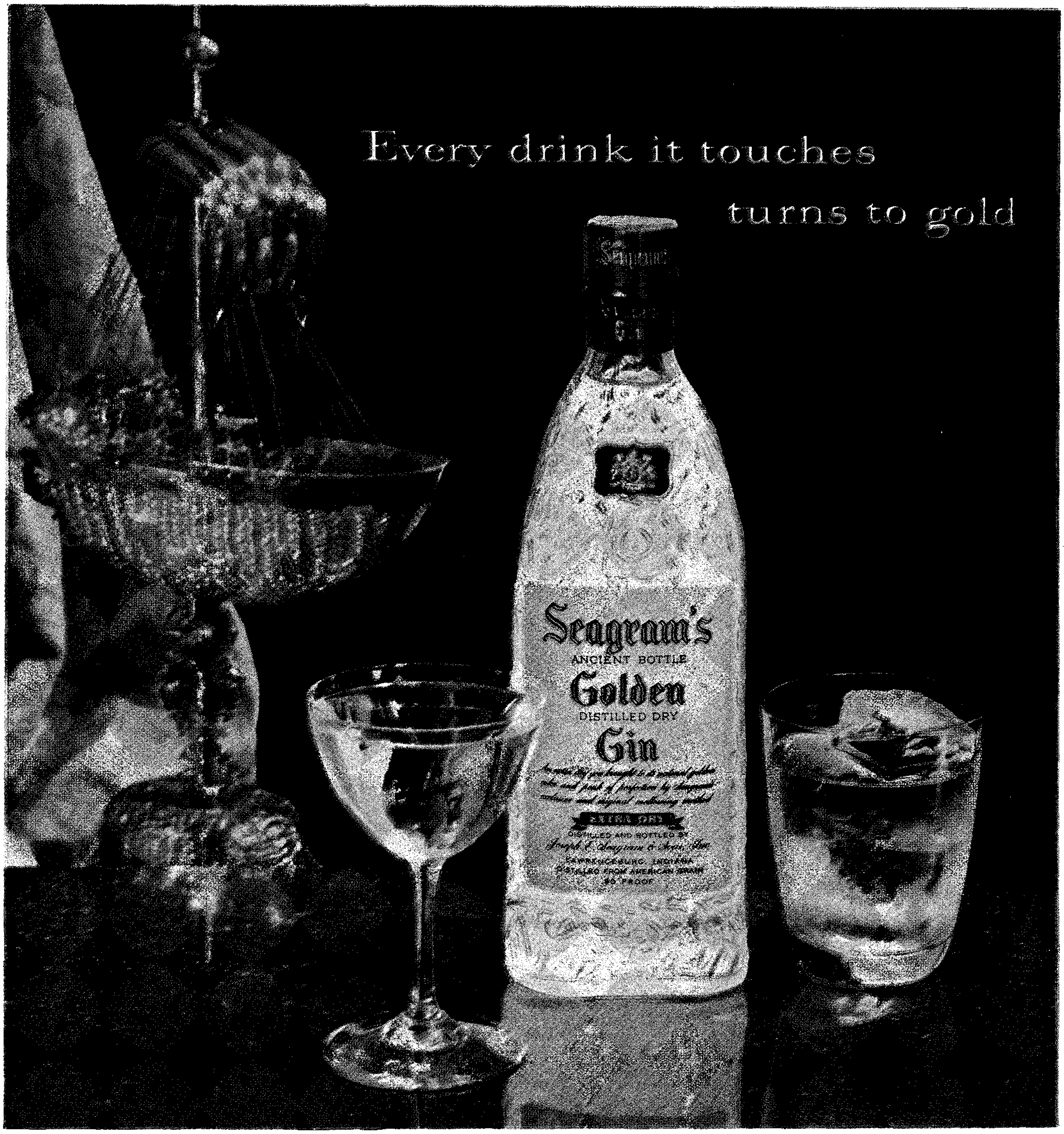
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THE RACE TRACK

Don't Count Your Chickens

NOTHING, I think, could more neatly illustrate the uncertainties of racing than the Widener Handicap at Hialeah last weekend, in which the Brookmeade Stable's Oligarchy brought off a 9–1 chance. Until a few days before the race, Bold Ruler had been almost everybody's choice to win. Then he went lame, and Iron Liege became the favorite. Well, Iron Liege took the lead quickly, with Oh Johnny pressing him, and for a moment it looked as if the Widener would turn out as it was supposed to—the way the McLennan Handicap had turned out two weeks before. As the runners left the backstretch, though, Oligarchy, who had never been far behind, caught up with Iron Liege, and from there almost to the winning post the two went stride for stride; only in the last fifty yards did Oligarchy get out in front. Not for the world would I attempt to rub any of the gilt off Oligarchy's gingerbread, but in my book Iron Liege deserves a big E for effort. He set a fast pace from beginning to end of the mile and a quarter (the time was 2:01⅖), gave the winner seventeen pounds, and lost by a head. As for Oligarchy, who is a four-year-old, he had not done much racing, nor had he had much of a record—four wins in seventeen starts—but the Widener made up for all that, since his share of the purse was $92,800. This was the second Widener victory for Brookmeade (Sunglow won in 1951), and it must have consoled the stable for its near miss in 1955, when Capeador was done out of first money by Hasty Road. By the way, Oligarchy is the first winner of a major stake race to be saddled by Elliott Burch, who took over as Brookmeade's trainer when his father, Preston, fell ill a few months ago. You can be sure it won't be his last.

The Widener was a thrilling, well-contested race, but it wasn't the gala meeting of champions that the management had hoped for. Bardstown, the winner last year, didn't train for it; Gallant Man was scratched weeks ago, because of foot trouble; and then Bold Ruler had his mishap. As the story goes, Bold Ruler was being cooled out after his final serious workout for the

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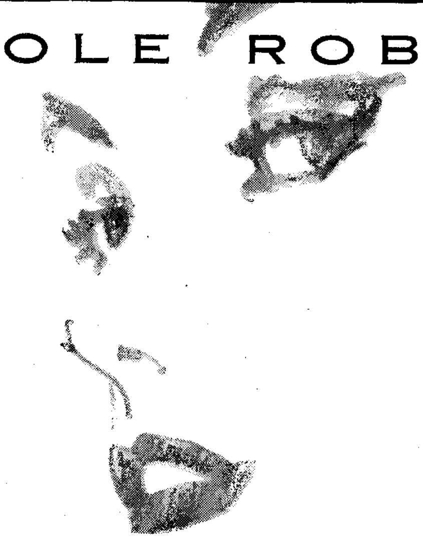

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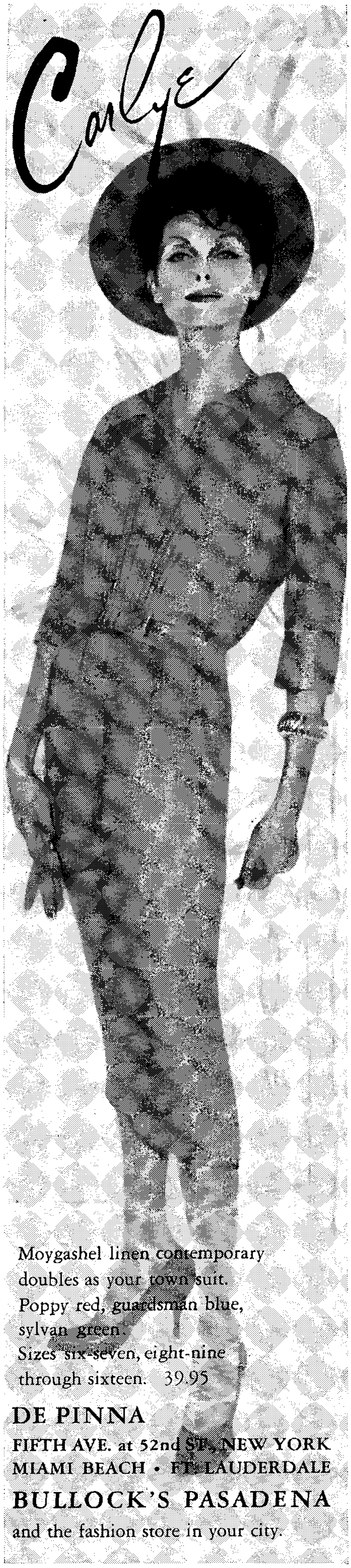

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Widener when he shied at something and his groom snatched him up so sharply that his left front leg was wrenched. Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, insists that the injury is slight, but he won't say when his pet will run again. This, incidentally, was the second time in about a month that Bold Ruler had been withdrawn from a big race at Hialeah; shortly after he began training there, Mr. Fitz declared him out of the McLennan, because there was something wrong with the way he was galloping. It's too bad that the better horses are so brittle.

This week's complaint about the telecasts from Hialeah has to do with the announcer's preoccupation with jockeys after a race. I suppose it is one of television's commandments to interview the winning rider, but it hardly seemed right for the announcer to leave Mrs. Dodge Sloane, who owns Oligarchy, waiting her turn while he carried on a dull, repetitious, and practically endless conversation with Boulmetis, who rode the colt. In my experience, only two of our jockeys, Arcaro and Atkinson, are articulate, and Arcaro doesn't always say what he thinks. It would be interesting if he did.

Arcaro, as you have no doubt heard, rode his four-thousandth winner, a horse named Ban, in the eighth race at Santa Anita the other afternoon. The next day, he flew to Hialeah, and the day after that he rode Mahan in the Widener. He finished last. Only two jockeys have ridden more winners than Arcaro: Longden, who, as this is written, has had 5,093—the most recent of them Tall Chief II, who won the Washington's Birthday Handicap at Santa Anita on Saturday—and Sir Gordon Richards, who had 4,870 when he retired several years ago. It has taken Arcaro twenty-eight years and 20,382 mounts to run up his total. That's roughly one winner in five tries.

Bowie reopened last Saturday, after five days of inaction because of snow, and the most noteworthy items there were a horse named Royal Flavor, who won the second race for a $131.60 mutuel, and the daily double, which paid $1,306.80. Some, at least, of the 11,460 spectators must have been glad they had come. —AUDAX MINOR

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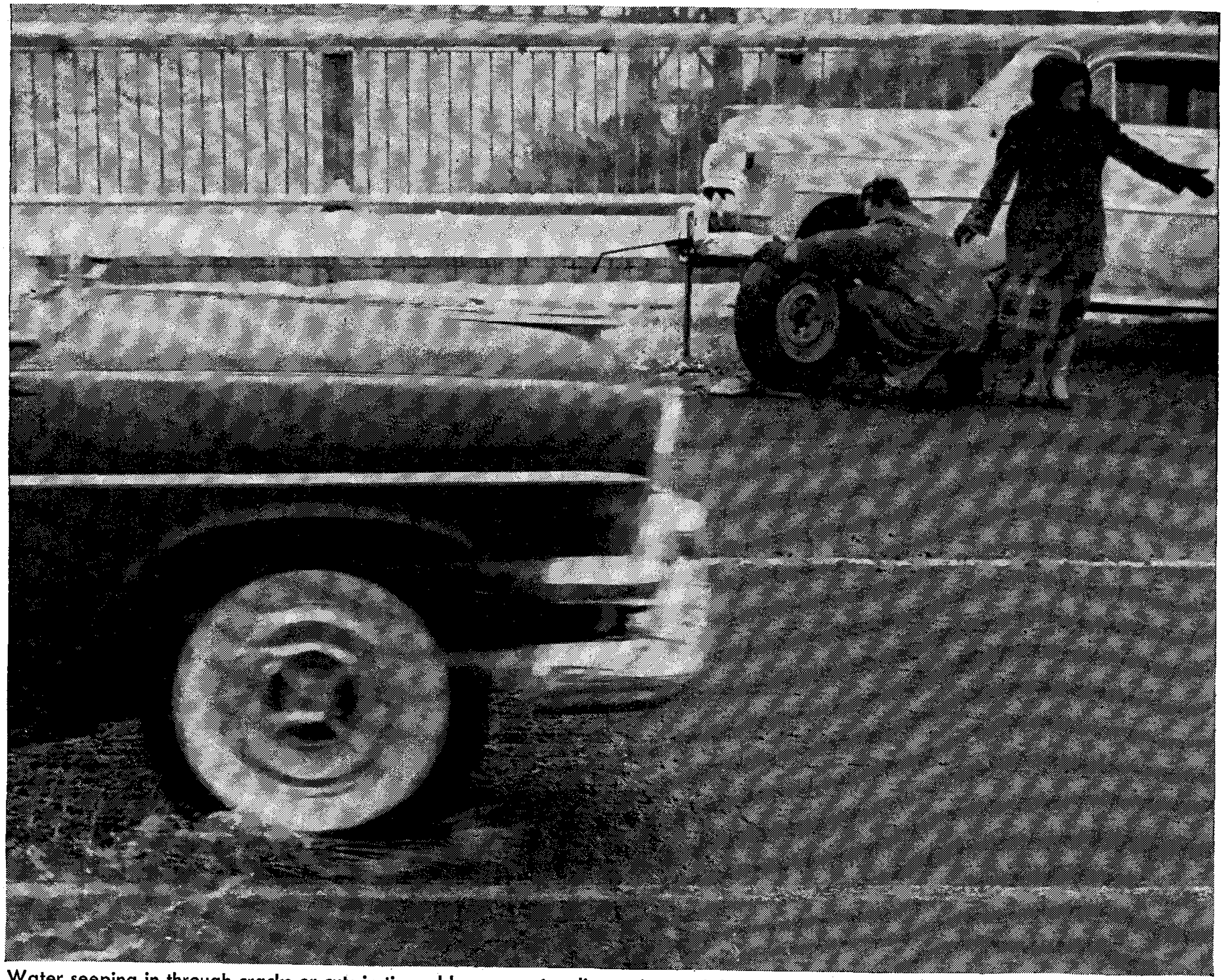

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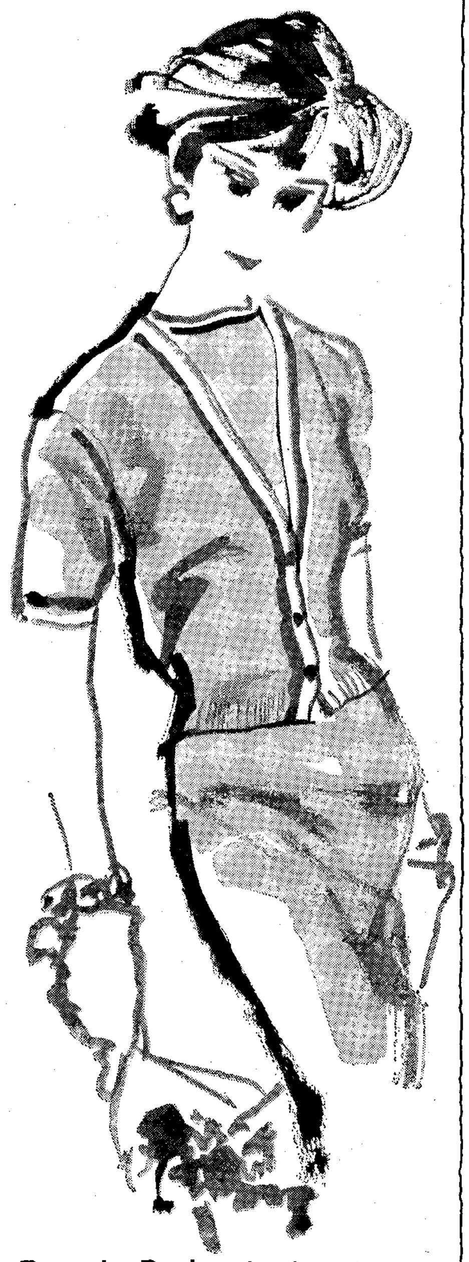

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Cio-Cio-San

THERE seems to be something special about the Japanese woman, at least as she is seen through Western eyes. She may range in intelligence from the great Lady Murasaki to the interminably giggling and simpering geisha of present-day Tokyo, but there is no doubt about her intense femininity, and the literary myth that has grown up around her—if, indeed, it is a myth—depicts her as having capacities for sacrifice and surrender that are perhaps unmatched by women anywhere else. The myth has been celebrated in numerous romances and films, both Japanese and Western, but its most durable manifestation among us is the portrait presented by Puccini in "Madame Butterfly." Though this portrait passed through several Western hands before Puccini gave it its definitive form—it was first a story by John Luther Long, and later became what must have been a dreadfully sentimental play by David Belasco—it retains a very appealing quality that one can associate only with Japan. Owing largely to the catchiness and highly charged emotionalism of Puccini's music, the portrait can at times seem a bit overpowering, and in thousands of bad performances it has been reduced to an almost unbearable orgy of masochism and mush, but while one may cavil occasionally at the somewhat too easy and unabashed bathos of the score, the portrait is actually a quite subtle and skillful one. There are touches in it—for example, the descending cadence at the end of the love duet "Viene la sera," delineating in just two notes the whole essence of Cio-Cio-San's gracious and vulnerable personality—that arise from pure genius in the depiction of female character; whatever one may think of them simply as music, they are unquestionably musical theatre of the most inspired sort.

In the revival of "Madame Butterfly"—an entirely new production—at the Metropolitan Opera House last week, these touches exerted their full magic, and the opera became a beautifully restrained and truly moving affair. The main reason was that the portrait was more carefully etched than it generally is, so that all its details stood out with exemplary clarity. A Japanese scenic designer, Mr. Motohiro Nagasaka, had been imported for the occasion and gave a typically Japanese atmosphere to his really charming sets, and the opera's action was supervised, with almost microscopic solicitude, by a Japanese director, Mr. Yoshio Aoyama, who has had a distinguished career at the famous Kabukiza, in Tokyo. As a result of Mr. Aoyama's painstaking craftsmanship, all the little elements of Japanese formality, etiquette, and habits of movement emerged with striking realism, the lesser characters had an authentically Japanese quality seldom encountered in Western opera houses, and the formality itself served as a brake on the uninhibited Italian fervor of the score, lending the whole thing an unusual air of reserve and dignity.

What Mr. Aoyama did with Antonietta Stella, who sang the role of Cio-Cio-San, was nothing short of a miracle. I had heard Miss Stella before, in various roles, and she had impressed me as a handsome and pleasing but rather ordinary Italian soprano. Under Mr. Aoyama's direction, however, this particular role had evidently presented her with a special challenge, and she had worked out every gesture and every emotional nuance with the utmost fidelity to both its dramatic meaning and its national background. I have never seen anywhere a more convincing portrayal of the role, and while Miss Stella sang her phrases beautifully, the ingredient that made her performance unique was its extraordinary theatrical subtlety. I wish I could say as much for the Sharpless of Mario Zanasi and the Pinkerton of Eugenio Fernandi—a young Italian tenor who was making his Metropolitan début. Perhaps the management should have got an Occidental director to infuse the sort of authority into these American roles that Mr. Aoyama gave to the Japanese ones. The fact is that while Mr. Zanasi and Mr. Fernandi have very agreeable voices, they are as innocent of acting ability as opera singers are often apt to be, and their conception of dramatic gesture is limited for the most part to the outstretched hand—a rhetorical movement that never fails to remind me of somebody casually seeking to determine whether it is raining. In "Madame Butterfly," however, it is Cio-Cio-San who holds the center of the stage, and in view of Miss Stella's stunning performance, the relative woodenness of the Anglo-Saxon impersonations was unimportant. Margaret Roggero sang superbly in the subsidiary role of Suzuki, and although Dimitri Mitropoulos now and then missed the suavity and grace inherent in the music, he conducted things, on the whole, with great dedication. Taken altogether, this version of "Madame Butterfly" is one of the most effective productions in the Metropolitan repertory, and I urge all opera enthusiasts to see it before, as is inevitable, its exquisite polish wears off.

THE art of rubato, or the occasional alteration of tempo for expressive purposes, was once one of the most admired features of musical performance. During the nineteenth century, and before that, it was freely applied in the interpretation of even the most formal types of classical music. But since the time of Toscanini—an artist who used it sparingly or not at all—it has tended to fall out of fashion, and the current attitude toward it has become almost puritanical. I don't know whether this change is an advance or not. Certainly exaggerated rubato is always in bad taste, but it is just as certain that Beethoven, for example, would be greatly surprised at the rigidity with which his music is presented today. I was reminded of this the other evening while listening to some compositions played by the Philadelphia Orchestra in Carnegie Hall, under the baton of Paul Kletzki, a conductor who evidently believes in the older tradition. A skilled maestro from the technical standpoint, Mr. Kletzki conducted Brahms' Fourth Symphony with a sort of elasticity rarely heard nowadays, giving it a Germanic air of romanticism that I found rather pleasant, as a change, though I'm sure many younger listeners considered the interpretation somewhat old-fashioned. Mr. Kletzki continued his program with Honegger's Second Symphony and Debussy's "La Mer," neither of which emerged with the distinction of his Brahms. In any event, I thought his approach to the Brahms symphony quite eloquent, and in searching my memory for a comparable approach I had to go all the way back to the days of Willem Mengelberg.—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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proached elsewhere, is—in its subtle way—one of the supreme triumphs of operatic art. The principal artists in this recording—Sena Jurinac, Christa Ludwig, Rita Streich, Walter Berry, and Paul Schöffler—are all magnificent, but the effect does not depend so much on pure vocal beauty as it does on perfection of phraseological style and an intimacy in which the most delicate dramatic inflections grace a score that is performed with the scrupulousness and the control characteristic of the best chamber music. The ensembles and the orchestral and choral work, under Karl Böhm (the orchestra is the Vienna Symphony and the chorus is the Vienna State Opera's), are wonderfully crisp, and the soloists sing with elegance and such attention to dramatic nuance that Mozart's great and sophisticated music drama seems like real life rather than merely an opera. The sound reproduction, moreover, is so clear that every gasp and sigh is evident—so faithful, in fact, that you can almost hear a soprano smile.

AMONG the recent crop of recordings of piano music, a Victor album, "The Five Beethoven Concertos," performed by Artur Rubinstein and the Symphony of the Air under the baton of Josef Krips, stands out. Mr. Rubinstein is not only a superb technician but the possessor of the elusive magic that identifies the true virtuoso, and Mr. Krips, if not quite as celebrated as he deserves to be, is one of the more authoritative and eloquent of current Beethoven conductors. Their joint endeavors in this album are a monumental achievement, though the quality of sound leaves something to be desired.

Two other new Beethoven concerto recordings compete with Mr. Rubinstein's versions. Concerto No. 2, Opus 19, performed by Glenn Gould and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra under Leonard Bernstein (Columbia), scarcely suffers by the comparison, for Mr. Gould is an extraordinarily fastidious pianist, and—technically, at least—fully the equal of Mr. Rubinstein. The "Emperor" Concerto, played by the Russian pianist Emil Gilels and the London Philharmonia under Leopold Ludwig (Angel), is, I am afraid, not in the running, for Mr. Gilels, though a pianist of striking prowess in some departments, appears to lack the refinement and insight necessary for this great work.

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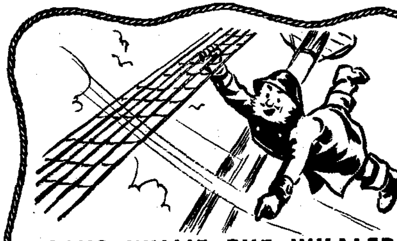

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attention is labelled simply "Chopin-Liszt-Kentner" (Capitol). It consists of several short piano pieces—some well known, some not—played by Louis Kentner, the Hungarian pianist who made a sensational New York début fifteen months ago. None of this music is particularly profound, but he performs it with such charm and such an understanding of the lyric niceties of the nineteenth-century piano style that the result is pure necromancy.

THIS paragraph should perhaps be designated "for violin enthusiasts only," since it concerns the development of the tradition of heroic violinistic showpieces during the late nineteenth century, mainly under Slavic auspices, a tradition that today is apt to appeal to a special audience—the kind that is thrilled simply by lush tone and agile pyrotechnics. Some of these showpieces, such as Wieniawski's Second Violin Concerto (recorded for Columbia by Isaac Stern and the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy) and the Tchaikovsky Violin Concerto (recorded for Victor by Jascha Heifetz and the Chicago Symphony under Fritz Reiner), are compositions of real musical distinction. Others, such as the B-Minor Concerto and Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso of Saint-Saëns (recorded for Epic by Arthur Grumiaux and the Lamoureux Orchestra of Paris under Jean Fournet), are rather tiresome. Westminster has enterprisingly dug up three works that are unknown, or almost unknown, to American audiences—the Violin Concerto, Opus 88, by the Czech Josef Bohuslav Foerster (recorded by Igor Bezrodny); the Violin Concerto, Opus 8, by the Pole Mechislav Karlovich (recorded by Galina Barinova); and a Violin Concerto by the contemporary Georgian Alexei Machavariani (recorded by Mikhail Vaiman). Three Russian orchestras—the Moscow Symphony, the State Symphony, and the State Radio Orchestra—are also involved. Mr. Machavariani's composition proves that the tradition is as alive as ever in Russia, and the soloists all prove that Russia is still turning out the sort of violinists who can brilliantly maintain it. In fact, I find all the performances under discussion wholly admirable, and slightly monotonous.

One further note: Two Brahms Sonatas for Violin and Piano have been recorded for Angel by Gioconda de Vito and Edwin Fischer. These are more profound music, perhaps, but Miss de Vito is not the equal of Mr. Fischer in

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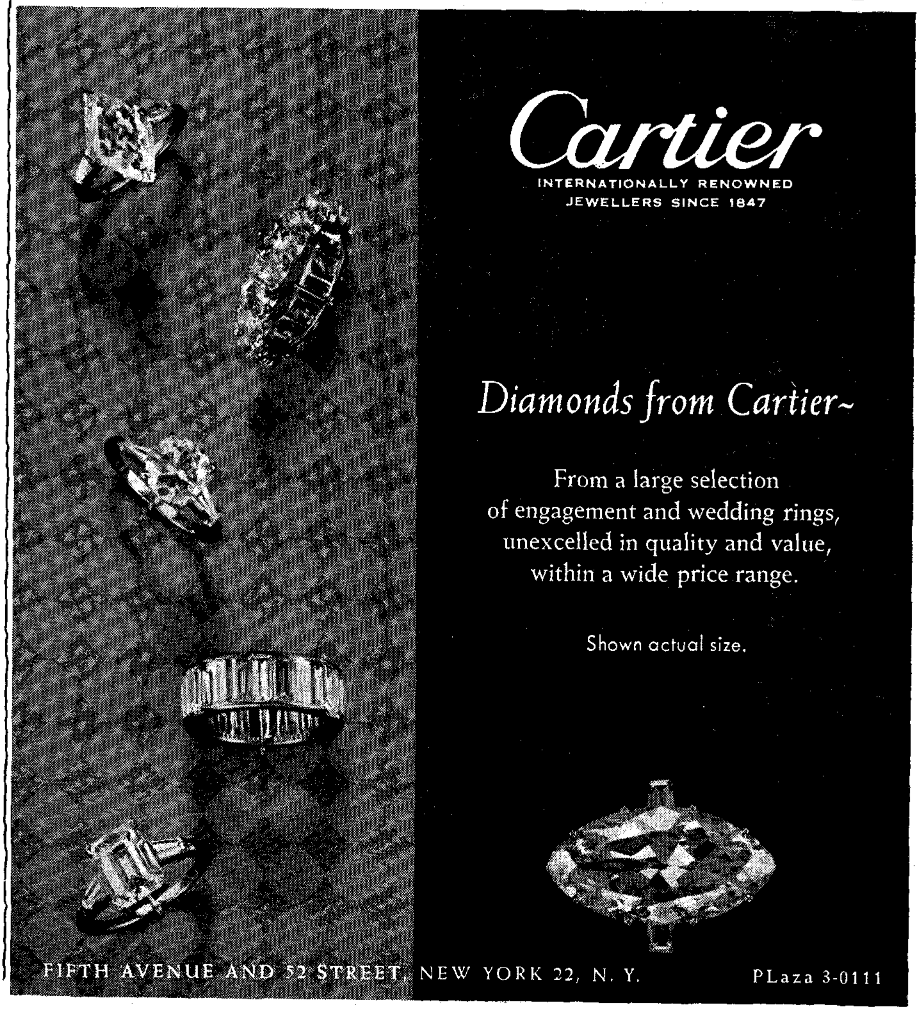
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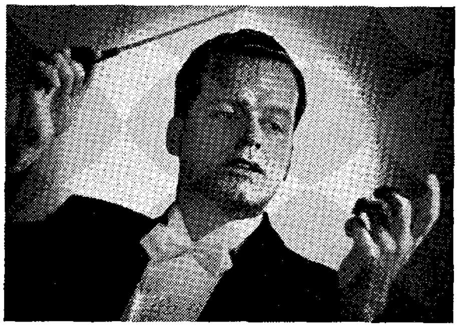

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subtlety, and the recording emphasizes the violin at the expense of the piano.

A MISCELLANEOUS batch of recordings remain to be dealt with. Eduard van Beinum and the Amsterdam Concertgebouw have done what is probably the best available version of Anton Bruckner's Ninth Symphony (Epic), though to me it sounds a little dry and inexpressive in comparison with van Beinum's earlier recordings of Bruckner's Seventh and Eighth. The complete score of Delibes's ballet "Coppélia" has come out in an altogether delightful performance by Ernest Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande (London). Reinhold Glière's mammoth fairy-tale symphony "Ilya Murometz," a refreshing piece of Russian theatricality and exuberance, has appeared in two versions, one by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia), the other by Leopold Stokowski and the Houston Symphony (Capitol). Mr. Stokowski, I think, has the edge on drama, but Mr. Ormandy has a slightly more brilliant orchestra. Finally, Angel has issued Ernst von Dohnányi's Piano Concerto No. 2, along with his "Variations on a Nursery Tune," played by the Royal Philharmonic, under Sir Adrian Boult, with the composer himself at the piano. Dohnányi's reputation has been overshadowed in recent years by his more fashionable Hungarian contemporaries Béla Bartók and Zoltán Kodály. I wonder whether this situation will continue indefinitely. Anyhow, his music is sober, original, melodious, and expressive in a style comparable to Rachmaninoff's, and he plays it very well indeed. —W. S.

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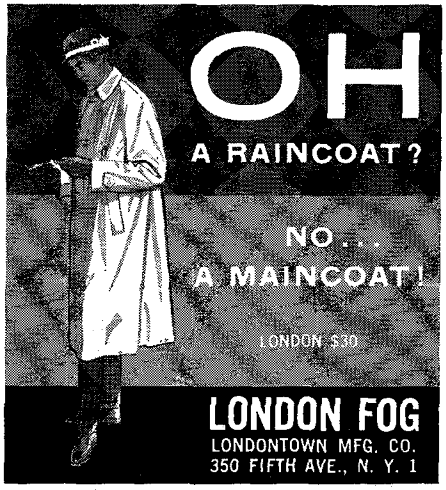

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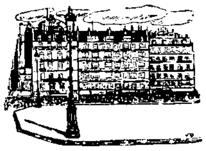
LETTER FROM PARIS

FEBRUARY 19



A HUNDRED years ago, at dawn on February 11th, Bernadette Soubirous, aged fourteen, daughter of the poorest family in the meagre Pyrenees village of Lourdes, was out gathering firewood with her sister and a little neighbor girl on the bank of the Gave de Pau when she heard a sound like a high wind and saw across the stream in the grotto of Massabielle "*une petite demoiselle*," no bigger than herself, as she later declared to the local police, but "luminous." Beneath her white robe, her feet were "ornamented with yellow roses, probably gold." The *demoiselle* asked Bernadette to return there at daybreak for the next fifteen days. This was the first of eighteen visions that Bernadette had of "the Lady" over a period of six months. Talk of the apparition brought such country mobs to the grotto as to alarm the government of Napoleon III. But even Napoleon's Attorney General found nothing in the penal code to invoke against a gathering of crowds attracted merely by news of a miracle. This year's centenary at Lourdes for St. Bernadette—she was canonized at St. Peter's, in Rome, in 1933—which began last week on February 11th in the pouring rain, before fifty thousand international pilgrims (there was a large group from Buffalo, New York), will be the great religious celebration of the century in France, held in the greatest pilgrimage center in Christendom today, if only in terms of actual pilgrims seeking grace or healing. Paris papers have been full of Lourdes news, such as that on one day of the opening week sixty thousand faithful took part in a day-long outdoor service celebrated by three hundred priests, and that the pilgrimage for paralytics will take place during the first week in April. Or the papers reprint the story of Bernadette's life and her martyrdoms. Paris priests have been featuring her in their Sunday sermons. In myriad unhappy deeply Catholic homes where there is an incurable or dying invalid, hopes for a Lourdes miracle are naturally stronger than ever this year, Bernadette being regarded as the most efficacious and popular little French saint, far and away ahead of her youthful rival, the newcomer St. Thérèse of Lisieux, whose fame only

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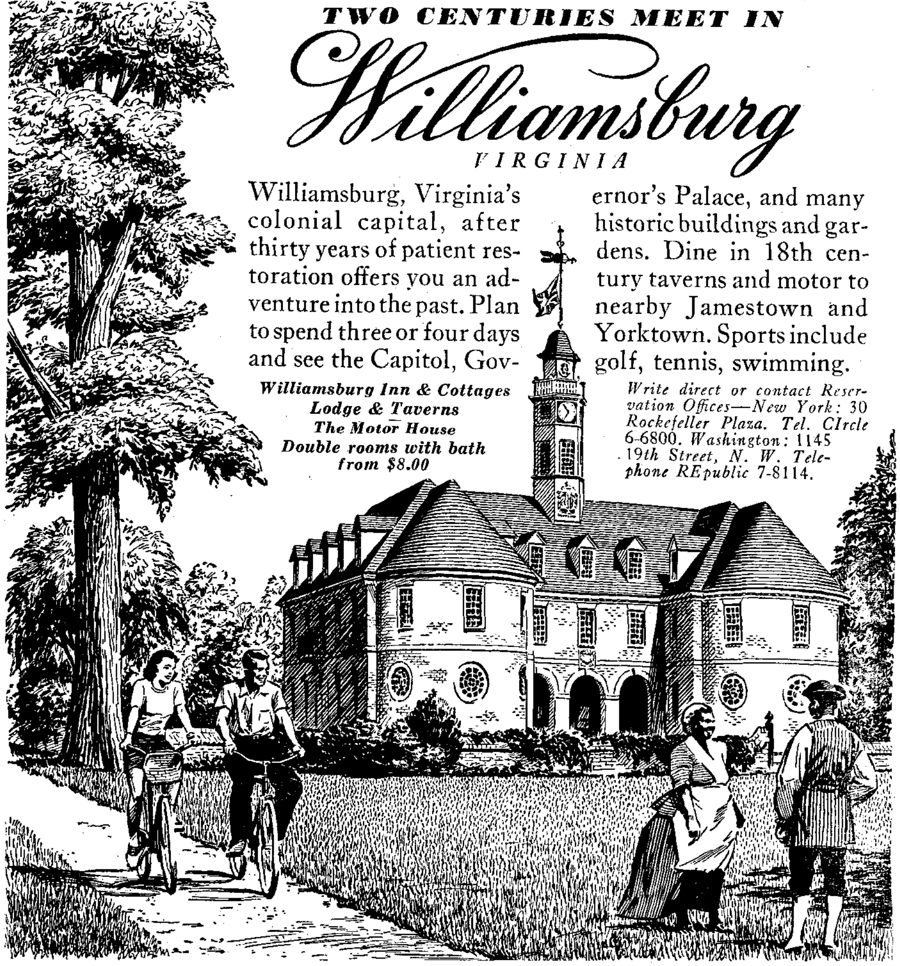

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began during the First World War.

Ten million pilgrims are expected by the end of autumn. For the necessary new buildings to handle them, the Catholic Church has reportedly spent the equivalent of twelve million dollars, part of it borrowed in regular commercial loans from French and Italian banks, putting up as security the pilgrims' alms, which never fail. On a hill above the town is the huge new hostel of St. Peter, for those so poor they cannot even pay for their lodgings. The most spectacular creation is the modernist Basilica of St. Pius X, constructed entirely underground of pre-stressed concrete, with a four-sided altar in the center and a floor surface twice as big as that of Notre Dame in Paris. As more worldly investments by mere laymen, there are up-to-date hotels, many bearing the names of saints, though one is called Hotel Golgotha and another is advertised as the Hotel of Seven Agonies, *avec tout confort moderne.* In Bernadette's time, Lourdes did not even have a railroad. Now it is served not only by a railroad but by an expanded neighboring airport, near Tarbes. Vatican City is printing three new centenary postage stamps, which show the apparition of the Virgin, a sick pilgrim sitting in a chair and viewing the sacred grotto, and Bernadette kneeling in prayer. Though the only Catholic French political party, the Mouvement Républicain Populaire, also demanded something of this sort, the notion was quashed by the Secretary of State for Postal Services, who is a Socialist and therefore anticlerical. As a result, there will simply be a reissue of an old Lourdes stamp, but at an increased price—twenty francs—so it can be used on postcards addressed outside of France, which the Post Office figures will constitute the pilgrims' main correspondence. The church question always being the major quarrel between Socialists and Popular Republicans, and this being a year of senatorial and cantonal elections, the Gaillard government, which depends on both parties for its risky majority, has by its Lourdes-stamp compromise tried to keep the religious fight at a minimum.

In Bernadette's eighth vision—the first seventeen came in an ecstatic rush up to March 25th—she discovered the grotto's spring, whose waters have supposedly supplied the fifty-four miracles of healing that, over the hundred years, are all that the strict, cautious modern Catholic Church has officially hailed. With due decorum, doctors today say that in a way it is miraculous that the icy water in the pool, in

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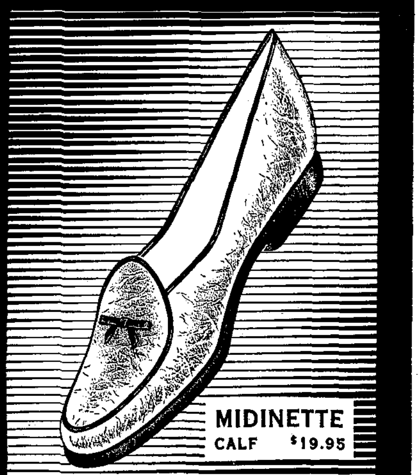

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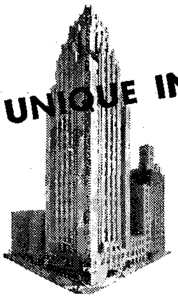

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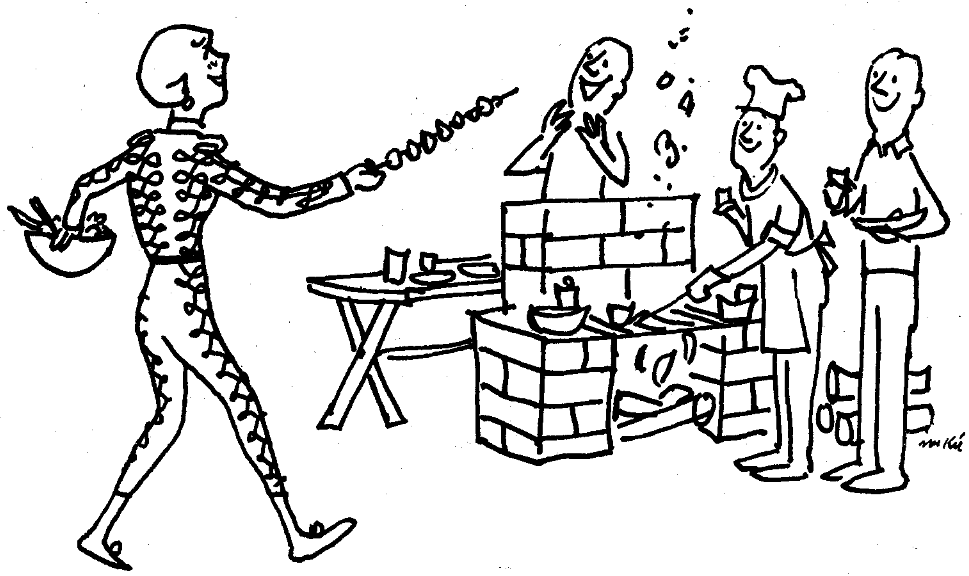

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which hundreds of sick pilgrims are immersed and which is changed only twice daily, has never given rise to an epidemic.

Though the local prefect for Lourdes passed an order against visionaries generally, with a view to clapping Bernadette in a lunatic asylum, the Bishop of Tarbes in 1863 declared that the faithful were "justified in believing certainly" in her eighteen visions of the Virgin, and the church that the Lady had demanded was shortly built. Unhappily, eight years after the first apparition, the poor, ignorant peasant girl—who throughout her visions was still backward in her catechism—was sent forever from her Pyrenees Mountains to become a nun in the city of Nevers, in the fashionable convent of St. Gildard. (Her black-robed body, with her face covered by a wax mask that seems an excellent likeness of her strong, dark Basque features as they appear in early photos of her, lies today before the conventual altar in a glass sarcophagus, trimmed with four hundred kilograms of pure gold and worshipped in perpetual adoration by the order.) But the Second Empire nuns were ladies of high degree, who, historians now declare, gave Bernadette short shrift, humiliating her to the day of her death, at the age of thirty-five, lest she suffer from the sin of pride at having been raised above herself. She had, it seems, begged humble duties, such as cleaning the sacristy or nursing, naïvely stating, "My main employment is in being sick." She was asthmatic and long agonized by tuberculosis of the bone. Six years after her first vision, a Lyon sculptor made a statue of the Virgin—still in the grotto—by following her textual description, which had been circulated to the Lourdes constabulary and is preserved in its records: "Eyes, blue. Smile, ineffable. Carries a rosary of white beads on her right arm. Talks in patois with extreme politeness." Bernadette later said to the artist critically, "When you see the original in Heaven, you will be disappointed in that statue of yours."

That the Virgin, in her gracious universality, had spoken in the local patois—the only language that the then unschooled Bernadette understood—instead of in the academic French of the Théâtre Français, is still a startling revelation to the general public, to judge from the stir made by a centenary phonograph record, just put on sale, which quotes the dialogues as they were reported to, and by, the Second Empire government officials. For instance, in

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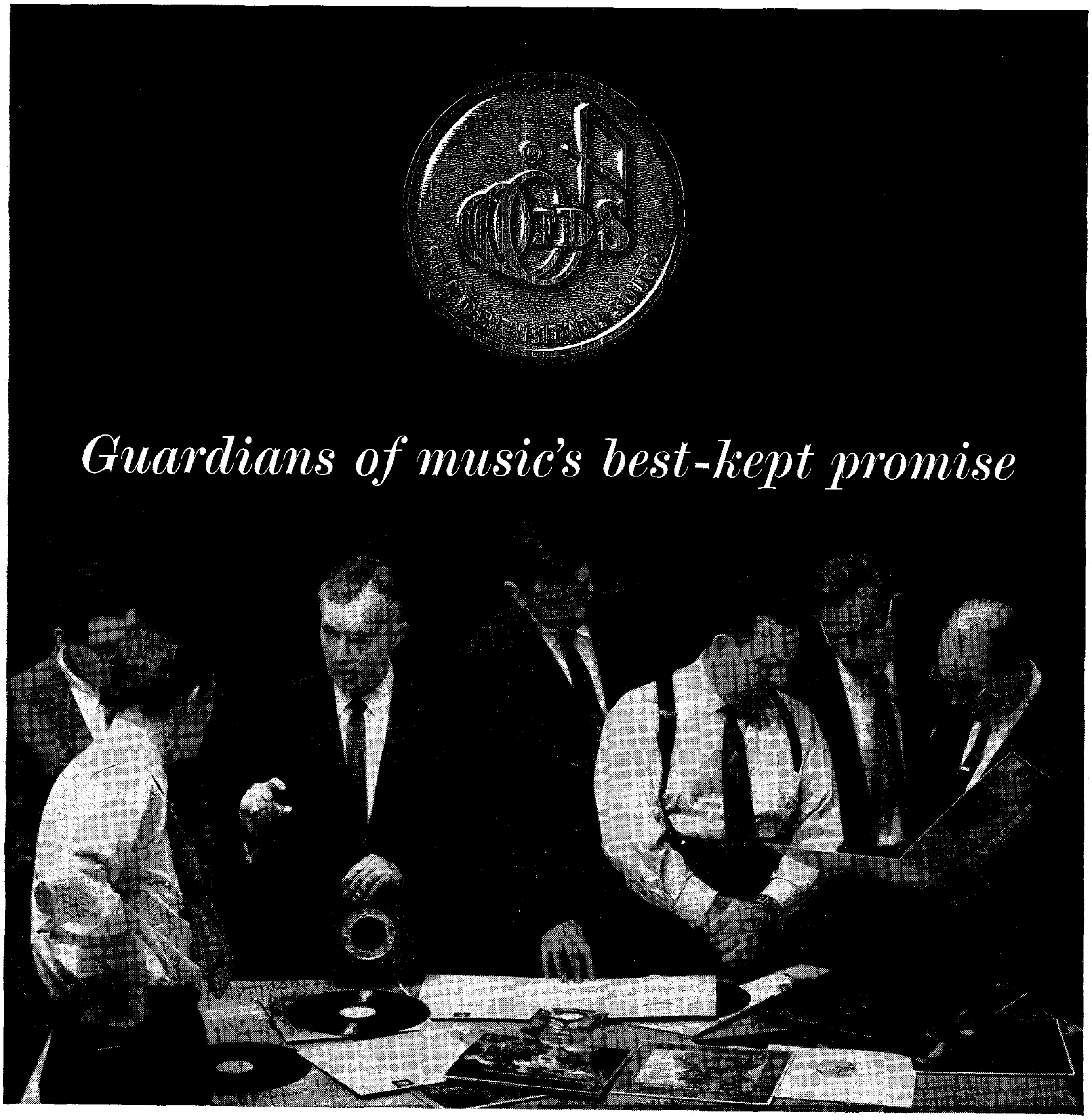
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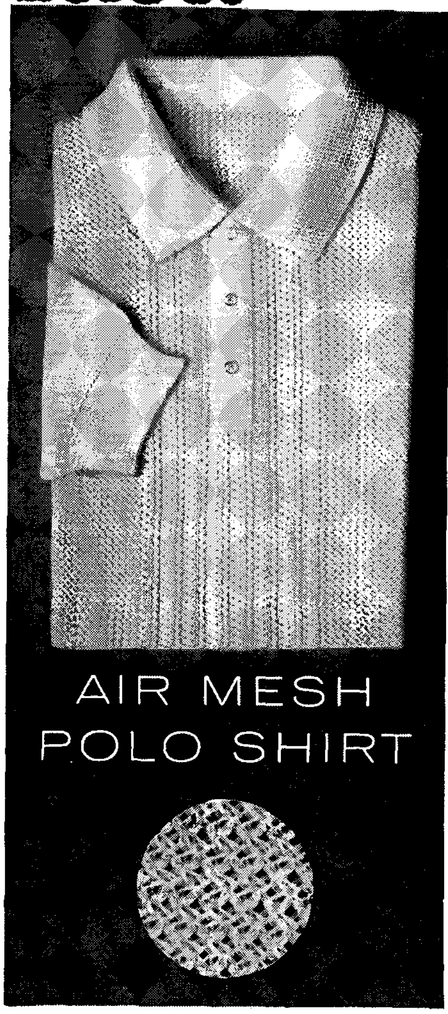

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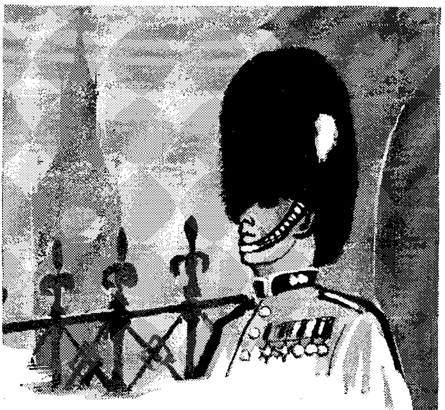
answer to the girl's insistent question as to who the vision really was—information that had been demanded by her suspicious Lourdes priest—the Virgin's doctrinal answer was "*Que soy era Immacubade Councepcion*," instead of "*Je suis l'Immaculée Conception*." The patois lines of Bernadette are spoken on the record by Brigitte Fossey, who became celebrated as the little girl in the film "Jeux Interdits."

TWO elderly Frenchmen of legendary international fame have just died, the more mystical having been the artist Georges Rouault, aged eighty-six. His graphic series "Miserere," begun forty years ago, made him famous as a reporter on poverty and man's injustice to man. In a poem in argot called "Divertissement," published during the war in a de-luxe edition by Tériade, Rouault related how he had been born in the working quarter of Belleville, during the siege of the Paris Commune. At the age of fourteen, he was apprenticed to a glassworker, soldering lead. This technique of black outlines surrounding rich, vitreous colors became his later art style. At first, he painted the buffoons and barkers of street circuses, fat ladies, and trollops, and was not unresemblant to Daumier, or even to Goya. Later, his Christian exaltation led him to Biblical subjects, such as gigantic heads of Jesus and an Old Testament king, many of which were copied in tapestry. In 1917, he met the powerful art merchant Ambroise Vollard, who from then on handled his output. After Vollard's death, in 1939, Rouault became involved in a bitter lawsuit with Vollard's heirs, which he won and which restored to him eight hundred canvases earlier ceded to the art merchant. Rouault now considered many of them unworthy work, unsuited for public sale, and in 1948, in an almost incalculable financial sacrifice, he burned over three hundred of them in a factory furnace—the most startling holocaust fired by an artistic conscience in modern art annals.

The other demise was that of the old Communist leader Marcel Cachin, aged eighty-eight. He was the real founder of the French Communist Party, which, because of France's prestige, has been the most powerful anti-republican influence in Western Europe over the last forty years. A strong, radical member of the French Socialist Party, he was sent in 1919, during the Left Wing political perplexities caused in Europe by the two-year-old Russian Revolution, as his party's delegate to Moscow, to see if



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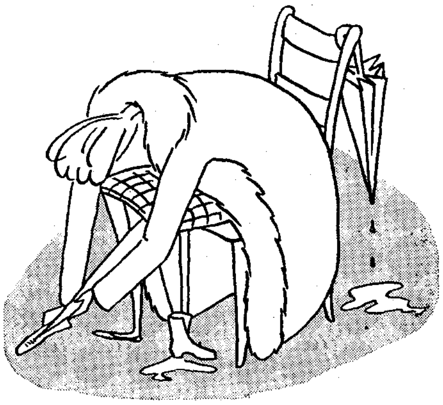
the aims of the Third International could be considered worthy of the Socialists' fraternal affiliation; since their doctrine was evolution, rather than revolution, this was almost tantamount to offering the bloodstained Bolsheviks a civilized European helping hand in their new experiment. In Russia, Cachin was converted. He came back to France with a surprising counter-offer—the Bolsheviks would generously permit the Socialists to hang on to the tail of their Russian kite if, among other sacrifices, they would throw out Jean Longuet, the French grandson of Karl Marx, whom the Muscovites considered a traitor to the family because he was such an ardent pacifist. In 1920 took place what is still called the Schism of Tours—the name of the provincial town where the Socialist delegates held that year's annual caucus. There, faced with Cachin's fiery proselytizing for the new doctrine of Communism, more than three thousand of the delegates voted, in agreement with him, to join with the Soviets, as against a mere thousand who elected to remain Socialist and French. The enfeebled Socialists were shepherded back to Paris by an obscure delegate—a refined, bourgeois, intellectual Jew, until then known only as a literary and theatre critic, who, though a Socialist by conviction, had always avoided serious party responsibilities. His name was Léon Blum. Cachin also returned to Paris, but to found the French Communist Party. As its leading firebrand, he was imprisoned for his anti-French attitude toward France's occupation of the Ruhr, and later for inciting French soldiers to mutiny in the Riff War. In Parliament, his insulting oratory led to exceptionally violent, noisy scenes. After 1924, he was an almost continuous Communist deputy from Paris, except for a brief period, beginning in 1935, when he became the first Communist senator—a mandate that was taken from him after the outbreak of the Second World War, because of the Russo-German pact. He



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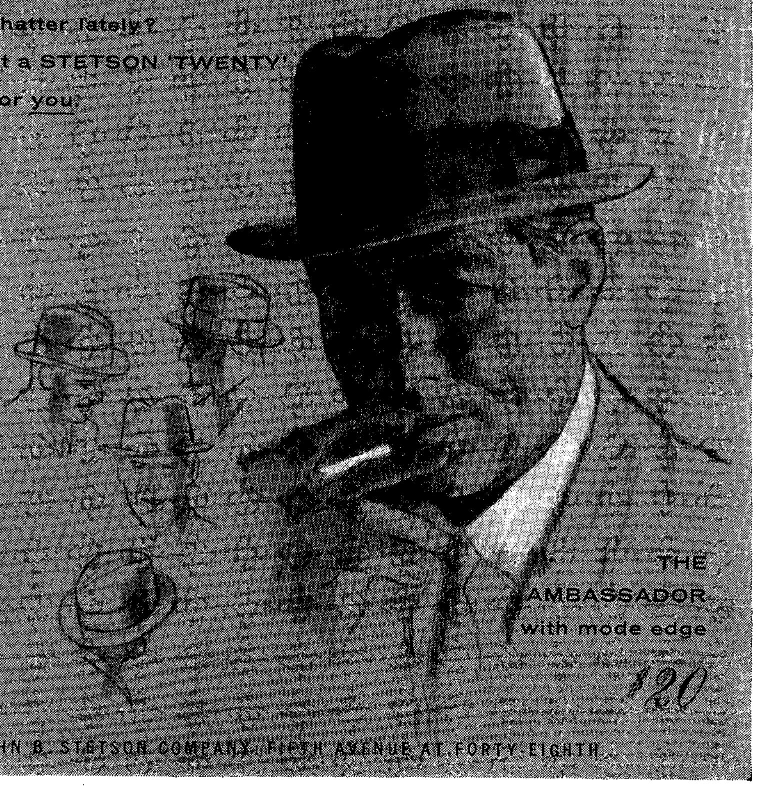

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was a university graduate in philosophy who had become a schoolteacher, but once the Communist Party was founded, he remained for the rest of his life one of its dominant administrative figures. As the oldest deputy, he for years opened each new session of Parliament with the traditional speech of welcome. With his death, the new *doyen* deputy will, ironically, be the eighty-two-year-old ultraconservative church canon Félix Kir—Cachin's perfect opposite number.

THE Parliamentary debate on the tragic French bombing of the Tunisian border town of Sakiet-Sidi-Youssef, with its resultant deaths of children in school and women in the market place, destroyed Red Cross trucks, and inflamed international opinion, was a hangdog, ill-at-ease affair, with the visitors' gallery packed and everyone, including the deputies, waiting for vital questions, which, when asked, were not answered. The two main, natural inquiries were: Would indemnities be paid for the civilian Tunisian victims, and who on the French side had been responsible for—and thus guilty of—the attack? At well past midnight, after a day's uncomfortable debate, Premier Gaillard evasively declared, to an irate Right Wing deputy who considered it "scandalous even to mention compensation to traitors like those Tunisians," that some kind of compensation might possibly be mentioned in connection with other matters to be talked over later with the Tunisian government. As for who had been to blame—the government or the Army—for that day at Sakiet, he said merely, "It is clear that the government recognizes no guilt as being attached to this affair." The truth was, as the deputies told each other in the corridors during the recesses, that truth-telling on all sides would only have overthrown the government's falsely stuck-together coalition majority of men of utterly divergent views—an unhealthy coalition being the only basis for any government in France today. And with general world events as ticklish as they are now, serious French politicians cannot afford the pleasure of throwing out a government just because it is responsible for an extremely grave French and Allied crisis. For in the vacuum of power during the month or so that it always takes to glue together a new and equally fictitious coalition, the effects of any grave crisis customarily worsen, since there is no guidance.

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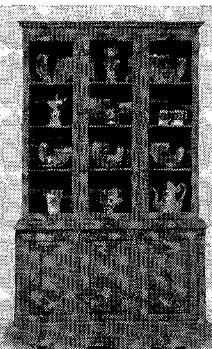
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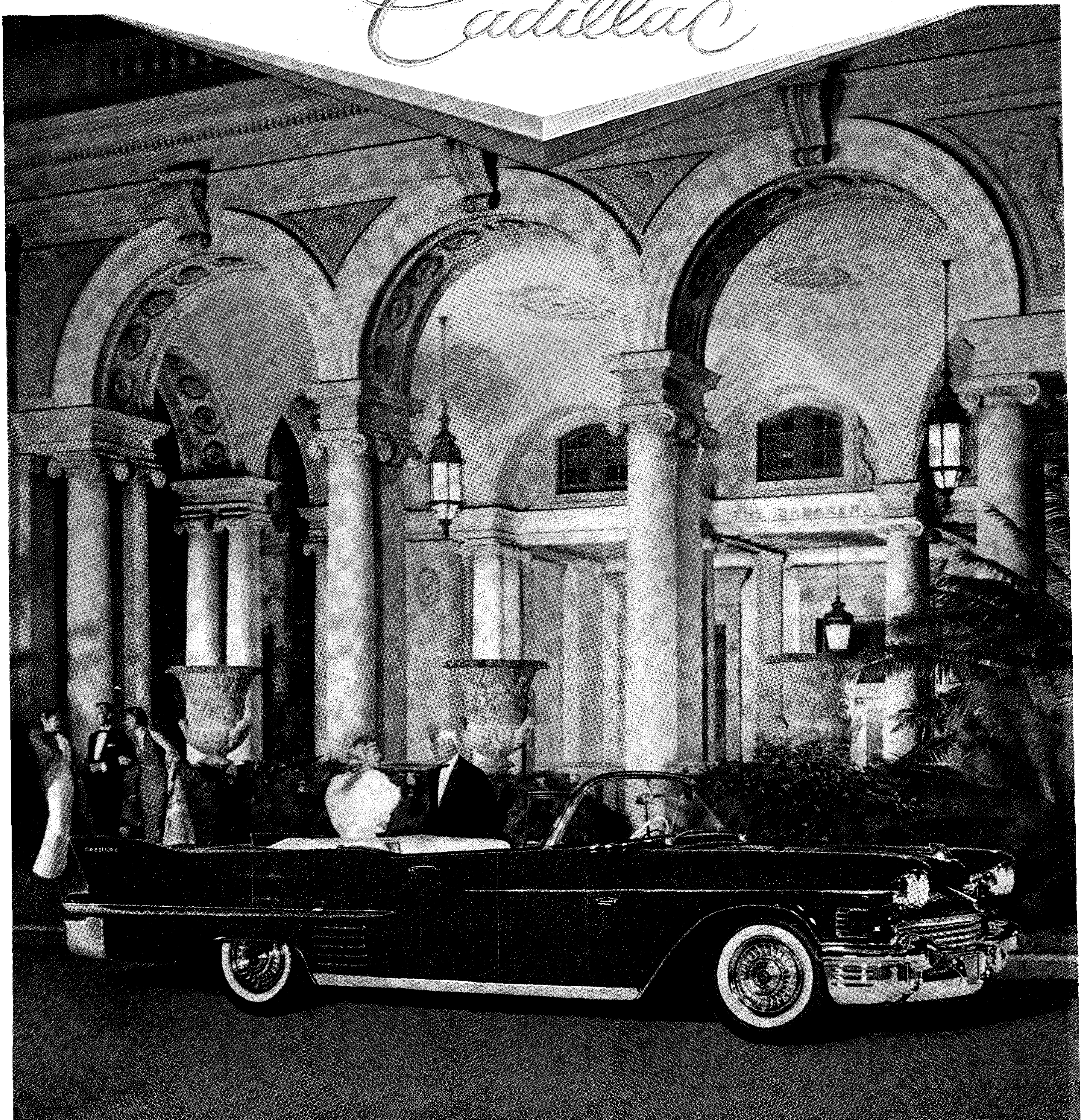

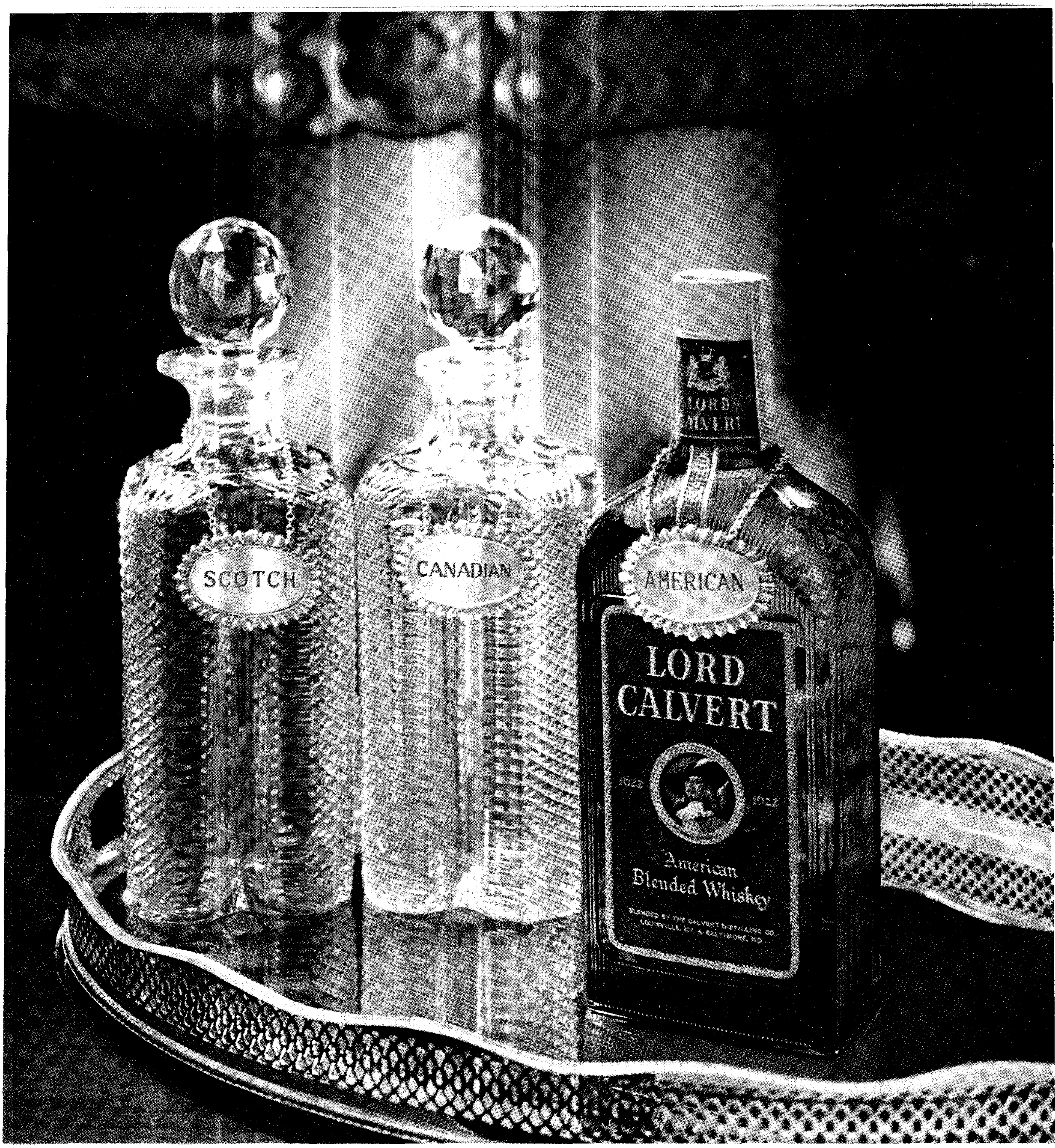
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that the Gaillard government shamefacedly demanded, the speaker for Bidault's M.R.P. Party pertinently criticized Gaillard for his know-nothing policy before the fatal attack on Sakiet occurred, but added that he would say no more lest he embarrass the government, for which he would vote, with reservations. Though he had justly interpreted the worried reaction and fundamental misgivings of the government's coalition supporters, they voted their confidence with a significantly unusual large majority. It was a vote "merely not to overthrow the government," the M.R.P. speaker said, "much more than it was a vote to give it either our approbation or our agreement." To the French public as a whole, this vote of confidence simply affirmed the lack of political morality that must exist, even in the face of scandal, under such perpetually weak government leadership as marks the Fourth Republic. As was caustically commented in *L'Express* by its editor, Mme. Françoise Giroud, "Given a bombardment like Sakiet every three months, the stability of a French government would from now on be perfectly assured." —GENÊT

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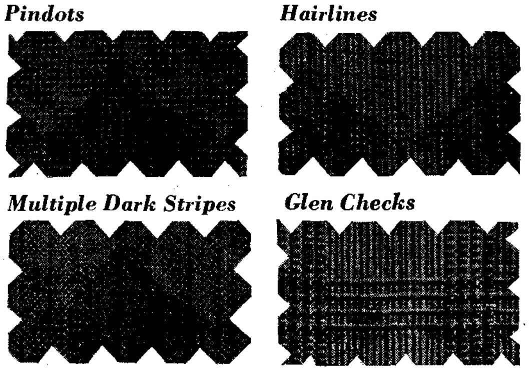

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Hanover
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Providence
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June 2 & 3
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March 15
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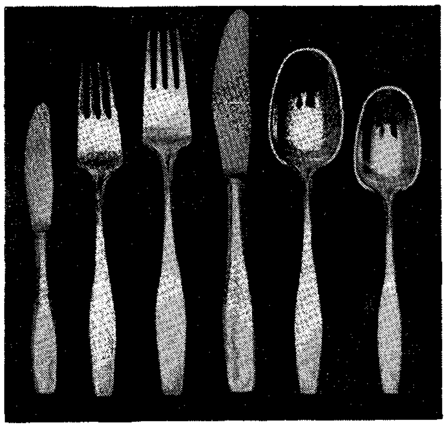

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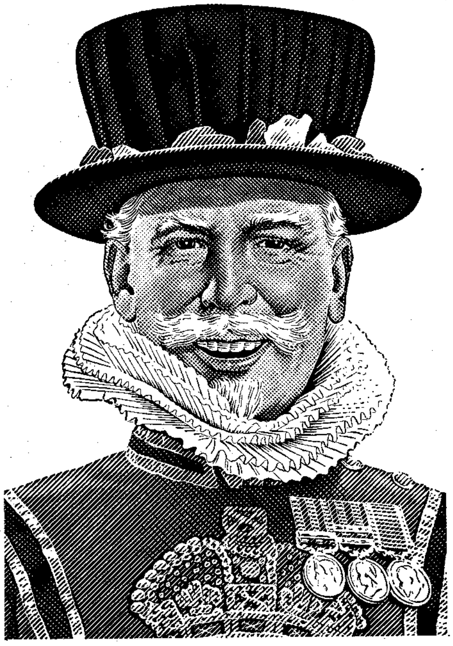

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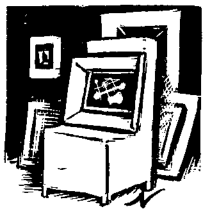
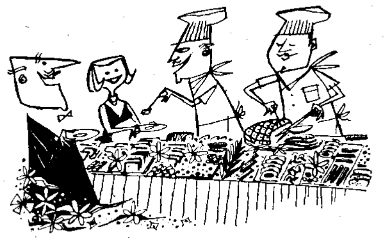


OUR art for this week comes from all over. At the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, for instance, there's an exhibition called "Sculptures and Drawings from Seven Sculptors," got together from sources as widely scattered as France, Argentina, and Japan, while at the Metropolitan Museum the current feature is a collection of paintings, sculptures, and other works brought all the way from Korea. The latter show, which was organized under the sponsorship of the government of the Korean Republic and is the first comprehensive exhibition of such work ever to be shown outside the Far East, is an unexpectedly sumptuous affair. As far as I've been able to gather from a hasty brushup on the subject, the Koreans have no ethnological ties with the Chinese. They come from quite different stock, originating in the more northerly sections of Asia, probably Manchuria or Mongolia, and their work, to the expert eye, is no doubt as obviously different from that of the Chinese as their background. But they were overrun at least partially for long periods by the Chinese, fairly deep in their past, and this, coupled with the greater maturity and the greater strength of the Chinese culture, made their art develop along more or less parallel lines. From our distance, the two seem to merge; the similarities outweigh the differences, and to the Westerner they look as alike as, let's say, the Italian Renaissance and its near twin in the Netherlands might to the equally uninstructed Asiatic.

I did feel, though, that the Korean work is less suave in tone and less highly refined in its stylizations than that of the Chinese. This is most true of the earlier pieces (the range is principally from the fifth or sixth century to the eighteenth), and particularly of the objects designed for personal use or for ornamentation. There's a roomful of ceremonial crowns, bracelets, ear pendants, and so on—many of them of beaten gold and jade-bedecked, and dating from the earlier centuries—which for all their richness and intricacy of manufacture have a barbaric quality, a quality of sheer innocent ostentation, that I



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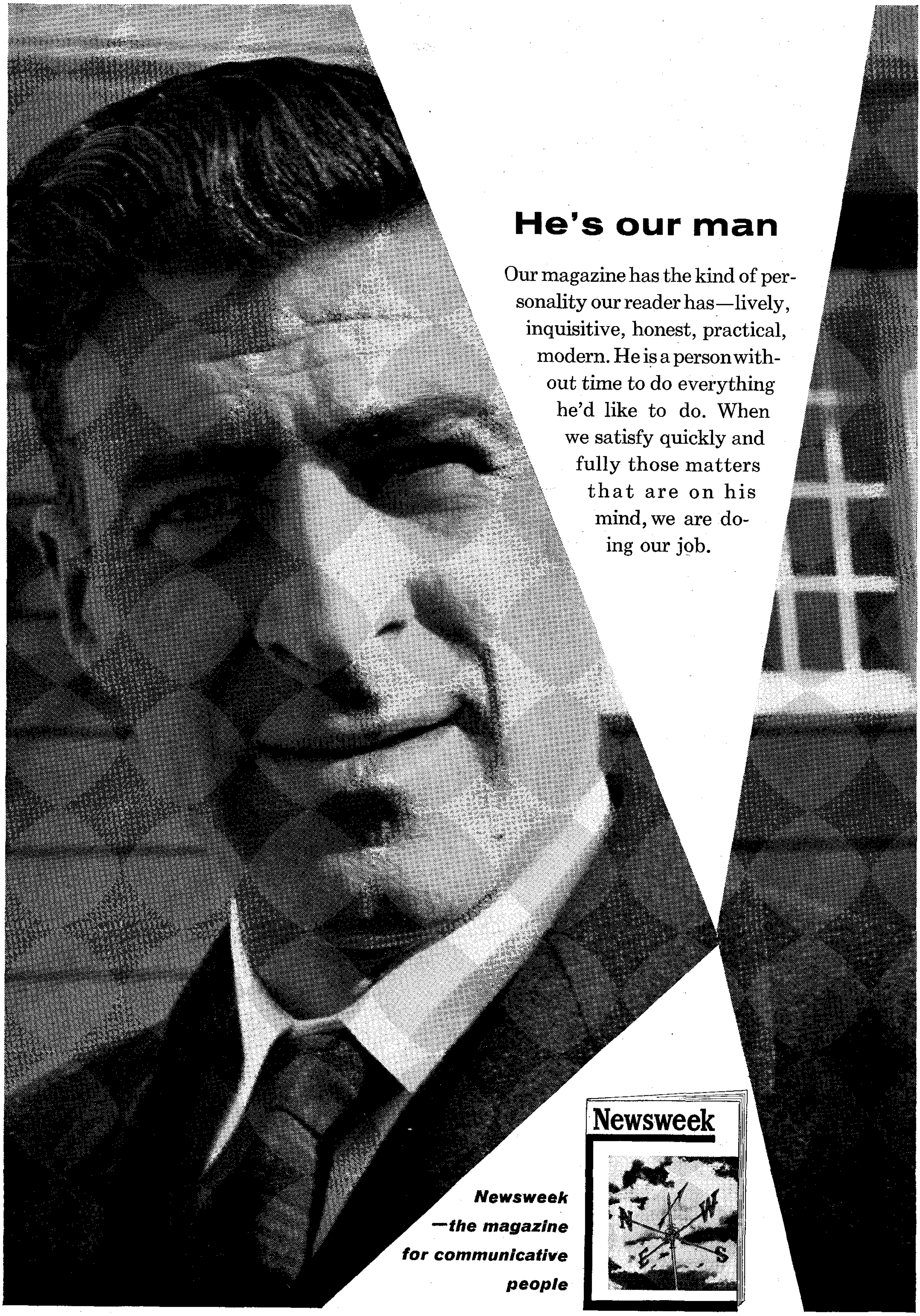

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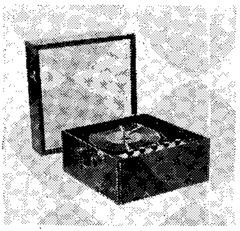
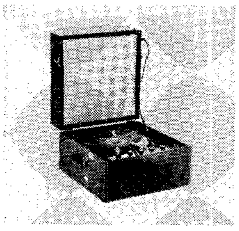
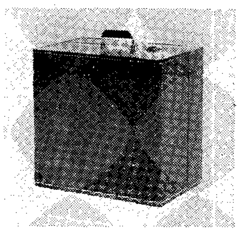
think the more sophisticated Chinese artisans of the period would have frowned on, and there are a number of examples of early stoneware that, though charming in themselves (note the two small, delightful "Vessels Shaped as Mounted Horsemen"), have much the same feeling of rude, archaic exuberance. There are exceptions, of course, such as a group of votive figures that are done with enormous sculptural finish and restraint. Of these, I liked especially a seated figure of Maitreya, a Buddha-to-be, in their mythology, as well as a slightly bigger Buddha, shown walking, and there are two still larger—indeed, nearly life-size—statues of Maitreya, in gilt bronze, that are truly stunning.

I found the paintings, of which there are thirty-four, unusually interesting. These are done in what we think of as the Chinese manner, in ink and wash on silk or paper scrolls, yet in them, too, I thought I detected slight differences from that older culture. For one thing, they seemed more literal in their approach, and they betrayed at times—as in the series called "An Album of Genre Scenes"—an affinity with the Japanese treatment of the same subjects that surprised me. But if such paintings as "Winter Landscape" and the paired "Cat and Sparrows" and "Hen and Chickens" appear a little blunt in their manner of execution, that may have been simply the fault of the artists; certainly, the range in both styles and subject matter is varied enough to indicate that the Korean branch of Oriental art, whatever its basic derivations, was strong enough to stand of its own weight. One painting, "The Diamond Mountains," is almost abstract in its tense simplifications (I see no reason to catalogue the artists' names, since they're all from the ancient past and are totally unknown to us), while to balance it there's a study of a dwarflike figure, "The God of Longevity," which is as fine an example of quick, vivid brushwork as could be found anywhere. "Bamboo" is an equally excellent example of virtuosity with the brush. (The subject, a simple study of a few leafy branches, is traditionally as popular throughout the East as apples were with Cézanne.) The long, misty "Landscape," numbered 160 in the catalogue, is both traditional and charming, and I'd cite also, on both grounds, the swift, simplified "A Magpie Seated on a Plum Branch" and the curiously gay river scene "Mu-i Sailing Home." The collection, which has already been at the National Gallery, in Washington, will







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be shown extensively across the country after it leaves here.

THE seven sculptors at the Guggenheim Museum are all of different nationalities. They're all abstractionists, however, and, pursuing our ethnological speculations further, I can't help wondering if a spectator from the Far East would be able to sort them out and tell the English-born Eduardo Paolozzi from the Argentine Alicia Penalba, or the Rumanian-born Etienne Hajdu from the Greek-American Michael Lekakis. I think not, for not only are our racial derivations more mixed but the abstract style, in sculpture especially—and I'm not sure at the moment if this is a fault or a virtue—has now become just about completely internationalized.

The show is a lively and quite varied one, and the sole complaint I have about it is the not uncomplimentary one that there aren't enough examples of the artists' work to give us a really good idea of their capabilities, particularly since four of the group—the Japanese Shindo Tsuji, the French Etienne-Martin, the Spanish Eduardo Chillida, and the already mentioned Penalba—have never been shown here before. I should have liked, most of all, to see more of Tsuji's work, for his two pieces, "Tree" and "Head of a Cat," both in terra cotta, have a chunky, contained quality that gives them considerable solidity and power, while the Penalbas, "Butterfly Ancestor" and "The Sparkle" (the latter an unusually ingenious effort), suggest that she is technically adroit and inventive. Hajdu's "Field of Forces," a sort of bas-relief in hammered copper, is also extremely inventive, and I liked, in addition, the intricately designed, whirling "Dance," dated 1958, by Lekakis, as well as Etienne-Martin's thrusting "Anemone" and the cagelike "From Within," by Chillida. —ROBERT M. COATES

•

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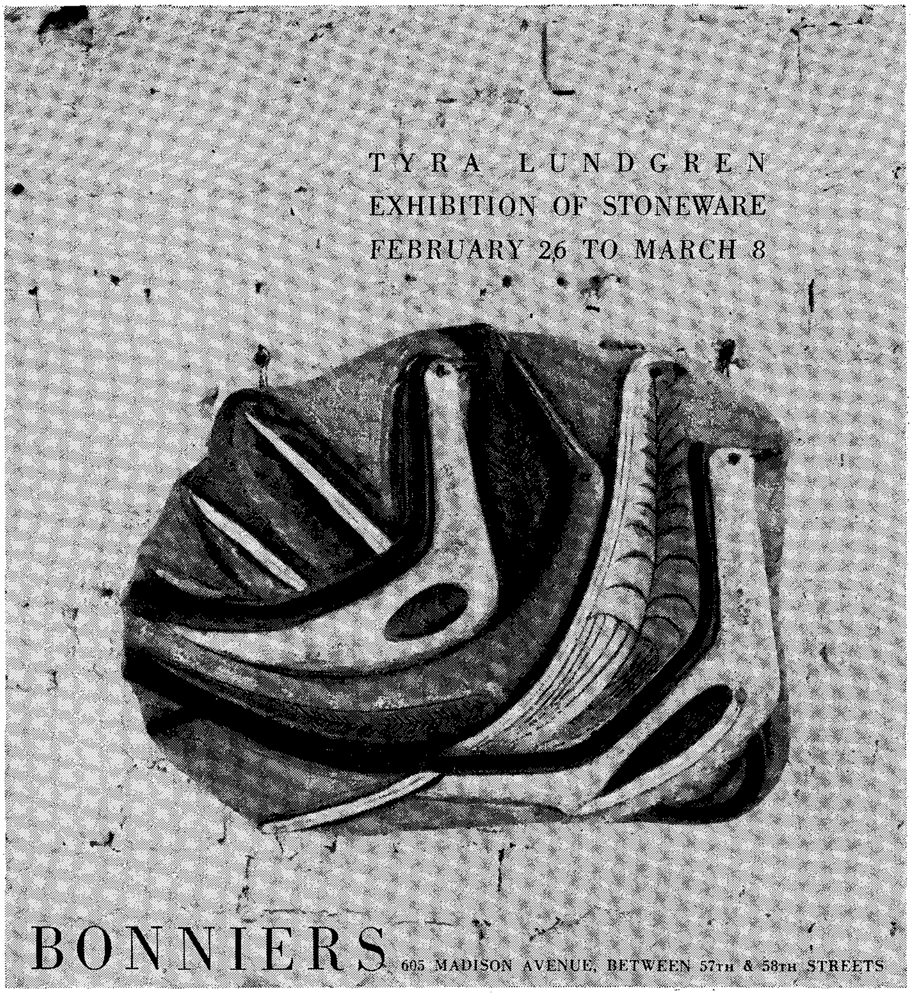
We're not sure "lurid" is just the word.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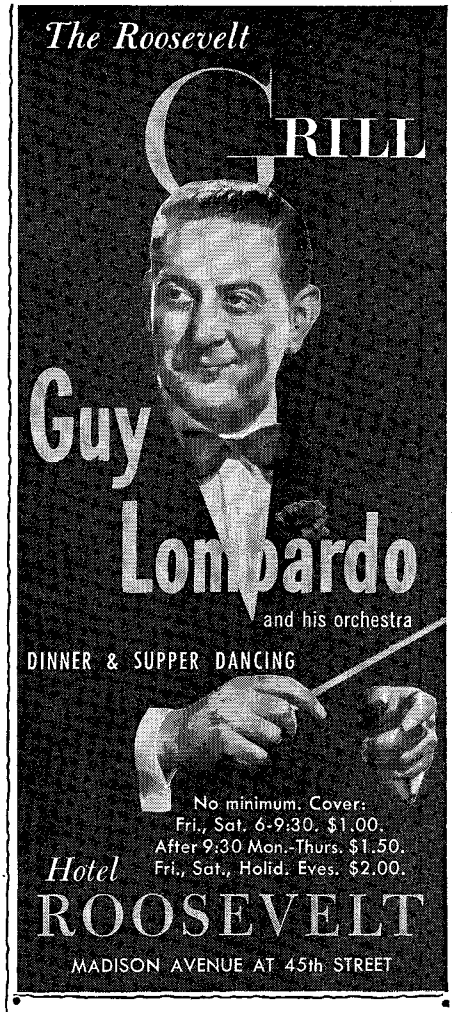
GROWTH WITH TRUTH

AT Kimberly Hall, where I taught dramatics some ten years ago, change was not so much resisted as ignored. Actually, the school had changed a good deal since its founding, in 1892, by Miss Eunice Kimberly. (This, of course, isn't her real name, and the other names I use are also fictitious.) What had begun as a small day school for girls had grown to be one of New England's best-known boarding schools. Kimberly Hall graduates became class presidents, May Queens, and field-hockey captains at Smith, Mount Holyoke, and Wellesley, and one had even been on the college-board staff of *Mademoiselle*.

The old Kimberly home, which had housed the entire school during its early years, had become, by the time I arrived there, the central wing of the Residence—an enormous dormitory building, which also contained the dining room, the assembly hall, and the arts-and-crafts room. Miss Kimberly's niece, Miss Ada Wadsworth (a Kimberly Hall girl herself), had succeeded her aunt as the school's headmistress, and penmanship, sewing, and Greek had gradually been replaced by lacrosse, dramatics, and personal relations. Classes met in a modern stone-and-glass building called the Schoolhouse; the gym had a fine swimming pool (some of the girls elected water ballet as one of their sports); and formal dances were held twice a year in the dining room. So changes had been made and accepted, and were regarded as a sign that Kimberly Hall had progressed with the century. The school's motto, "Growth with Truth," which appeared on the pockets of the seniors' blazers and above the main fireplace in the Residence, was considered apt, and even euphonious.

But just as these quite apparent changes had occurred at Kimberly Hall, so there had been as many of which the school professed a kind of studied unawareness. This was indicated in a perfectly good-humored sort of way; it was rather as if a roguish word game were being played and everyone knew the rules. To a newcomer, however, the rules of the Kimberly Hall game were always somewhat obscure. During the two years that I taught there, I never fully understood them. Perhaps some of the teachers, like Miss Brownell, whose Golden Jubilee of teaching Latin at Kimberly Hall was celebrated by a Roman Feast, at which we all wore head wreaths of leaves and sang "For she's a jolly good fellow" in Latin, or



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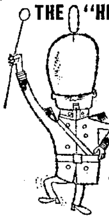

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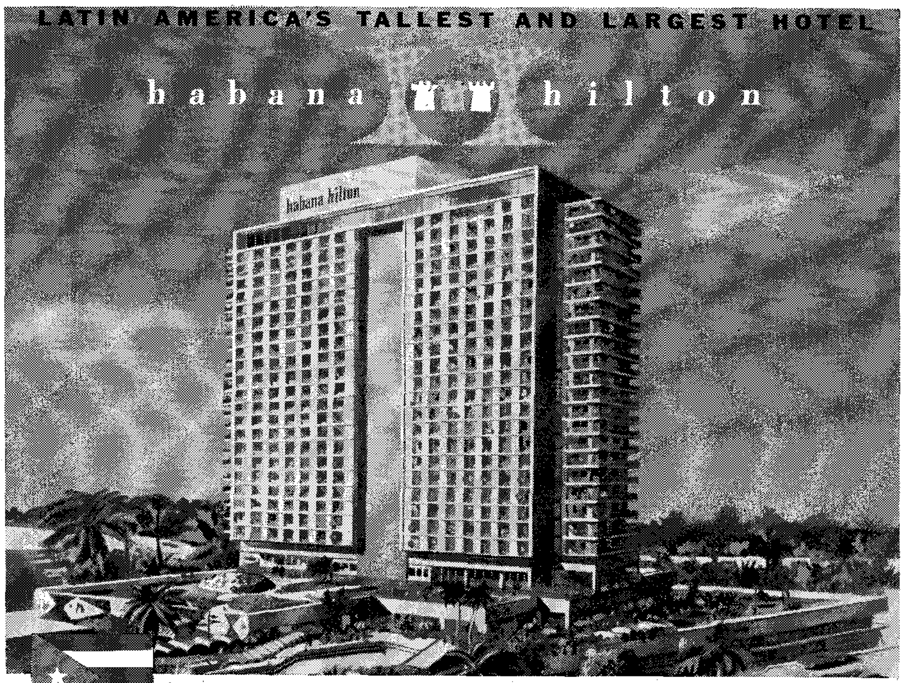
little Miss Hewes, who had been a student of Miss Kimberly's and had stayed on in the vague capacity of one who checked study-hall attendance, fed the canaries in the upstairs sitting room, and ran the movie machine—perhaps these teachers had been at Kimberly Hall long enough to comprehend the word game. Perhaps they were actually present before such terms as "the brown curtain," "Cora's desk," "the orchard," and "the old Thursday schedule" had faded from fact to sustained fiction.

IT was "the brown curtain" that introduced me to the misnomers of Kimberly Hall. This was a curtain that hung in the doorway of a large and wonderfully useful closet opening off the main hall of the Residence. An announcement read by the Head Girl in assembly might stipulate, "All articles for the lost-and-found sale should be left behind the brown curtain." From a bulletin-board notice one could discover that "book bags are to be kept behind the brown curtain during lunch hour." Girls attending the winter dance were instructed to tell their escorts to leave their overcoats behind the brown curtain. The Glee Club members deposited their music there, the school newspaper was stacked there when it came from the printer, and a framed reproduction of one of van Gogh's "Sunflowers" stood on its side against a wall behind the curtain for the two years I was at Kimberly Hall. Behind this curtain there were also a telephone booth; a storage shelf for paper towels; several rows of hooks, from which dangled a variety of umbrellas and hockey shoes; and a wicker lounge chair. When I visited Kimberly Hall for an interview during my senior year at college, I hung my coat behind the brown curtain. And on the September day when I arrived as a faculty member, it was behind the brown curtain that I left my suitcases until Walter, the maintenance man, could be located to carry them up to my room. As the brown-curtained closet was just opposite the assembly hall, where I taught my dramatics classes, I found it a handy cache for my Kleenex box, piles of playscripts, and such incidental things as cupcakes from the sophomore bake sales. Although I enjoyed the convenience of the brown curtain, I always felt that I should cross my fingers when I spoke of it. For, in all truth, the brown curtain was blue.

It was a bright, unmistakable royal blue, which served as a vivid accent to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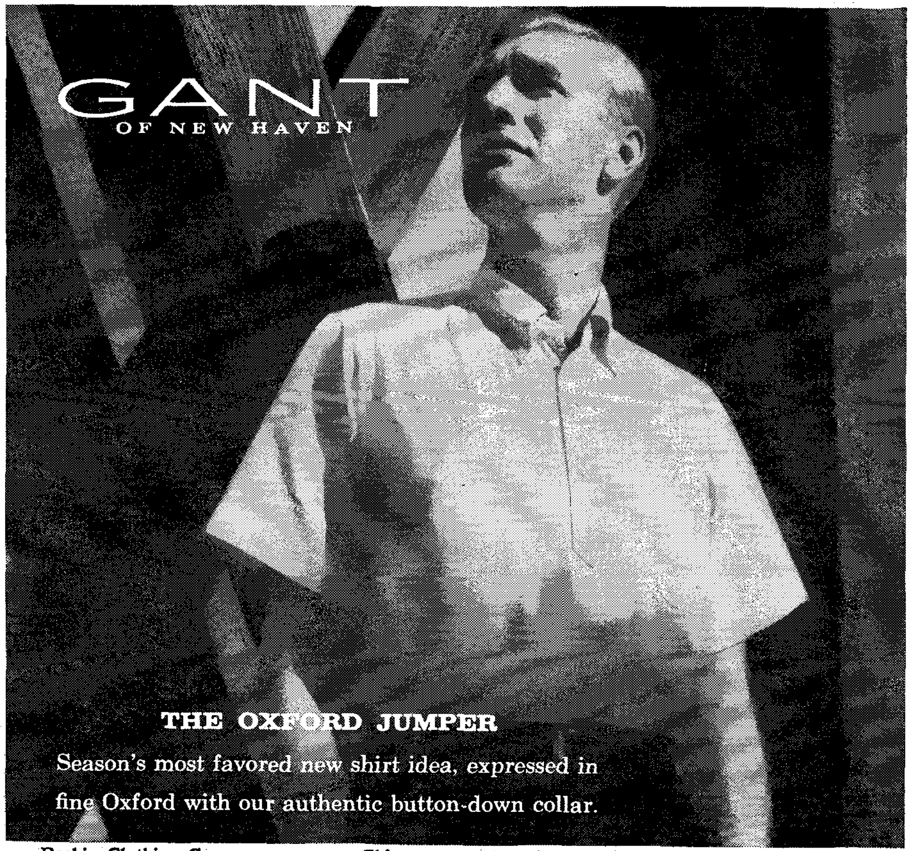
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the cream-colored walls of the main hall. It was simply and distinctly blue, and why we at Kimberly Hall did not choose to recognize the fact, I never knew. The few people whom I asked about it were vague. It apparently hadn't occurred to them that there was anything unseemly about calling a blue curtain brown. My question appeared obtrusive, and perhaps not quite in good taste. I can only suppose that at one time the curtain there *had* been brown and that it had proved less trouble to change the color than the adjective. I am now married and living in Illinois, and occasionally, in moments of feigned nostalgia for Kimberly Hall, I refer to the hall closet in our home as the brown curtain. My husband chuckles, but only dutifully, since he has been subjected to a number of Kimberly Hall small witticisms during our marriage. He regards the blue-brown curtain as an aberration of gentlewomen who have been confined for too many years in a boarding school, and more than once he has remarked smugly on my good fortune in being rescued from all this by him.

THE Kimberly Hall appellation that held a certain allure for me—chiefly because it was descriptive of absolutely nothing—was "Cora's desk." This was really vaporous; whereas there *had* been a curtain, brown or not, there was simply no desk, no Cora. The phrase was used to designate a counter, about a foot wide, below a panel of wooden letter boxes in the Schoolhouse, where the teachers picked up their business and school mail, all personal mail being delivered to the Residence. My own Schoolhouse mail ordinarily yielded nothing more lively than a note asking me to send the Santa Claus suit out to be cleaned before the Christmas party, or stating that seven wooden swords had been found when the art room was cleaned, and did they belong to me? I do know, though, that the math teacher once discovered a melting snowball in her mailbox, and it was whispered that Miss Wadsworth, whose hair was very frowzy, sometimes found unsolicited ads for wave set in hers.

The faculty-mailbox area was remarkably clear of desks, and of any other furniture. There was only the narrow counter, on which one could perch books while scribbling off a note to the gym teacher that we were *not* responsible for the missing basketball and that the moon in the junior-class play was just an old beach ball painted gold. This counter could hardly be

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called a desk—in school terminology, at least—and yet instructions were always being issued to leave attendance sheets on Cora's desk, pick up textbook order blanks at Cora's desk, or set plants for the spring bazaar under Cora's desk. The implication that the counter did indeed constitute Cora's desk was inescapable.

But what of Cora? How had she become separated from her desk (if such it was)? I was a bit more direct about this than I had been about the brown curtain, being determined to clear up the matter. I spoke of it one night at dinner to Miss Ledbetter, the zoology teacher, with whom I attempted to placate our table of eight girls when Brussels sprouts were served again, or to caution them about leaving enough hard sauce for everybody when we had a dessert cryptically known as "weasel." Miss Ledbetter was a master at thumping out slices of roast lamb in a fine, no-nonsense way that discouraged wails of "It's all gristly!" such as invariably greeted the plates of lamb I served, on the nights when Miss Ledbetter was away teaching first aid at the local Y. She was also awfully good at slicing shepherd's pie in equal portions, and she would allow me to dish up only such simple things as carrots and mashed potatoes, which any layman could handle.

It appeared that I had chosen the right person to ask about Cora's desk.

"Cora's desk?" she repeated as she deftly swooped the roll basket off on its circular route. "Well, of course, Cora used to hand out books to parents there before she left to make salads at Howard Johnson's, and after that they just used to pick them up themselves."

I was rather dazzled by these facts, particularly since I didn't know what really constituted "books to parents" or quite whether it was books or salads that were eventually picked up. Further questioning (between Miss Ledbetter's spooning peach slices over poundcake and supervising the crumbing of the table) developed the information that Cora had been one of the covey of Irish maids who vacuumed halls and rolled teacarts. In addition to these perambulatory duties, she had, every afternoon between four and five, been stationed at the faculty mailboxes in the Schoolhouse, where she distributed, from the counter, books and assignments to parents of any day girls who might be home ill (Miss Wadsworth's feeling being that each day of schoolwork missed was equivalent to a minus point on the college-board entrance exams). Miss Ledbetter added, as we walked back to the

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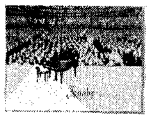

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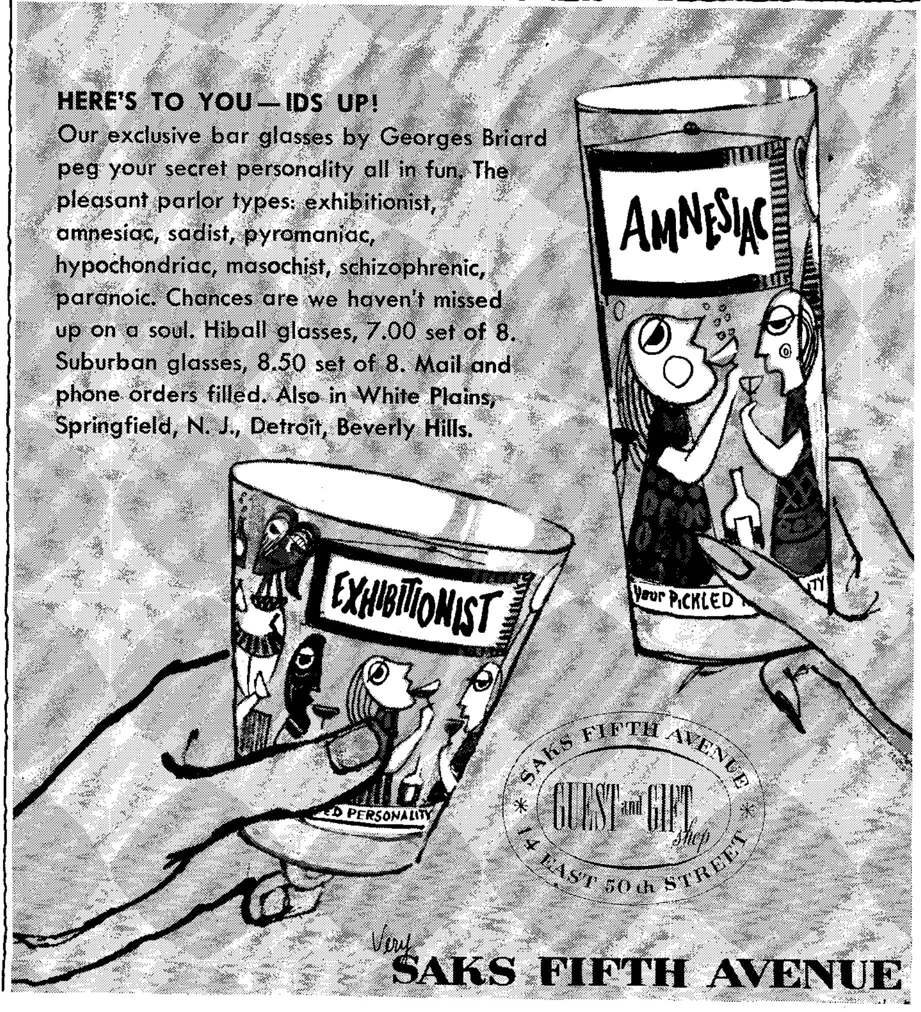

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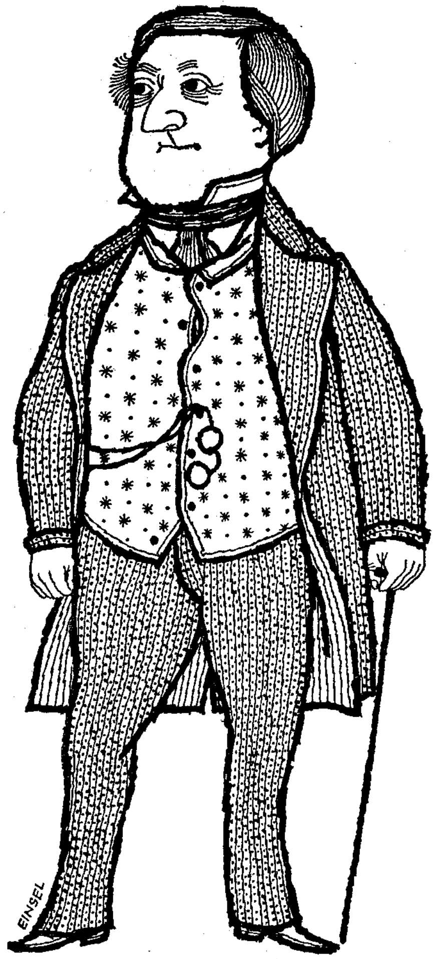

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main hall for after-dinner coffee, that she thought it was about twelve years ago that Cora left Kimberly Hall—thirteen, to be exact, since she remembered that it was during her own second year of teaching there. At Kimberly Hall, thirteen years was considered just an eyeblink, and I nodded companionably as we separated at the coffee urn.

WHEN I think of Kimberly Hall, it is "the old Thursday schedule" that most often comes to mind, perhaps because I never really became accustomed to the expression. In contrast, I finally grew quite used to calling the treeless athletic field "the orchard" (which it had evidently once been, years before, when the school was still the Kimberlys' home). Similarly, I came to find nothing strange in calling the little reception room in the Residence "the pantry," although callers and book salesmen, on being told that they might wait in the pantry, were perhaps momentarily baffled at the thought of conversing amid jam jars and flour bins. Nothing remained to suggest the origins of the room, which now had chintz draperies and curly-maple furniture; only its name perpetuated the memory of its original function.

The old Thursday schedule was not like either of these. It is difficult to explain what it was, because I scarcely knew myself. On the average of about once a month, a note in Miss Wadsworth's spidery hand would appear on the faculty bulletin board in the Residence, stating, "Tomorrow we shall be on the old Thursday schedule." The next morning at assembly, this fact would be announced to the girls, and all that day bells would ring at odd times, some classes would be shortened and others lengthened, the girls would surge in and out in a purposeful manner at illogical moments, and I would end the day feeling thoroughly cross and confused. The fact that this chaos was known as the old Thursday schedule had nothing to do with the day of the week it cropped up on. It could be a Monday when there was a guest speaker at assembly, or a Wednesday when posture pictures were being taken at the infirmary in the morning. I grew to dread these days as ones on which I might as well abandon any gesture toward planning class time. I'm sure that there must have been some order to the whole thing, but it was never apparent to me. Sometimes now, on mornings in our home when the oatmeal boils over and the paper doesn't arrive and the sink stops up, I tell my husband that

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we're going to be on the old Thursday schedule that day, and then I just sit down and read my library book for a while.

ALWAYS, Kimberly Hall's time-standing-still (in fact, retreating) aspect was enhanced by the fantasy that existed regarding proper names—for instance, those of the married teachers. I actually never knew the married names of the three teachers who whirled off in a station wagon at the end of the day to disappear into a world of husbands and casseroles. Of course, I knew their maiden names, because they were thus identified. There was not, I think, any reluctance on the part of the school to recognize their marital status; it was simply that the trio had taught there before they were married, and the name changes had not yet worked their way into the scheme of things. In the same way, when we referred to "the seniors" we usually meant the class that had graduated the previous year, rather than their successors, who sat in the front rows in assembly as the present seniors. After all, they *had* been juniors the year before, and it was hard to remember the change, considering all the other things we had to keep up with.

Then, too, it took at least until Lincoln's Birthday for a new teacher to be universally called by her own name, rather than the name of her predecessor. Indeed, in my own case, because my immediate predecessor in dramatics, a Miss McCullough, had stayed only a year (having such High Standards that no plays at all had been given during the time she was there), I was usually known either as Miss McCullough or as *her* predecessor, Miss Bates. Since Miss Bates—as I knew from a portrait of her that hung in the assembly hall—had been a dear little apple of a lady, with a crumply face and white curls, who taught English (and, more recently, dramatics) for some forty years before her retirement, I found it a trifle unsettling that the two of us should be confused with each other, but I didn't really mind. She looked sweet. After I left Kimberly Hall, I was not displeased to learn that the Miss Whittemore who took my place was frequently called by my name until well past Easter vacation.

—MOLLY RAMSHAW

•

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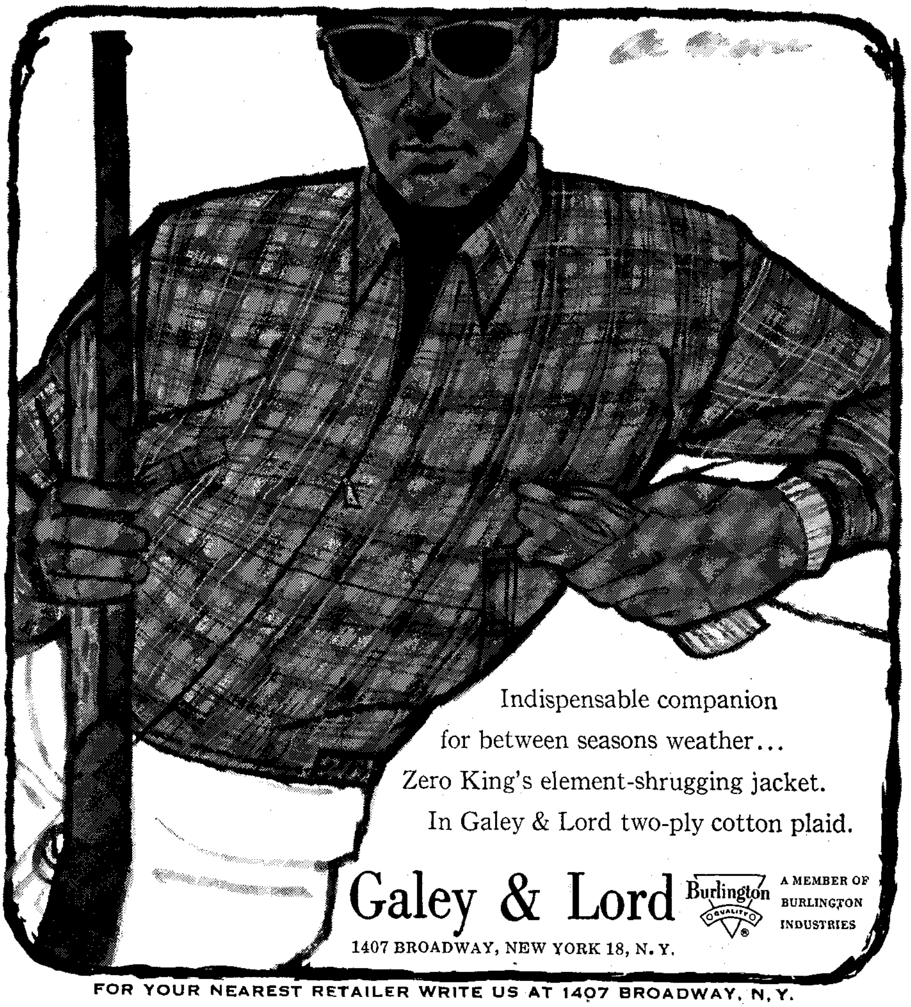
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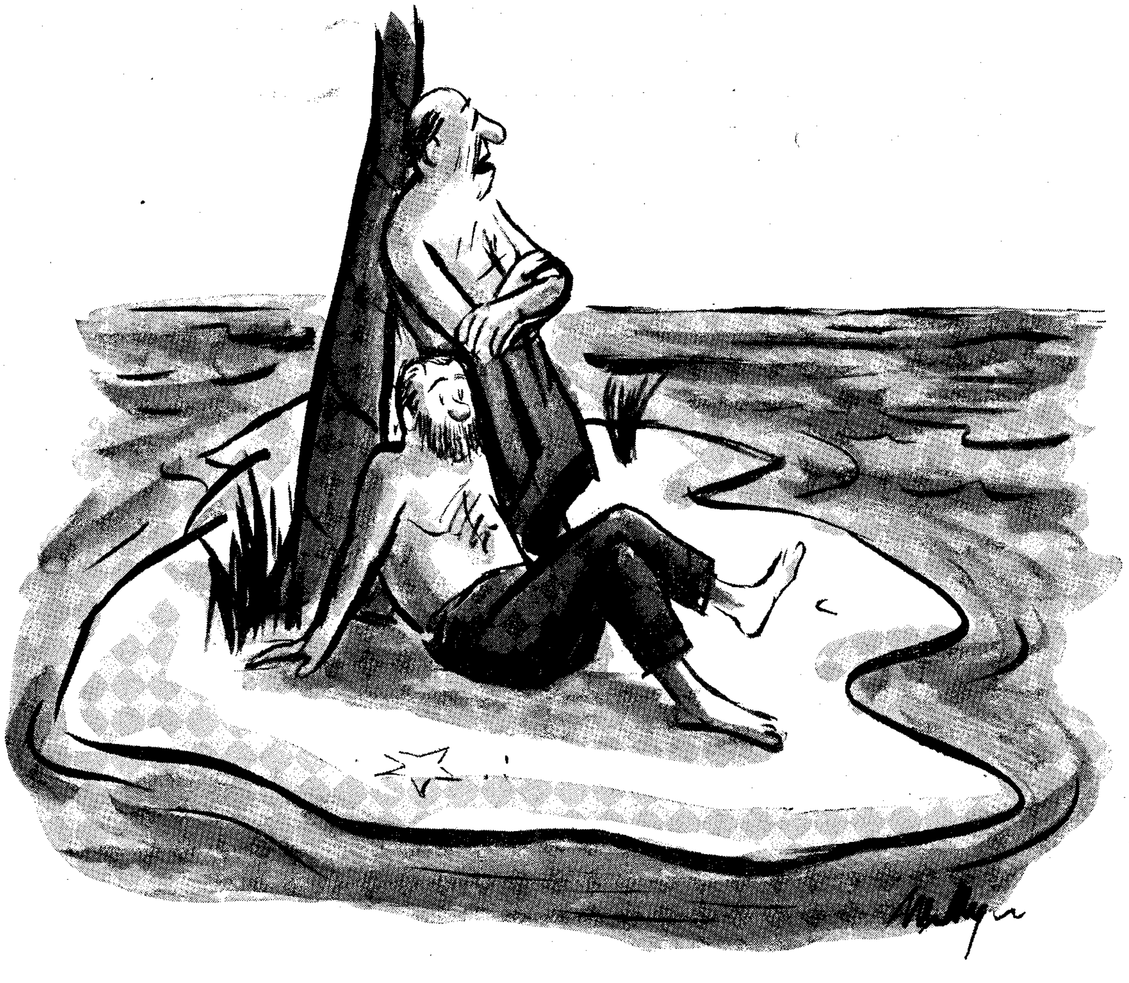
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

FEBRUARY 20

THE President, who has been having a thin, cold time on his Southern holiday, is due back in this shivering city over the weekend, and the sea of troubles he must face and oppose is of a depth and breadth his administration has never before encountered. He has known crises before, and some have been graver than any he now confronts; at the moment, for instance, he faces nothing that is, in itself, quite so awful as the decision he had to make in 1954, when the Vietnamese fortress of Dienbienphu was under siege and he had to choose between military intervention, which might have led to general war and an atomic holocaust, and non-intervention, which, as he and many others then saw it, might have led to the early downfall of all Southeast Asia. No great war now threatens; the fate of no subcontinent hangs on a White House decision. But those earlier crises had a way of coming along one at a time and of being separated by decent intervals of relative calm. Today there is not a window of the White House that affords a pleasing prospect or an untroubled scene. Domestic developments are almost as disagreeable as foreign ones. In Congress, which is said to mirror the country as a whole, the conviction is growing that we are in serious economic difficulties. The President says that the conviction is mistaken, but the economists who have testified before the Joint Congressional Economic Committee have almost without exception insisted that it is the President who is mistaken. In any case, the conviction in itself has a dampening force. Moreover, as long as congressmen hold it, the President will find it next to impossible to market his wares in foreign economic policy, which he has said are vital to the success of our diplomacy at this period. If there are bread lines in Connecticut, Tennessee, and California, there will be little enthusiasm in the House or the Senate for any plan to lower tariffs or to ship larger bundles of money to deserving Asians and Africans and to well-behaved Communists in Eastern Europe. The President may be right in saying that these things would in the long run bolster our economy, but congressmen serving two-year terms are interested in the short run, and they know that the President's reasoning, even if it is sound, can't be worked into rousing campaign speeches before an audience of Social Security clients. Nor can the President make his request for $3,942,100,000 in foreign-aid funds much more palatable by talking about the great public-works programs he is ready to set in operation at the drop of a hat, or by going along with the clamor for a tax cut. Congress is perfectly capable of making the tax cut, accepting the public-works program, and still chopping to bits those proposals that the President regards as the most important of all. In fact, the feeling here is that if the present mood persists, it will do exactly that.

The recession is surely the largest of the President's headaches, and from it others flow. It must account, in part, for the results of a recent Gallup Poll, which indicated that if the Congressional elections were held now, his party's vote would probably be lower than at any time since 1936. This poll, it was carefully pointed out, was taken shortly before Explorer was orbited, but if that feat restored some measure of public confidence in the administration, the gains may well have been offset by the recent revelations that not quite everyone who has come to Washington in the past five years is as clean as a hound's tooth. The Democratic tide has been gathering force since 1954, and there is nothing to suggest that it can possibly be stemmed in what remains of the President's term. It could be argued not only that Mr. Eisenhower is facing the most difficult time in his years in office but that no other American President has ever faced an outlook quite so bleak as his is for the next three years. By all present signs, his party will continue to be out of control in Congress, and he will be out of control in his party. Thanks to the Twenty-second Amendment, he is the first lame-duck Presi-



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dent. This incapacity will grow even more serious after November, for that will be the last time he will ever speak with more force than an ex-President. He no doubt will continue to enjoy the favor of a vast number of Americans, but his illnesses have destroyed much of his admirers' confidence in his ability to realize his and their ideals. And in this greatly weakened position he must face an adversary power abroad that has made spectacular increases in military, scientific, economic, and political strength—and is no more awed by his exercise of American sovereignty than a Democratic congressman from a safe district is by his exercise of the powers of the Presidency.

NO one who has ever seen Sherman Adams plain could possibly think of him as an influence peddler. The idea is ludicrous; the imagination will not put up with it. It would be far easier to picture Dr. Norman Vincent Peale in a mood of black despair or Herbert Hoover angrily denouncing corporate wealth than to picture Governor Adams—as he is known around the White House—putting in the fix for some shabby commercial interest or for some political crony who might express his gratitude with a fur coat for Mrs. Adams or a freezer for the Adams kitchen. Politics is full of surprises, but for Sherman Adams to be caught in some sordid little mess is beyond the realm of the possible. Furthermore, nothing of the sort has happened. No evidence put before the Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight, which is looking into the operations of various of the government's regulatory agencies and commissions, gives any support to the notion. Yet it is a fact beyond dispute—at least, no one has yet disputed it—that on June 26, 1953, Mr. Adams wrote Murray Chotiner, a lawyer and lobbyist from Beverly Hills, who had managed Richard Nixon's campaign for the Vice-Presidency and who at the time of the letter was retained by North American Airlines, that he, Adams, had discussed a pending case involving Chotiner's client with the then acting chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board and, moreover, was willing to go on being helpful. "If there is anything further in this matter that I can do to be of assistance . . ." he ended the letter in which he gave his account of the meeting. The letter was put in evidence a few days ago by the chairman of the Subcommittee—some time after Mr. Adams' alleged involvement had been put into newspaper headlines by Bernard Schwartz, who until

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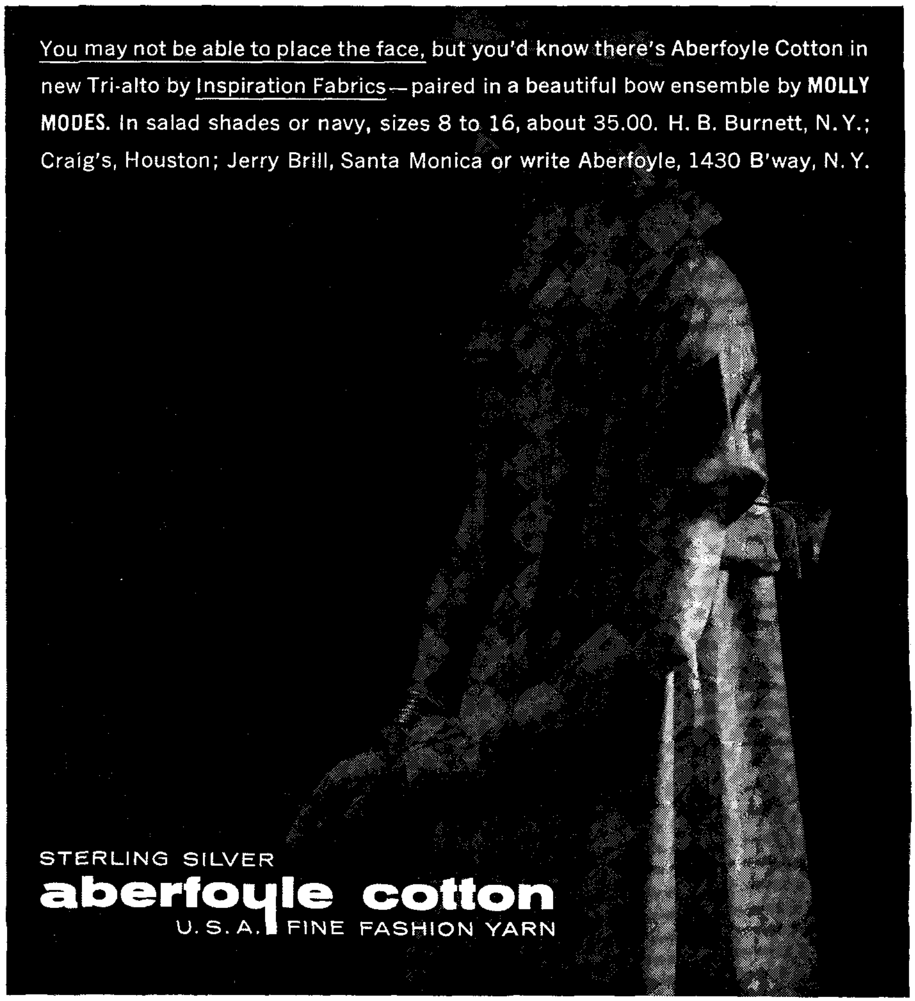
last week was the Subcommittee's chief counsel. It is also a fact—brought out during this week's examination of Dr. Schwartz, who was fired by the Subcommittee for an excess of zeal and then put on the stand to testify, because it seemed less dangerous to clasp this particular viper to the bosom than to attempt its destruction—that among the regulations of the Civil Aeronautics Board there is one that makes it "improper" for any "private communication on the merits of [a] case [to be addressed] to a member of the board by any person, either in private or in public life, unless provided by law." No law has yet been cited that makes an exception of the kind of communication—evidently a face-to-face, man-to-man talk somewhere in Washington—that Mr. Adams had with the then acting chairman of the C.A.B., Colonel Harmar D. Denny. Since it is altogether unthinkable that Mr. Adams would knowingly violate a federal regulation, or do anything he knew to be improper, whether or not it was officially proscribed, it has to follow that Mr. Adams had never heard of the regulation, and considered his intercession perfectly proper—as, indeed, a pursuit of the rectitude he cherishes. (Were it conceivable that he had considered it in any way shady, he certainly would not have written Mr. Chotiner a letter about it on White House stationery. The letter turned up in Mr. Chotiner's files a couple of years later, when a Senate committee was looking into his activities on behalf of another client—a clothing manufacturer named Kravitz, who was convicted of swindling the government in some deal involving parkas for soldiers in our Alaskan and Aleutian outposts.) In 1953, Mr. Adams must have seen his relationship with Murray Chotiner and Colonel Denny in the light that Mr. Chotiner saw it in when he commented on the case a couple of days ago in Los Angeles: "I communicated with the proper officials about problems my clients had with the federal government. As a practicing lawyer, it was my duty to do so, and the officials whom I contacted were doing no more than fulfilling the obligations of their office." Mr. Adams must have felt at the time that he was a proper official for Mr. Chotiner to get in touch with, and that he was fulfilling an obligation of his office—Assistant to the President—by talking over the problems of North American Airlines with Colonel Denny of the C.A.B.

To a large degree, the Sherman



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Adams state of mind is what has been brought to light in this investigation that has been so reluctantly undertaken. Dr. Schwartz has come up with some deplorable cases, which seem to involve old-fashioned corruption—fixing, bribery, influence peddling, abuse of expense accounts, and the like. But what the most important evidence points to is a failure on the part of officials in the executive and the legislative branches to recognize that the regulatory agencies are, in their most important functions, courts of equity, and that, within their limited jurisdictions—interstate commerce, communications, aviation, shipping, and so forth—they make decisions and settlements varying little in kind from those made on the federal bench. In fact, the federal courts often get the same cases on appeal. Mr. Adams, in his letter, advised Mr. Chotiner that "should North American consider the board's decision unfavorable, an appeal could be made to the United States Circuit Court, which might delay the operation of the order in this case for as much as two years." (According to Dr. Schwartz, delay was all that Mr. Chotiner sought; North American Airlines knew that it was to be put out of business by the C.A.B., but business was good, and it wished to go on as long as possible.) The case was taken to the Circuit Court and later to the Supreme Court, both of which upheld the C.A.B. Neither Mr. Adams nor Mr. Chotiner would have so much as considered bringing the pressure of their arguments, their influence, or their personalities to bear on the judges of these courts while the case they were interested in was *sub judice*, but in Washington for at least a decade—in the Truman administration as well as in the Eisenhower administration—the regulatory agencies have been regarded more or less as patronage bureaus, upon which any politician from any party is free to exert all the pressure he can muster. Sherman Adams is not the only virtuous man to have been caught up in this investigation. Senator Estes Kefauver, himself a renowned investigator of corruption, offered his help to a political associate who was seeking a television license from the Federal Communications Commission. Senator Kefauver's letter to his friend is a nice gauge of atmospheric conditions. It reads, in part:

> I have been waiting for a go-ahead from you. In incidental conversations, I have talked with Bob Bartley, Frieda Hennock, and Commissioner Lee [in other words, with three of the six F.C.C. commission-

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ers] by letting them bring up the subject in some way, and I think this is the best way to be helpful.

But if there is anything in the way of a more direct approach to anyone I can make or be useful to you, let me know, because it would break my heart if you didn't get the final approval.

Attempting to influence the regulatory agencies is an old bipartisan tradition, and it is not always done covertly. In the late forties, there were open campaigns in the Senate to drive from office two Commission chairmen—Leland Olds, of the Federal Power Commission, and James M. Landis, of the Civil Aeronautics Board—whose decisions had not been to the taste of the senators seeking their removal. Senator Kerr, of Oklahoma, a man with large oil and natural-gas holdings, did not rest until he had got rid of Mr. Olds, who had wanted the Commission to keep a strict control over both the flow of gas into the pipelines and the price to the consumer. Somewhat earlier, Senator Brewster, of Maine, campaigned for and won the removal of Mr. Landis, who had not gone along with Brewster's plan to award all transatlantic air routes to a single carrier. This sort of thing has been going on for quite a while, and there is not much doubt that one reason the Subcommittee began backing away from its investigation was that it quickly realized that a good many Congressional names were going to turn up.

Down through the postwar years, the regulatory commissions have more and more been staffed by men of meagre distinction. For this, the Truman administration bears far heavier responsibility than the Eisenhower administration. The Republicans, after all, never thought that these agencies had any reason for existence to begin with. In being required to administer them, the Republicans' situation is roughly analogous to that of a vegetarian who finds that he has been made a trustee of a butcher shop and is expected to promote the sale and consumption of meat. They had no hand in creating the commissions; all the major ones were established by Democrats. The Interstate Commerce Commission was set up under Grover Cleveland; the Federal Trade and the Federal Power Commissions under Woodrow Wilson; and the Federal Communications Commission, the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Civil Aeronautics Board, and the Maritime Commission under Franklin Roosevelt. All exist to restrain and restrict and police private enterprises, and Republicans consider this the Devil's work, though they are forced by

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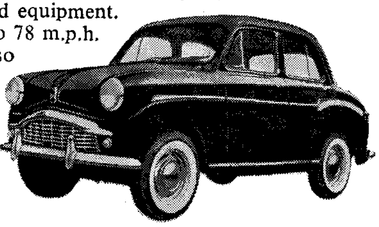

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the terms of their trusteeship to see that it is done. It is understandable that they should fulfill their obligations as permissively as the law allows, and that they should not seek out devotees of regulation to staff the agencies, particularly when they are able to cite Democratic precedents for a casual treatment of the whole business. And this they are easily able to do. President Truman dropped Landis, a former Dean of the Harvard Law School, as chairman of the Civil Aeronautics Board and appointed a former airline official in his place, and when the airline official left, his successor was a trade-association lobbyist. Mon Wallgren, who succeeded Leland Olds as chairman of the Federal Power Commission, was a defeated Governor of Washington, and a political mediocrity with no known competence in the field—though he developed, early on, a sympathy for the gas interests that undoubtedly left Senator Kerr feeling that he had done a good day's work in getting rid of Olds. The Eisenhower administration was breaking no new ground when it made a gas-company lawyer the chairman of the Federal Power Commission and put a protectionist congressman on the Tariff Commission.

The appointment of third-raters, honest or not, and of willing tools of the industries that are subject to regulation by the commissions not only made the commissions less wise, impartial, and responsible but also made them less interesting. And this failing, too, has contributed to the present squalor. When Dean Landis, Leland Olds, William O. Douglas, Joseph Kennedy, and Jerome Frank were sitting on regulatory commissions, the work they did, the ideas they spawned, and the decisions they made seemed worthy of notice in the press. In the thirties, the great age of the commissions, the newspapers and magazines kept the public advised of what was being said and thought and done in the offices of these men. For the past ten or twelve years, this has not been the case. Not even the largest of the news services make a serious attempt to keep the public abreast of what the commissions, with their vast powers over commerce, entertainment, transportation, and finance, are doing. Chosen from the ranks of the obscure and the politically necessitous, the commissioners—or most of them, anyway—remain in relative obscurity and are rewarded with salaries that compare most unfavorably with those of the businessmen who seek their good opinion. The fact that some of them remain conscientious

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and unpurchasable may well be more remarkable than the fact that some, apparently, can be got to.

Now that Dr. Schwartz is both out of a job and off the witness stand, it is widely believed that the Subcommittee will find some way of stuffing all its djinn back into their bottles and throwing the bottles away. This will take a bit of doing, for the press has loved the story thus far—especially since its opening chapters dealt with some unsavory aspects of the television business. Moreover, Dr. Schwartz may know more than he has yet said, and if the Subcommittee doesn't bring out all that he knows, he may once again speak up on his own. But congressmen are most resourceful when it comes to closing down a promising investigation, and they may yet succeed. Sooner or later, though, something will have to be done about the regulatory agencies. If regulation is to continue, either Congress will have to transfer the commissions' administrative functions to administrative agencies and their judicial ones to the courts—which is essentially what the two Hoover Commissions have proposed—or it will have to re-create by some means the atmosphere of the thirties, when it was recognized that a man issuing licenses for great enterprises, establishing regulations for industries that involve the public safety, fixing prices that affect the whole economy, and weighing the rights and claims of individuals and corporations must be above suspicion in the first place and, in the second place, must be removed and protected from the people he is dealing with. —RICHARD H. ROVERE

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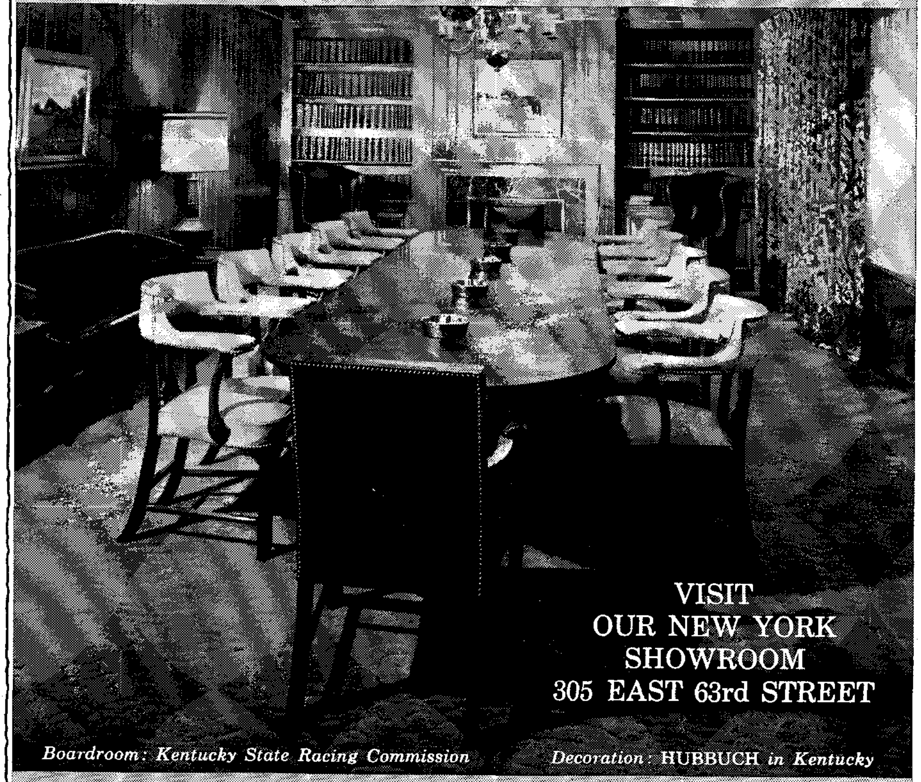

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"THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV," adapted and directed by Richard Brooks, goes on for about two and a half hours, most of which you'd be better off spending at some more rewarding pursuit. Mr. Brooks has approached Dostoevski with a commendable reverence but no visible understanding. Perhaps this is due to his inability to keep his cast under control. As Dmitri Karamazov, Yul Brynner proves conclusively that he has the largest eyeballs (and how he rolls them!) in the world of the cinema today, and Maria Schell, as Grushenka, keeps showing a really remarkable set of ivories in an almost endless series of coy grimaces. Since these are the key figures in the work, you can see what Mr. Brooks was up against. At the outset of the film, it occurred to me that what he lost on the swings he might gain on the roundabouts with all the secondary characters that populate the story. But, alas, Lee J. Cobb's manner of playing Dmitri's father is to snort through his whiskers; Claire Bloom, as Katya, twitches her lovely features as if she had *tic douloureux;* and Richard Basehart, as Ivan, shows no more emotion than a commuter chasing the six-thirteen for Moscow.

As you may remember, the Dostoevski novel has to do with three brothers—the aforementioned Dmitri and Ivan, plus a mystical one called Alexey (William Shatner)—and, of course, the old man and the girls. Also included in the affairs of the Karamazovs is a bastard—and he is loudly identified as such in the picture—named Smerdyakov (Albert Salmi). The old man being something of a swine, neither Dmitri nor Ivan has much use for him, and his lechery, penury, and lunacy even strain the Christian charity of Alexey, who has taken holy orders. The *deus ex machina*, as you'll recall, is the bastard, who eventually does the old man in, but before this occurs, we concentrate pretty much on the woes of Dmitri, who, having got involved with Katya, suddenly goes mad about Grushenka, a lass who not only has been nuzzling up to Dad but has a five-year-old case on a Polish

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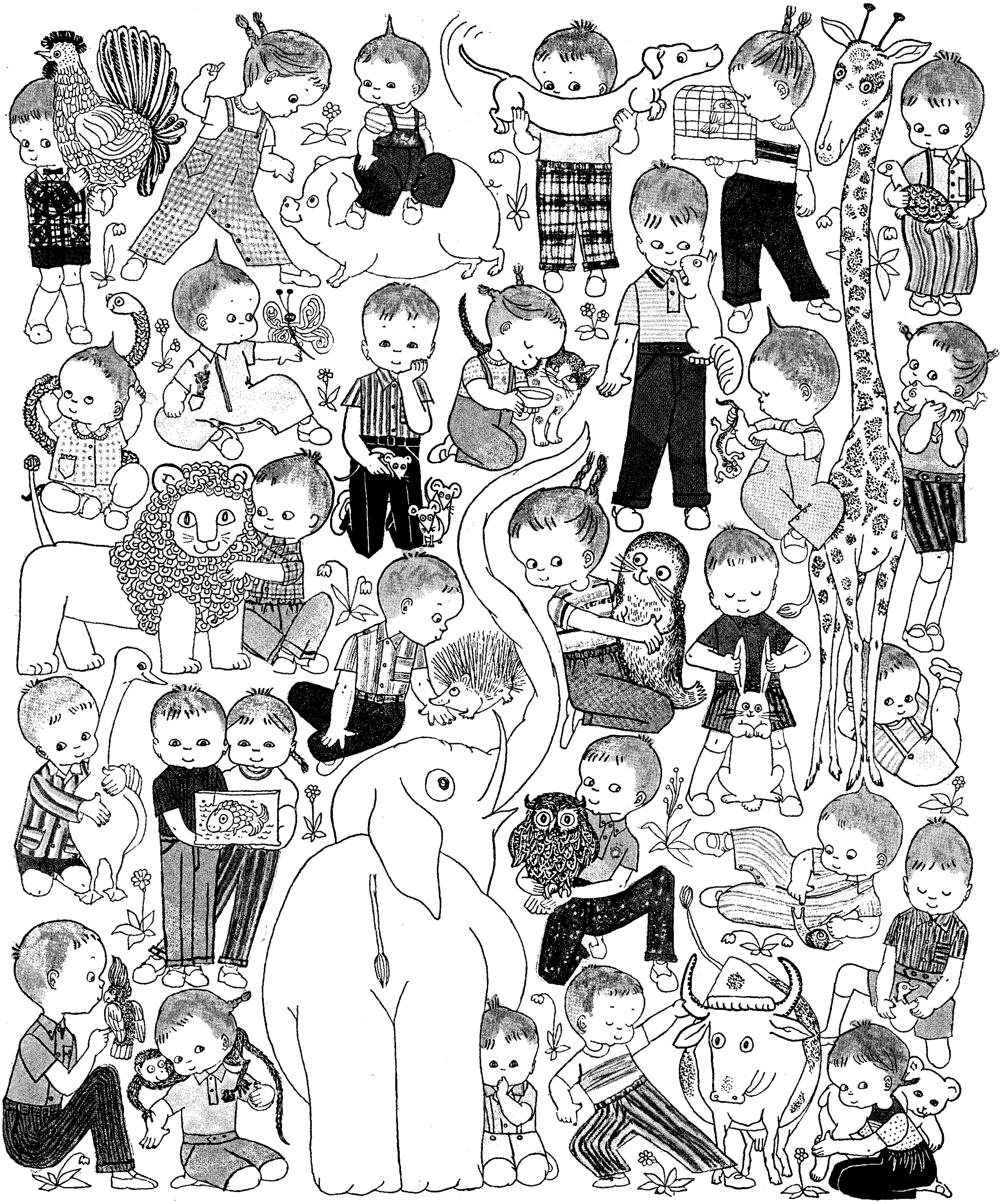

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officer who seduced her early in the game. All this, as Dostoevski told it, was certainly gripping stuff to me when I first encountered it in Constance Garnett's translation some years ago, but I think that Mr. Brooks, in addition to being saddled with actors who just can't stand up to the obligations they've assumed, never quite grapples with the ideas that Dostoevski was trying to propound. Although Mr. Brynner talks a good deal about how punishment for sin somehow leads to peace and happiness, he always looks, even in his deepest moments, as though he could barely restrain himself from leaping over a wall or doing a handstand or shinnying up a scaling ladder, and Mr. Brooks has obviously made no attempt to calm his athletic impulses. However, toward the close of the film, when Dmitri is on trial for the slaying of his father, the thing wakes up, and maybe you will, too.

"COWBOY" is what is called an adult Western. One of the leading characters says that a horse's brain is no bigger than an acorn, or maybe a filbert; furthermore, he sneers openly at the cattle from which he makes his living. The subversive I'm citing is played by Glenn Ford, who delivers his strictures on the subject of livestock while bathing in a Chicago hotel. But as soon as he is clean and tidy again, what does he do? He goes right back on the trail to pick up some steers in Mexico, accompanied by a hotel clerk (Jack Lemmon) who is crazy about the prairie. From there on, everything is mighty like a non-adult Western, from redskins to rattlesnakes to stampedes. Based on "My Reminiscences as a Cowboy," by Frank Harris, a man who seldom let any facts interrupt the swift movement of his pen, this is the Old West as one man would have it. Let him have it, I say.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

•

Miss Zagoren, wife of school-teacher Samuel Silverstein, is the mother of two small children. She teaches adult curses in creative writing and is serving with Connecticut College Alumnae Fund Committee.—*Deep River (Conn.) New Era.*

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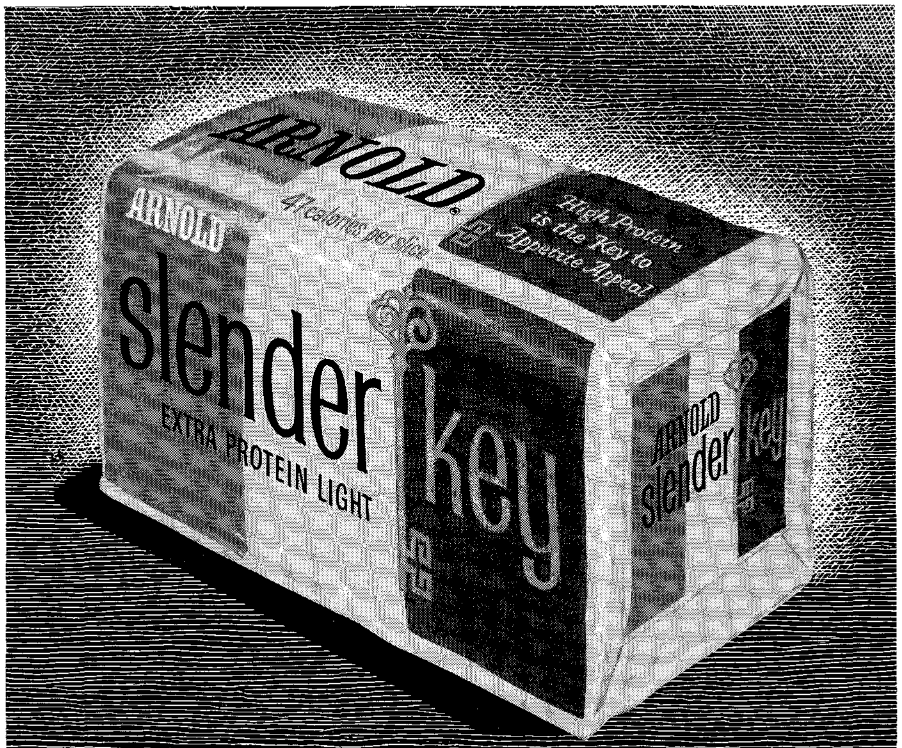

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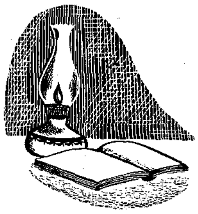
Onward and Upward in the Garden



FOR gardeners, this is the season of lists and callow hopefulness; hundreds of thousands of bewitched readers are poring over *their* catalogues, making lists for their seed and plant orders, and dreaming their dreams. It is the season, too, when the amateur gardener like myself marvels or grumbles at the achievements of the hybridizers and frets over the idiosyncrasies of the editors and writers who get up the catalogues. They are as individualistic—these editors and writers—as any Faulkner or Hemingway, and they can be just as frustrating or rewarding. They have an audience equal to the most popular novelist's, and a handful of them are stylists of some note. Even the catalogues with which no one man can be associated seem to have personalities of their own.

Before we examine the writers and editors, let us consider the hybridizers, and the horticulturists in general. Their slogan is not only "Bigger and Better" but "Change"—change for the sake of change, it seems. Say you have a nice flower like the zinnia—clean-cut, of interesting, positive form, with formal petals that are so neatly and cunningly put together, and with colors so subtle yet clear, that they have always been the delight of the still-life artist. Then look at the W. Atlee Burpee and the Joseph Harris Company catalogues and see what the seedsmen are doing to zinnias. Burpee, this year, devotes its inside front cover to full-color pictures of its Giant Hybrid Zinnias, which look exactly like great, shaggy chrysanthemums. Now, I *like* chrysanthemums, but why should zinnias be made to look like them? From Harris, you can buy the seed of what it calls New Super *Cactus* Flowered Zinnias, and they certainly do look like cactuses, or you can buy the seed of Fantasy Zinnias, which are the counterpart of asters. And both companies offer zinnias that look like dahlias. It is all very confusing. The Burpee people, who have always been slightly mad on the subject of marigolds, this year devote their outside front cover to their New Giant Fluffy Marigolds, which they describe as "large, round, fluffy, double chrysanthemum-like blooms;" this is just what they appear to be—chrysanthemums, not marigolds. In the Harris book, similar marigolds go by the *name* of Mum Marigolds. Meanwhile, what is happening to chrysanthemums? Well, some of *them* are being turned into cactuses, too; Wayside Gardens offers plants of one it describes as "Bronze Cactus—rare new mums with new style flowers." What is happening to cactuses this year I can't say, since I don't belong to the Succulent Society (a very active group, by the way) and have no cactus catalogues at hand, but I do own—among my other cactuses—a cactus a friend gave me years ago called a *poinsettia* cactus, and a miserable old thing it is, full of mealy bugs.

It is not only these transmogrifications of old favorites that trouble me; I am equally bothered by the onward-and-upward cry of the seedsmen and plant growers. Of course, this is nothing new; the trend since almost the beginning of time has been to grow things that are bigger and better. Better I go for: roses that blossom all summer, day lilies that stay open longer, lettuce with less tendency to bolt, corn that will not wilt, string beans without strings. The hybridizers—with an assist, perhaps, from the chemists—are responsible for all these blessings. But as for flowers, I have never been able to persuade myself that the biggest blooms are necessarily the most beautiful. Take the rose called Peace—"the rose of the century," one cataloguer terms it. Everybody knows this huge, rosy-yellow rose, and nearly everybody admires it and tries to grow it. In spite of its lovely colors, I don't like Peace. Even a small vaseful of Peace roses is grotesque, and on the bush the blossoms look to me like the cabbagy Tenniel roses of the Queen's Croquet Ground—the white ones Alice found the card gardeners hurriedly painting red against the arrival of the Queen. Lewis Carroll was prophetic; today the garden men are quite as busy changing the colors of flowers as they are changing their size and shape. Some years back, the Burpee breeders, in their zeal to produce a marigold with no gold in it, went to the length of offering their customers an award of ten thousand dollars for a marigold seed that would produce a white flower. (I suppose they were hoping for a sport.) In the last couple of years, they have cooled off a bit. The offer still stands, but instead of leading the catalogue it is farther back in the book. In the meantime, the company has developed a seed called Burpee's Near-

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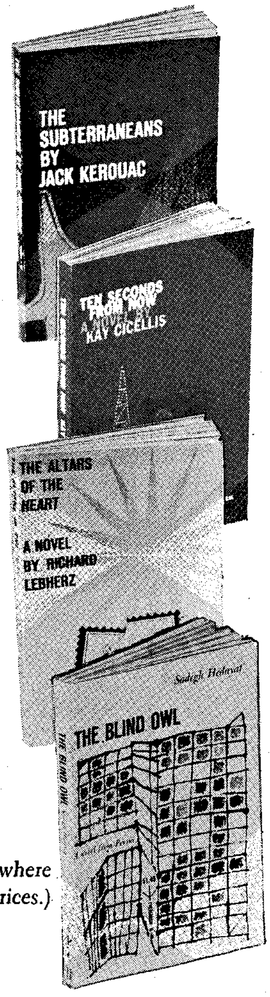
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est-to-White Marigold. I grew some of it last year, hoping, like everyone else, for a particularly white flower that would win the big prize. Mine all turned out to be a sickly cream, which did not go well with the tawny oranges and golds and citron yellows of the common marigolds I always grow for autumn color. Even when the nurserymen aren't tampering with a flower, they like to appear to be doing so. One of White Flower Farm's proudest offerings this year is a shrub it lists as "White-Forsythia." Actually, it isn't a forsythia at all, it is a rare Korean shrub (*Abeliophyllum distichum*), which merely looks like forsythia, but without its golden charm.

WHATEVER may be said about the seedsmen's and nurserymen's methods, their catalogue writers are my favorite authors and produce my favorite reading matter. Most of them write anonymously, but a few men who sign their names offer fine examples of regional literature. Take the breezy and highly personal product of H. M. Russell, of Russell Gardens, Spring, Texas, a nursery that grows only day lilies. (Mr. Russell always makes it one word—"daylilies.") His 1955 booklet, which recently fell into my hands, starts out with "A Personal Note" to his friends and customers, thanking them for their confidence and reporting on his health, which had been poor but was better. This is followed by a two-page argumentative—you might say quarrelsome—essay headed "Concerning 'Evergreen' and 'Dormant' Daylilies and Their 'Regional' Behavior. Ours Are Hardy All Over America—Here's Why." Next comes a page of photographs showing four lily-growing Russells, and the biggest picture is of Mrs. H. M. Russell. "Without her inspiration," writes Mr. R., "there just wouldn't have been my contribution to the Daylily world." Farther on, amid the color pictures of the lilies, we are favored with a photograph of still another Russell—Skeeter, H. M.'s seventh grandchild, sitting behind his first birthday cake. Russell Gardens claims to be America's largest growers of day lilies; there are thirty solid acres of them, a great part of which, Mr. Russell says, "we consider strictly trash." I like this outspoken Texan; he may talk both big and small, but I find that I believe what he says. I hope he is in good health and I advise any fancier to investigate his lilies.

A stylist of another sort is nearer home—the sage of White Flower

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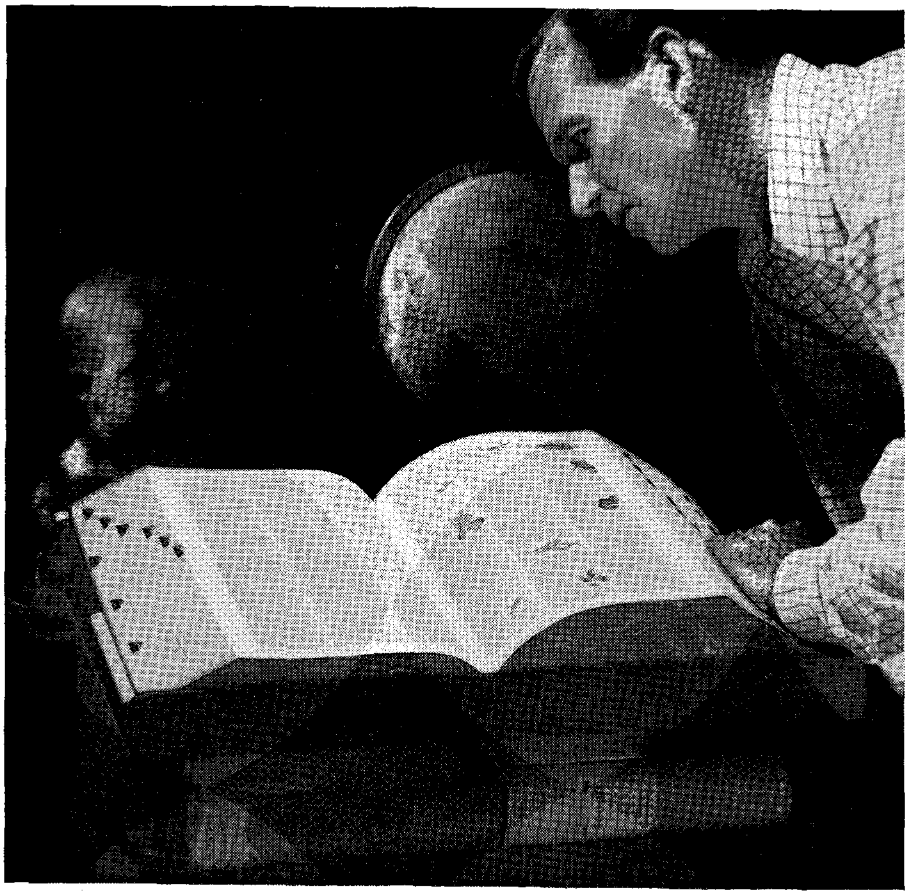
Farm, in Litchfield, Connecticut, who signs his writings "Amos Pettingill." I have no idea whether Amos Pettingill is a real person—the name sounds like an ill-advised fabrication—but, real or fake, someone is in there pitching who edits a lively catalogue and writes in a highly distinctive style. White Flower is a nursery that specializes in rare plants, shrubs, trees, and bulbs; it also grows good-quality everyday plants. Probably it is best known for its Warmenhoven strain of amaryllis, its clivia, its Blackmore & Langdon tuberous-rooted begonias, and its *fraises des bois*. Its 1958 "Plant Book"—fifty cents a copy, thirty-seven pages—is a model of clarity, good taste, and good order, and (an oddity in garden catalogues) it is entirely in black-and-white and has no pictures of flowers, except for some decorative pen-and-ink drawings by Nils Hogner. The book is really a dictionary of White Flower's goods; everything offered is listed alphabetically under its botanical name and cross-indexed by its common name. (Only the catalogue addict will understand what a comfort so simple a thing as alphabetical order can be.) Mr. Pettingill contributes a slightly testy introduction, in which he takes off against the term "green thumb" and says that "top grade has nothing to do with size" (two ideas I subscribe to), then gets down to business on prices and what's new. To enjoy Amos Pettingill at his most peppery, though, you must read "White Flower Farm Notes," which are bulletins issued at least six times a year and sent to White Flower's customers. (Non-customers may subscribe; $3.50 for three years, with the "Plant Book" thrown in.) Here Amos really lets himself go, is chatty, sassy, or lyrical, as his mood dictates, and here he airs his latest enthusiasms and his pet grouches. ("BULBS, BULBS, BULBS. You will now [this was a June issue] please take your Plant Book in hand, and do what you had absolutely no intention of doing—order your bulbs for September-October delivery" and, elsewhere, "Confound it, we do not think customers are *always* wrong.") Most lady gardeners I know "simply love" him. I admire him more for his explicit cultural directions, his odd bits of gardening lore, and his sensible descriptions of what he has to sell than for the eccentric personality he has created for himself. I have found that what he says will happen to a plant usually does happen to it. White Flower grows good plants, packages them well, and sends exact and detailed directions (Amos again?) with every



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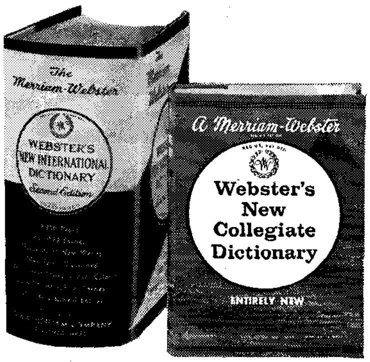
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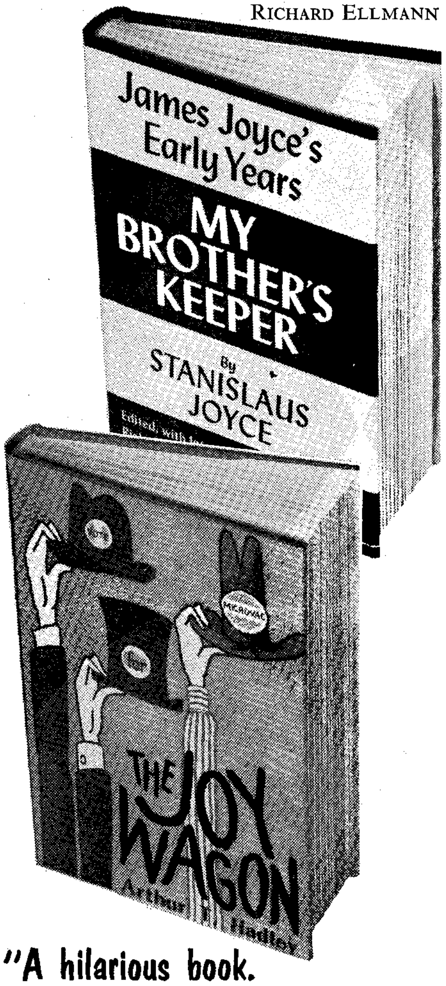

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purchase. One of the new things it offers this spring, besides that white forsythia, is a lilac (*Syringa microphylla superba*) that blooms *twice* a year, and again it is featuring "Terra Rossa" unglazed clay flowerpots, hand-turned in Italy. These range from the eight-inch-diameter size, at $5.95, to the forty-inch, at $280—a nice little crock for the terrace.

Another writer with a style of his own is Will Tillotson, the grower and catalogue writer for Will Tillotson's Roses, 802 Brown Valley Road, Watsonville, California. The two catalogues I have—1955 and 1956—were lent me by a friend who runs a beauty parlor, and I must not keep them long, because though she has never bought a Tillotson rose, she reads Tillotson every night before she goes to sleep. (Catalogue readers, quite as much as catalogue writers, are a group apart.) The Tillotson catalogues are titled "Roses of Yesterday and Today" for the good reason that Will Tillotson, though he does grow and sell any rare or modern roses he happens to admire, specializes in old-fashioned roses. The catalogues are period pieces, too. The 1956 cover reproduces Sargent's "The Lady with the Rose," and 1955's is Fragonard's "The Swing," from the Frick Collection. I don't wonder that my friend finds these fat little books good to look at and to read. The many uncolored photographs of roses are enchanting, and I never tire of Mr. Tillotson's prose. He is a quoter. Bits of wisdom or poetry scattered through the 1956 book range from Yuan Chung-lang, a Chinese sage of the sixteenth century, to Leigh Hunt and Browning. The favorite source of Tillotson wisdom, though, is Dean Hole's "Book About Roses," published in England in 1869. He quotes him again and again. The catalogue's descriptions of roses are informative and occasionally rhapsodic; if the date of a rose's origination is known, it is given. This will afford you an idea of the Tillotson style and scope:

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Style and all, the Tillotson catalogues bring me great happiness. Here are the moss roses, the musk roses, the damasks and sweetbriers, the old-fashioned hy-

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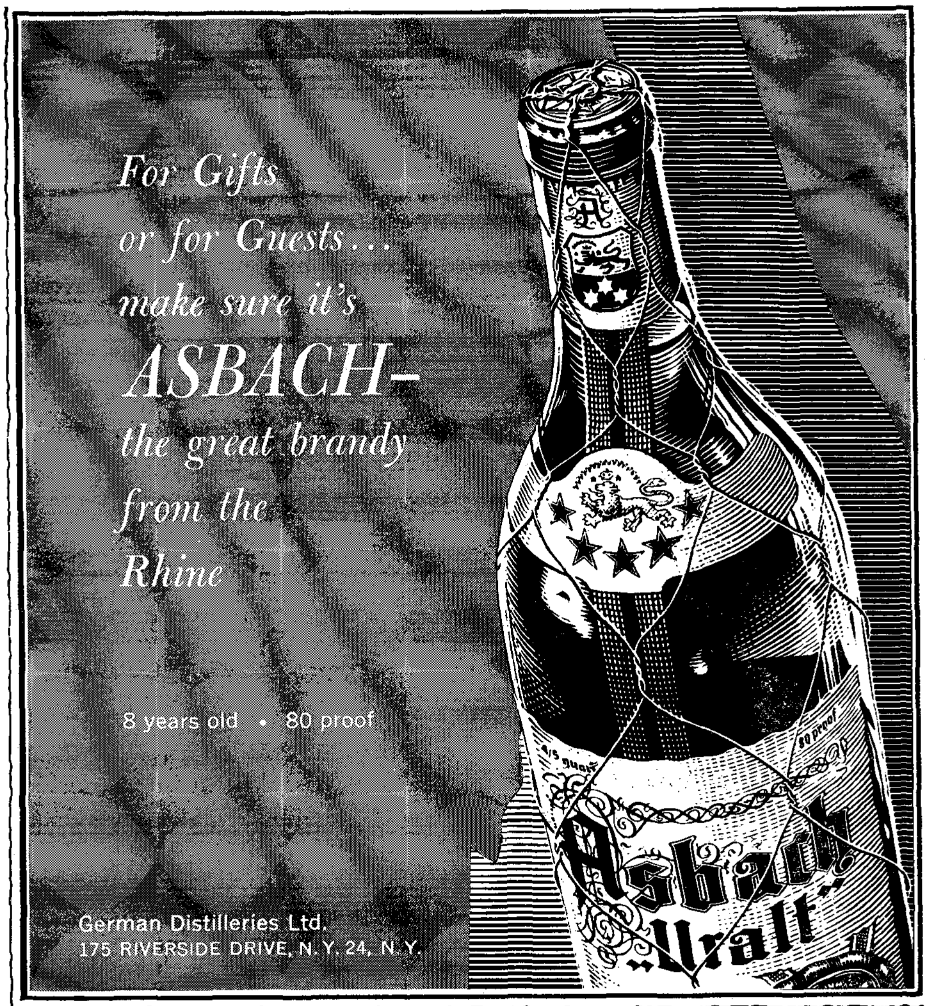
brid teas and hardy perpetuals of my childhood and my father's childhood, alongside rare or exotic roses and those modern floribundas and hybrid teas to which Will Tillotson gives the nod. Now and then, he stops carrying a rose he still thinks well of to make room for a new find—in 1956 he threw out Lowell Thomas—and sometimes he carries a rose he has not made up his mind about. I can't wait to learn whether in this year's catalogue he is still offering the rose called President Eisenhower; he has been wavering about it since 1954, when, he tells us, he wrote, "I will admit the rose is red, fragrant, forty-petalled, and is in nationally light supply for 1954. Beyond this I now refuse to go," adding that he was not yet ready to declare himself about either the rose or the man. This, he says, aroused a storm of protest, so in the summer of 1955 he wrote, "The C.W. [meaning the catalogue writer, Will Tillotson] has made up his mind about Pres. Eisenhower, the Rose (and the President of the U. S.)." A cagey statement if ever I saw one. For all I know, he is still sticking to it.

Of course, in New York, when ordering roses, one is likely to think first of the Jackson & Perkins Co., of Newark, New York, who announce themselves as the world's largest growers of roses, or of Bobbink & Atkins, of East Rutherford, New Jersey, who have been known to say they grow the world's largest *selection* of roses. Both statements are doubtless true. I have had good luck with J. & P.'s rosebushes, but I am increasingly disaffected by their catalogues, which each year grow more flamboyant. This spring's is a riot of huge color illustrations of the roses, interlarded with exclamatory type printed in red, green, yellow, blue, or black ink. It is a mess. I shall always be grateful to Jackson & Perkins, though, for years ago introducing me (and millions of others) to the New Yorker rose, which, I'm happy to say, considering its name, is the red rose that does not change color with age. My favorite among J. & P.'s yellows is still Eclipse, which is now listed under "Common Roses." It was not always so. But Eclipse's elongated pale buds, against its dark, glossy-green foliage, are as lovely as ever, and in my garden Eclipse continues to blossom long after the first frosts.

The current Bobbink & Atkins catalogue (1957, since the 1958 book is not yet ready) contains eighteen color pages of modern roses and three pages of what it calls "historical roses"—again



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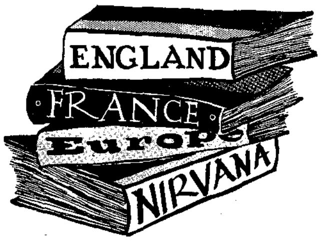

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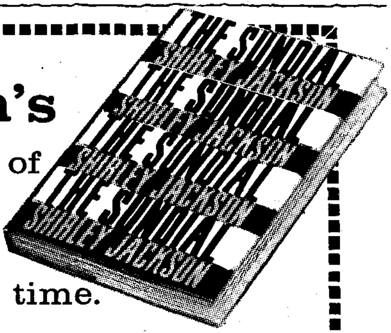

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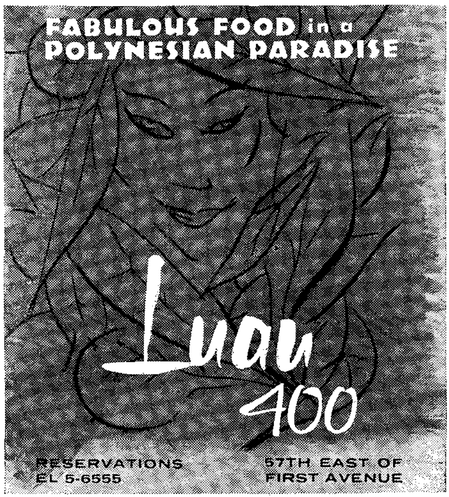
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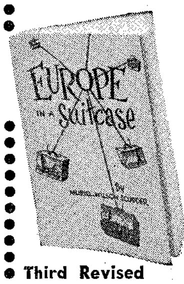

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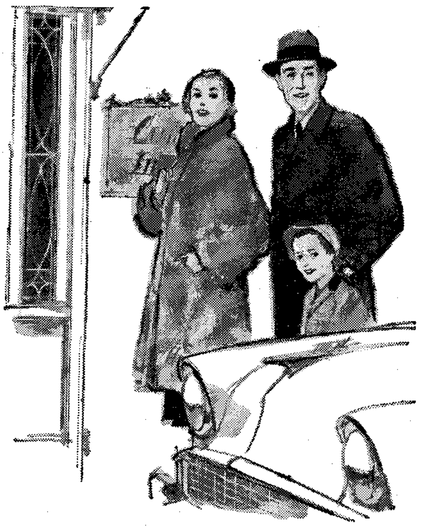
the old-fashioned mosses and damasks, the French and the cabbage roses—and these listings are but a fraction of the hundreds of varieties the firm grows. On the cover is shown its new hybrid tea, a lusty, very clear pink rose with a satiny sheen, named in memory of Mrs. Cole Porter. To me, though, the loveliest rose pictured is Mermaid, a five-petalled climber or rambling bush rose with large pure-white-to-lemon blooms. This catalogue is not as inspiriting in typography or general appearance as some of the firm's earlier ones, but it bears careful study if the reader is looking for unusual items, and it will convince him of the high quality of the plants and shrubs this nursery grows, even if he is not already aware of it from visits to the New York Flower Show, where B. & A. has always carried off many of the prizes. The catalogue's list of perennials contains some interesting items for rock gardens, such as hardy cyclamen, wild bleeding heart, and gentiana.

ONE of the most beautiful catalogues in my collection, and one of the best-edited, is Wayside Gardens' two-hundred-and-thirty-two-page book of plants, shrubs, vines, roses, bulbs, and other nursery stock. It offers the most varied and lavish collection of growing things I know of, and serious gardeners—especially those who go in for perennials—can hardly afford to be without it. (Wayside's address is Mentor, Ohio; one catalogue will be sent free of charge; extra copies cost $1.50.) The book is printed on coated stock, and more than half its pages are in full color—color that is extraordinarily lively and true. The typography has elegance, and the arrangement of the book makes it easy for the reader to find his way around. Most dear to the heart of the gardener, though, are Wayside's unexaggerated descriptions, its directions for culture, and its exactitude in giving the height of each species—the biggest help of all in planting. The prices, as might be expected, are not low.

Here are a few of Wayside's offerings that took my eye. First, the three full-page color photographs of day lilies, which are captioned "The Finest of All Yellow Lemon Lilies!," "The Finest Apricot Hemerocallis," and "The Finest Red Hemerocallis." (Did I say "unexaggerated"? A simple superlative is nothing in a catalogue.) The red—*Hemerocallis helios*, named for the sun god—is a standout, for the rich red has no hint of the usual day-lily rust in it. But prepare yourself for disappoint-



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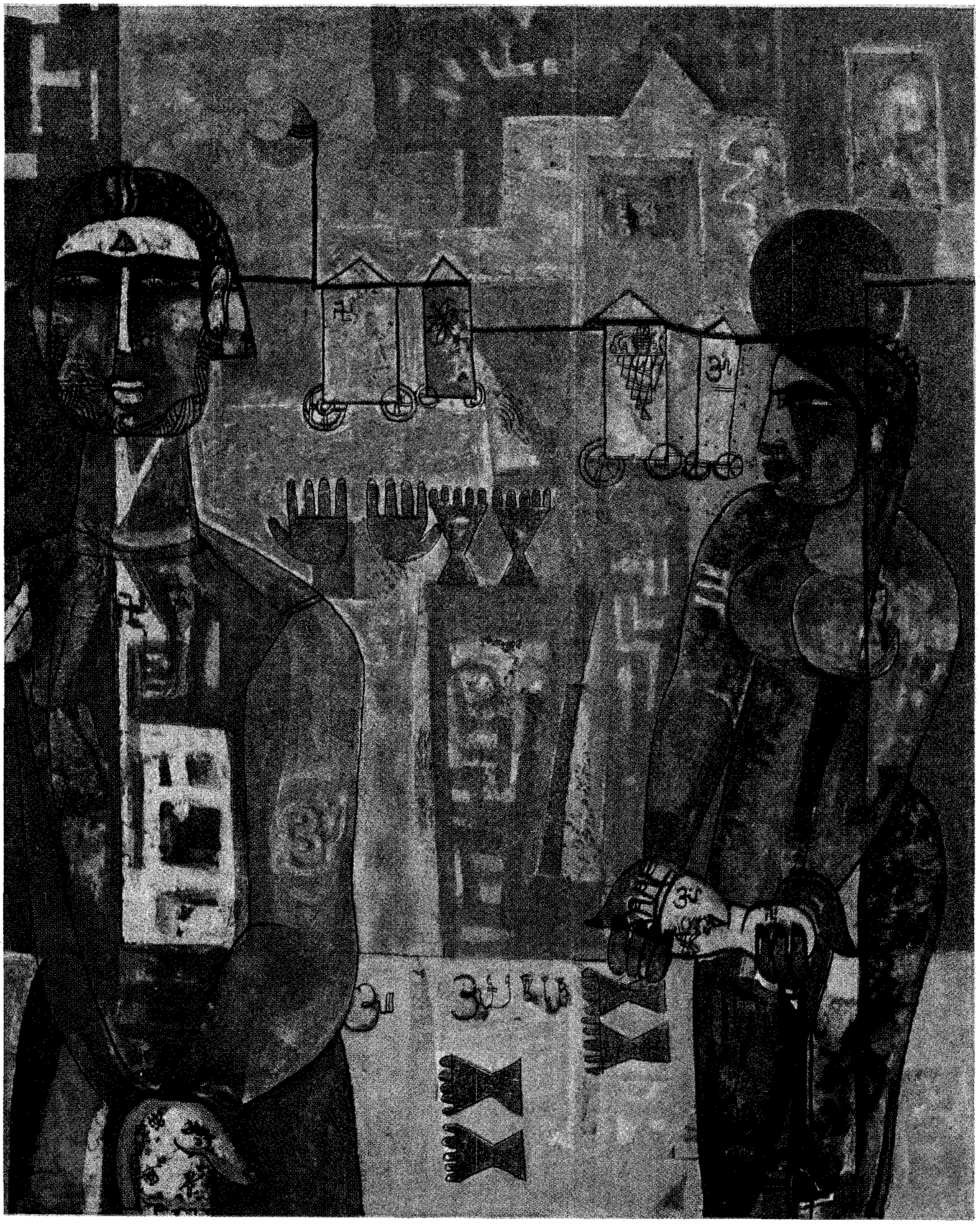

Artist: Mohan B. Samant

On Leaders and Followers

What the wise choose the unwise people take; what best men do the multitude will follow.

(*Bhagavad-Gita, Book III*)

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"Our *diplomatic* confrères certainly agree," I noted. "Seems you could say that, both ways, Relska is the diplomatic drink."

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ment: Wayside is sold out of Helios for this spring; order now for September delivery. I was fetched, too, by the color picture of Allwood Brothers' Laced Pinks—white or pale-rose petals with red-rose lacings. These pinks were brought to Scotland by the Huguenot weavers when they were driven out of the Low Countries; the refugees, it seems, settled near Paisley, and there took to hybridizing their homeland garden pinks. (Wayside tells you things like this.) I also liked another importation from Allwood Brothers, who are England's foremost growers of dianthus and pinks. This is the dwarf dianthus, *Allwoodi alpinus*, mixed white to pale-pink petals rayed with darker pink.

It would be impossible to cover here the infinite variety of Wayside's offerings, but you might want to consider the fringy *hardy* fuchsia, a rarity, or, if you like gigantism, the new deep-salmon phlox, Sir John Falstaff, whose florets are two inches in diameter. There are, of course, pages and pages of roses, and most of them are standard varieties. I like Hill Top, which cannot be found in all rose catalogues—loosely rolled buff petals shading to pink—and which has done well for me in a cold climate. There are also color pictures of two lovely single hybrid teas—pale-pink Dainty Bess, and White Wings, silver white with rosy amethyst stamens.

NOW for a few specialties. Peony growers are among the most special of the lot. Cherry Hill Nurseries (Thurlows & Stranger, Inc.), West Newbury, Massachusetts, a good general nursery, is famous for its peonies; generations of Thurlows have been propagating them. The latest catalogue (1957) lists well over a hundred varieties of the doubles, the singles, and the Japanese type, and more are available on demand. (The 1958 catalogue will be out in mid-March.) The prices are moderate—$1 to $15—and I can testify that a dozen peony clumps I got from Cherry Hill in the early thirties still bloom their pretty heads off each June. The 1957 list contains no tree peonies, which are among the luxuries of the garden, but perhaps the firm has them. White Flower Farm does. I recommend, though, for the peony gardener who is up to it, the leaflet issued by Silvia Saunders, of Clinton, New York. Miss Saunders is continuing the hybridizing of peonies started by her father, A. P. Saunders, who was a professor of chemistry at Hamilton College. His is a name to conjure with in the world of peonies, and his daughter seems to be

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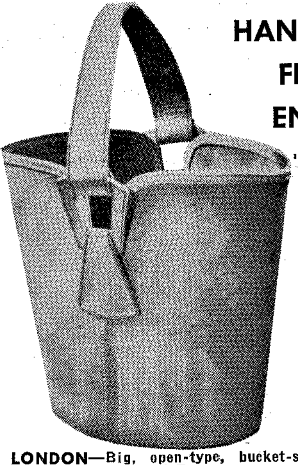

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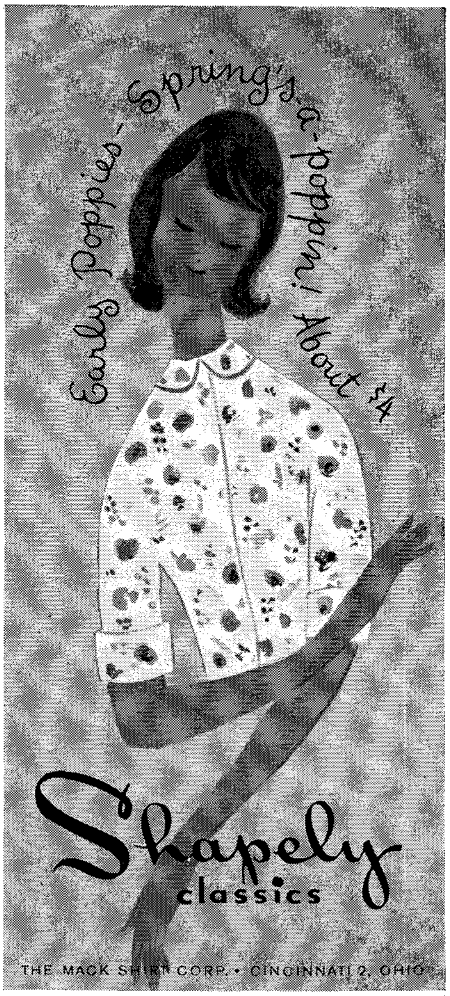
carrying on in his tradition. The leaflet she issues is very technical. In her listing of herbaceous hybrids, she gives the names of the two parents in each simple cross, and she offers triple and quadruple crosses as well. She also sells seeds, peony-species plants (i.e., the original strains), and tree peonies. The hybrids include not only the crosses usually shown in flower shows but those made between species not hitherto used, which have been obtained from botanical gardens and collectors in Europe and Asia. There is a set of these peonies that Miss Saunders calls the Mystery Group and that she describes in her catalogue as "Ivories, pearled shades, suffused mauves. Single to double." I quote the description to show that she hybridizes for beauty rather than for eccentricity; her work is an art as well as a science. Prices run from $5 to $50, but anyone who has seen the Saunders peonies in bloom, as I was once lucky enough to, will know that they are rare indeed.

This is not the time of year to buy most flowering bulbs, but some of the names to remember when you put in your summer orders for tulips, narcissi, daffodils, and the other spring bulbs are Max Schling Seedsmen, 538 Madison Avenue; P. de Jager & Sons, 188 Asbury Street, South Hamilton, Massachusetts, whose head offices are in Holland; and John Scheepers, Inc., 37 Wall Street, another outlet for Dutch bulbs. The de Jager catalogue, printed in Holland, is a lovely thing—chaste, compact, and full of photographs, many of them superb examples of color printing. For lily bulbs of all kinds, Romaine B. Ware, of Canby, Oregon, issues the most attractive catalogue I have seen, and Oregon's lilies are famous. White Flower and Wayside also carry a big selection of bulbs.

THE nursery catalogues, both general and special, may be absorbing, but the real spring excitement—for me, anyway—comes with the seed catalogues. I can't attempt to cover them all, and I shall limit my field to the three houses I usually buy from: the W. Atlee Burpee Company, Hunting Park Avenue at 18th Street, Philadelphia 32; the Joseph Harris Company, Moreton Farm, Rochester 11, New York; and Max Schling. I used also to study the catalogue of Breck's Seeds, Boston 10, which is a famous name in New England, the firm having been in business since 1818, but I use it now only for garden accessories. For all I know, its seeds are as good as ever, but the cata-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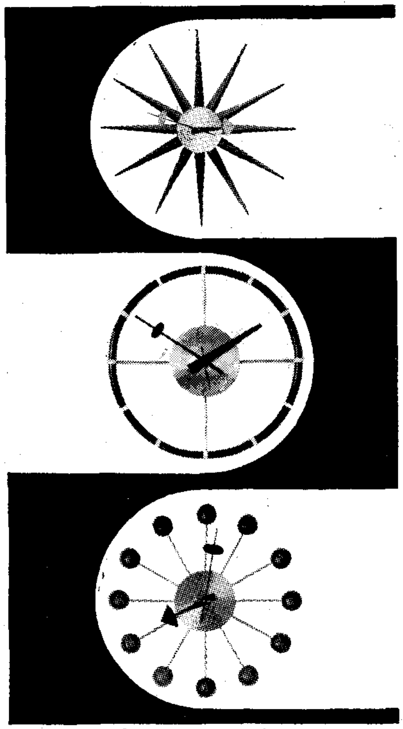

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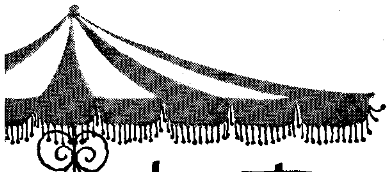

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logue is now so full of what is headlined, in a flurry of capital letters, as "TREASURE TROVE of HANDY HELPS for easy GARDENING, easy LIVING!" that I haven't the patience to sort out the seeds from the gadgets. However, if you want to buy an automatic bird feeder or a Tahitian garden torch ("Light up outdoor get-togethers with Tahitian enchantment!!"), Breck's is your answer.

In spite of that gay marigold cover and a few other color pages, the Burpee catalogue is not pretty. It contains a hundred and twenty-four pages of gray type and cloudy photographs, dimly printed on uncoated stock. Nevertheless, it is fun, if taxing, to read, and the reader is always aware of David Burpee, the president of the company, as both writer, chemist, and hybridizer. He leads off this year with a philosophical letter—"Civilization began in a garden . . ." and so on. The catalogue's emphasis is on flower seeds, to which it devotes twice as many pages as to vegetables. Burpee as a flower-seed house has one sterling quality: it remains loyal to the old-fashioned flowers even while tampering with them, and it still offers many old-timers not to be found elsewhere. Mr. Burpee makes almost as big a thing of petunias as he does of marigolds. You can get bedders, balcony types, fringed petunias, ruffled petunias—Giant Ruffled, that is. While I usually prefer the simpler forms of petunia, I would not be without one of Burpee's Giant Ruffleds—Mauve Queen, a petunia I have never found in any other catalogue. Though the color scheme may not sound alluring—light mauve or heliotrope on a white ground with purple veinings—Mauve Queen is a beauty.

The Burpee people go for ruffles in anything. To me a ruffled petunia is occasionally a delight but a ruffled snapdragon is an abomination. The snapdragon is a very complicated flower form to start with, and it has style. Fuss it up and it becomes overdressed. Here is what Burpee has done to snapdragons:

> Giant Ruffled Tetraploid Snapdragons . . . Tetra snaps are a Burpee scientific creation, originated through the treatment of the best regular or diploid varieties with colchicine—a drug or chemical derived from the bulbs of fall crocus. Genetically . . . they have twice the number of chromosomes in their cells as the regular . . . snapdragons.

The result is that the upper lip of each dragon's mouth is crinkled. (Hardly kissable.) All through the catalogue the word "tetra" appears, and all

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through the flowers the chromosomes have been multiplying, with varying results—greater size, more varied colors, fancier petals—and the end is not in sight. The happiest results seem to me to be among the sweet peas, of which Burpee offers a myriad—the Most Fragrant, the Early Flowering, the Giant Ruffled, the Heat-Resistant, etc. If you mix two or three of them, you can have sweet peas all summer.

And now to Harris, my dream catalogue. Vegetables come first here, and rightly, considering the reliability and extra something all Harris vegetables seem to possess. I could enlarge on the virtues of the corn named Wonderful, the Snowball Cauliflower, the Cornell Self-Blanching Celery, and the exquisite qualities and the differences of Salad Bowl, Oak Leaf, Bibb, and White Boston lettuce. Instead, I shall only praise Harris for the style, clarity, and good looks of its eighty-four-page catalogue. Printed on coated stock, larded with exceptionally good photographs, and arranged for ease of selection, it is a model of what a seed catalogue should be. Harris has greatly expanded its flower-seed offerings in recent years, and now also has a short list of plants and bulbs. All these are as handsomely presented as the vegetables are, except for four color pages of flowers, whose photography does not have the art of the black-and-whites; here, too, the editors seem to be following the cataloguers' way of all flesh by introducing red, blue, and yellow lettering. The Harris book is strictly anonymous, and no literary character impinges upon you with his folksy philosophy or his ideas on propagation, but whoever writes it does things I like; he may list a collection of frostproof flowers or a group suitable to grow for dried-flower arrangements, or he may issue a command: "Scatter seed of Iceland Poppies in your perennial garden this June." The seed packets, too, carry foolproof directions for culture. I have learned a lot about gardening from the Joseph Harris Company.

Max Schling's spring catalogue is short—thirty-nine pages—and its lists of seeds and plants are highly selective. No scare headlines, no large claims; moderation is the word. Schling's dahlias are merely "Meritorious." Hidden away in the small type of this book you can find unusual things: water lilies—day bloomers, night bloomers, and hardy; a *yellow* fuchsia called Swanley Yellow; the sunflower called Redwood Empire; camellias that will thrive in the North; seeds of the Percival delphinium, a white delphinium with a

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black eye. There is also a list of seeds for greenhouse culture.

If it is native wild-flower plants or ferns that you wish, you could send for the leaflet catalogue of Wake Robin Farm, Route 1, Box 33, Home, Pennsylvania. It might be a rewarding experience to transplant into your garden or your woods some of its trailing-arbutus, lady's-slipper, or cardinal-flower plants. The Pearce Seed Company, of Moorestown, New Jersey, a nursery for rare plants or the seeds of rare plants, offers native wild-flower seed, but only in packages of mixed varieties, divided into wild flowers for shade and wild flowers for sun. However, among its listings of rare seeds may be found some of the common wild flowers, like the bottle gentian and the trilliums; an exotic form of jack-in-the-pulpit hides there under the name of Himalayan Arisaema. The Pearce catalogue is no longer the collector's item it used to be, but it still makes good reading because it offers so many real rarities both for the garden and for growing in the house. These last range from the difficult orchids to such easy things to grow as the more unusual forms of geranium—Apple Blossom, Arcturus, and Bird's Egg. —KATHARINE S. WHITE

P.S. This report must have a melancholy addendum. I've just received the new Tillotson rose catalogue (1957-58, two years in one). It is written and signed by Will Tillotson. But on the final pages of this second edition of the book there is a note to say that Mr. Tillotson died in England last summer, while he was there collecting roses for his California nursery. The business will be carried on by Mrs. Dorothy Stemler, who has long been active in it. In Will Tillotson's last list of stock, the rose President Eisenhower has been dropped, without comment.

"Oh, gentle reader, forgive me if you are 'sleepy' or bored or annoyed. The tired catalog-writer has emptied his 'sack of adjectives at your feet.' " These words, reprinted from 1955's "Roses of Yesterday," are used as Will Tillotson's sign-off in the new book. He is a writer gardeners will miss. —K. S. W.

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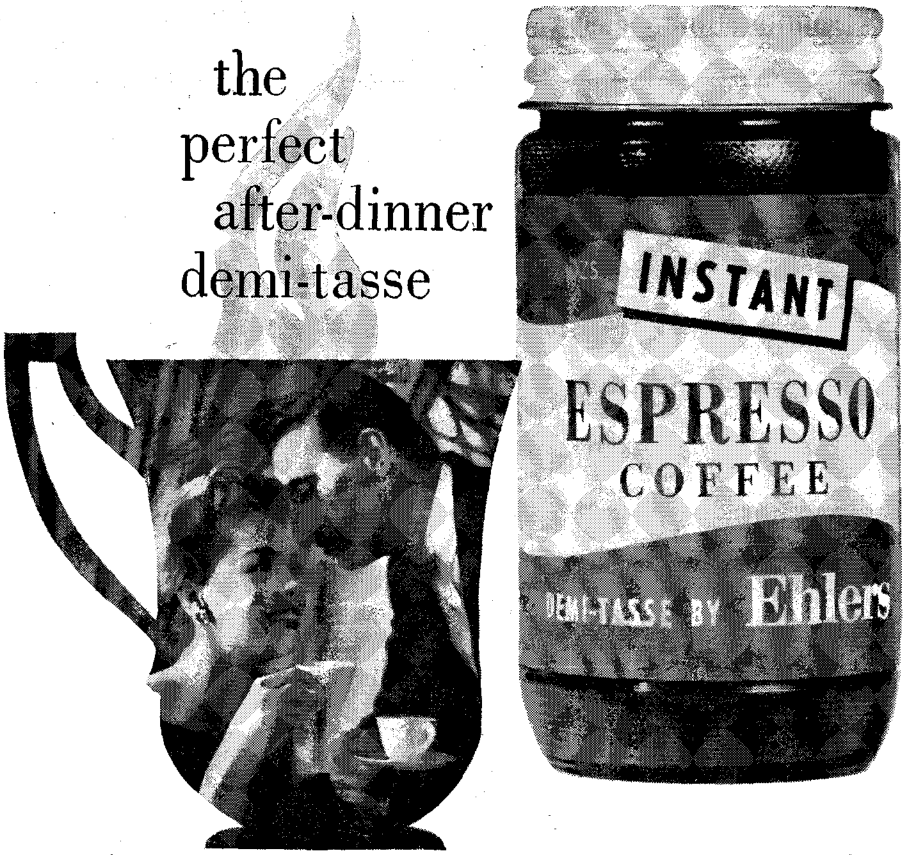

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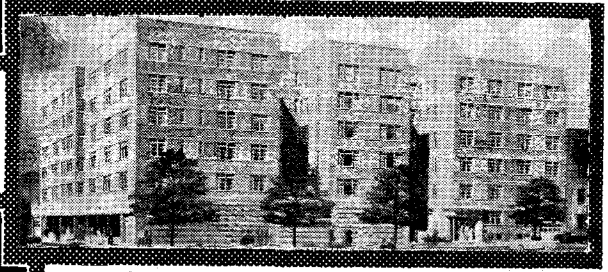

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*Cradle Song, Josiah Gilbert Holland, 1819-1881

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into their work, which is not really a novel but a series of incidents described and explained.

THE MARRIAGE, by Mona Williams (Putnam). Mrs. Williams' self-possessed novel deals with the dilemma of a childish woman who divorces her childish bully of a husband after twenty years of marriage, only to find that without her oppressor her life lacks excitement. The scene is San Francisco.

GENERAL

THE FINE AND THE WICKED: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF OUIDA, by Monica Stirling (Coward-McCann). Ouida (1839-1908) began turning out best-sellers young—"Under Two Flags" appeared when she was twenty-eight—and before she was done, she had published forty-six books (which are hardly read today) and had made and spent a fortune. She was energetic, imaginative, and generous, but she lacked the ordinary perceptiveness of less gifted women, since she spent ten years chasing an indecisive *marchese* before discovering what everyone in their set had known all along—that he was the permanent property of his married mistress. (Ouida worked off part of her heartbreak by writing a hit novel about the romance, and was greatly surprised when the two of them resented it.) Some of her difficulties arose because she was a self-made woman in an era when one was supposed to inherit social position, and it is hard to say whether she seems more pathetic trying to join the snobs—for instance, cutting the governess at a friend's house because the governess knew her in the old days—or trying to lick them. Miss Stirling has done a brilliant piece of work in re-creating, with great sympathy, the archetype of lady novelists, but she is unconvincing when she argues that Ouida was even a moderately good writer.

MR. FIVE PER CENT, by Ralph Hewins (Rinehart). A biography of Calouste Sarkis Gulbenkian, pioneer Middle Eastern oil promoter, international financial wizard, multimillionaire, and art collector, who was born near Constantinople of Armenian parents in 1869, spent most of his life in England as a naturalized British subject, and died in Portugal, a naturalized Persian, in 1955. The book takes its title from Gulbenkian's seemingly modest holding in the Iraq Petroleum Company—of which he was chief architect, builder, and invisible

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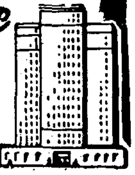

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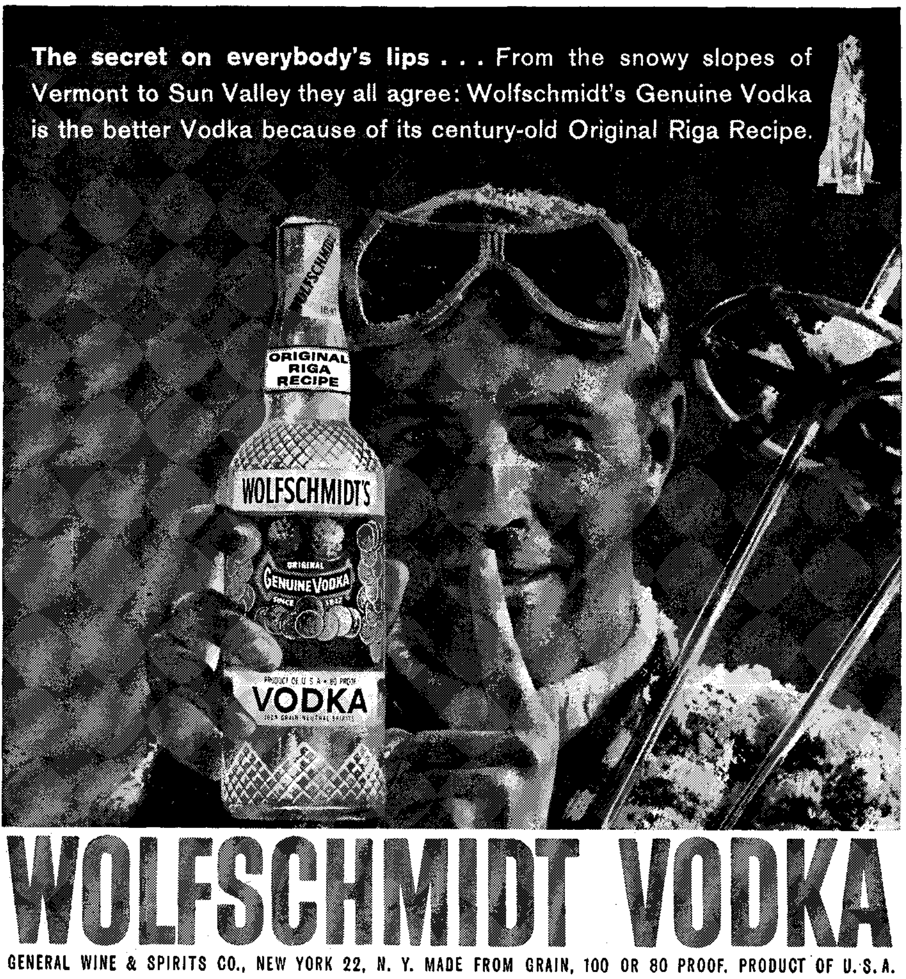
manager—that formed the core of his pocket empire. As a man, Gulbenkian could hardly be less interesting (his work was his life, and his nature was mean, overbearing, and secretive), but as a manipulator of power politics for profit he helped shape the Western world during the first half of the twentieth century. By concentrating on these mammoth international poker games Mr. Hewins has produced an awesomely engrossing book. Photographs and a map.

THE TITANS, by André Maurois (Harper). This collective biography of the three Dumas—the Napoleonic general, the Dumas of the Musketeers, and the Dumas of Camille—will come as a disappointment to people who revised their opinions of M. Maurois after reading his scholarly and penetrating studies of George Sand and Victor Hugo. His latest book is a scissors-and-paste affair, consisting mostly of anecdotes about this spectacularly extrovert family that have been printed and reprinted a great many times before, in both French and English. The anecdotes are often amusing enough to stand repetition, but they do not conceal the fact that the three lives lack the emotional richness that creates interest. Though all the Dumas were sufficiently quick-witted and alert to make a splash on the surface, none of them seems to have been capable of reaching any profound level of feeling. The two writers were very much men of the Second Empire, even though the younger lived to write a play, in 1887, that created a sensation in Paris by being the first drama of polite drawing-room adultery to use a telephone as a stage prop.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER: JAMES JOYCE'S EARLY YEARS, by Stanislaus Joyce, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Richard Ellmann. Preface by T. S. Eliot (Viking). This is the first part of a memoir of James Joyce by his brother, who died before he could finish it. James was a brilliant child, and Stanislaus, three years younger, grew up adoring him while trying to keep some small sense of his own importance. Perhaps Mr. Ellmann's useful introduction makes a bit too much of Stanislaus' struggle to be Stanislaus; the motive of this work is affection, not rivalry. In any case, Stanislaus was a very good writer, with a plain, vigorous style, and he has here written a fascinating story of an Irish family sliding out of the bottom of the middle class, as well as a realistic account of a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Dublin that other writers—James Joyce, for instance—have made fabulous.

AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE, by Harry S. Ashmore (Norton). A most arresting analysis of the growing pains of the South and of the formidably involved complex of racial, social, political, economic, and moral attitudes that they manifest. The author, who is executive editor of the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette*, cheerfully remarks that hot-eyed zealots on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line will probably place him "in the position of a man running for son of a bitch without opposition," but at this sad and savage moment in our history it is an honorable role, and we can be grateful that he has had the courage, and the wisdom, to accept it.

FIRST PERSON PLURAL, by Dagmar Godowsky (Viking). A breathless exercise in self-adoration ("Twenty-one popular portraitists voted me the most beautiful brunette in America") by a daughter of the late Leopold Godowsky ("How I loved Pa. How he loved me") who was once a tigress of the silent screen ("I was a slip of a thing with a divine figure") and later, in the nineteen-thirties, an ornament of New York night life ("Cholly Knickerbocker—my beloved Maury Paul—called me the only link between society and Hollywood. It was true"). Miss Godowsky has now, she admits, lost both her beauty and her figure, but "Thank God my ankles are still slim. It makes it so much more pleasant for the people sitting at my feet." Illustrated with numerous photographs of the author.

•

A hot-rod display in a roped-off area of the street will be a feature tonight of the Youth for Christ Rally at the Open Door Auditorium.—*Los Angeles Mirror-News.*

Swing low, sweet souped-up chariot.

•

Speaking for the Communist party . . . M. Kruczkowski said: "The party will not interfere with the work of an artist so long as he does not wish to convey his work to the public."—*The Times.*

That sounds fair enough.

•

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—*Letter from a London firm.*

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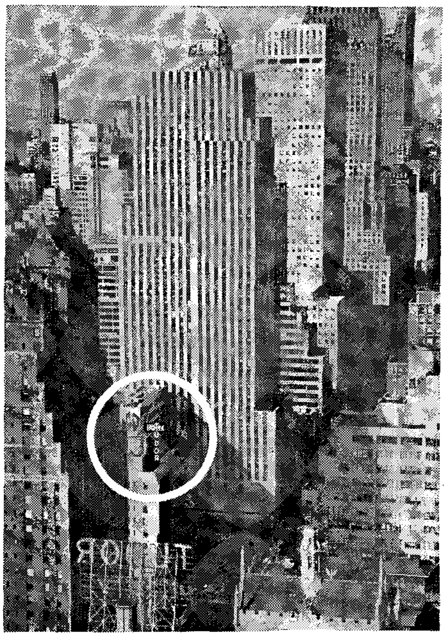

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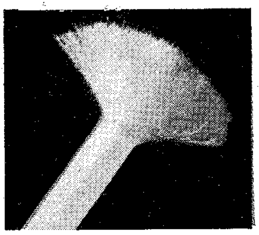

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